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THE MACLEAN BARDS.

By the
REV. A. MACLEAN SINCLAIR.

Vol. I.

THE OLD MACLEAN BARDS.

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DR. HECTOR MACLEAN,

OF GRULIN,

and

JOHN MACLEAN, THE POET,

The loyal Collectors and Preservers of
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Old Maclean Bards.

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PREFACE.

The poems contained in this work have been taken almost wholly from the manuscript collections of Dr. Hector Maclean and John Maclean, the Poet.

Dr. Hector Maclean was the only son of Lachlan Maclean of Grulin, in the Isle of Mull. He was a well-educated and well-read man. He married Catherine, daughter of Donald Maclean of Coll, by whom he had a daughter named Mary. He lived during the latter part of his life on the farm of Erray, near Tobermory. He collected a number of valuable Gaelic poems about the year 1768. They are written in a strongly bound volume of foolscap size. They cover 128 pages. The writing is small, but neat and plain. The whole of the long elegy at page 116 of this work occupies only two pages and a half. Dr. Maclean died about the year 1785.

Mary Maclean, Dr. Hector's daughter, was an exceedingly clever girl. Dr. Johnson, who had spent a night at her father's house in 1773, pronounced her the most accomplished lady that he had

met in the Highlands. She fell in love with a man named Duncan Mackenzie, who was in every respect her inferior. Rather than displease her father she remained unmarried for a long time. Shortly after his death she became the wife of the man she loved. They lived in Tobermory. They may have been happy, but they were in poor circumstances. After the death of her husband, which took place in 1800, the accomplished Mary, Mairi nigh'n an Dotair, as she was called, was supported by Alexander Maclean of Coll. She gave her father's collection to John Maclean, the Poet. She told him that she had been anxious to publish it, but that poverty had kept her from carrying out her wish. She expressed the hope that it might appear in print some day. She died in 1826, and was buried at Kilmore. She may not have loved wisely; but she was a woman whose memory deserves to be held in respect.

John Maclean, the Poet, was born in Tiree, Argyle-shire, January 8th, 1787. He belonged to the Treshnish branch of the Macleans of Ardgour. He was known in Scotland as Bard Thighearna Chola, or the Laird of Coll's Poet, and in this

country as Am Bard Mac-Gilleain, or the Poet Maclean. He collected a large number of valuable Gaelic poems about the year 1816. His manuscript, which is of foolscap size, contains 641 pages. The first 94 pages contain poems by himself. The remaining pages, 547 in number, contain poems by others. He was a good Gaelic scholar and a good penman, and wrote a large and legible hand. Each page of his manuscript contains about 28 lines. There are thus about 15,316 lines of collected poetry in it. The poet came to Nova Scotia in 1819, and settled at Barney's River, in Pictou County. He removed to Glenbard, in the County of Antigonish, in January, 1831. He died on Wednesday, the 26th of January, 1848.

I may state that my mother was a daughter of John Maclean, the Poet, and that through her influence — and indeed the influence of all my surroundings — I have been led from my youth upwards to take an interest in Gaelic literature. So far as the history and poetry of the Macleans are concerned, I could scarcely help having at least an elementary acquaintance with them. I rejoice, then, to see poems with which I have been

familiar from my boyhood now collected and published.

I do not feel called upon to thank those who have contributed towards paying the cost of printing this work. From my point of view they have simply done what they ought to do. I am exceedingly thankful, however, that in this money-grabbing age there are men and women in existence who take a genuine interest in the history of their ancestors and the poems which celebrate their virtues and noble deeds. It is well known that there were magnificent fighters among the Macleans. I trust that this work will help to show that they could also boast of men of brains, and heart, and poetic genius.

A. Maclean Sinclair.

Belfast, Prince Edward Island,
January 26th, 1898.

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Errors and Corrections.

Page 15, 28, Morairn', Mhorairn'.
" 19, 26, so ghardh, so-ghràdh.
" 26, 16, chliéth, chléith.
" 41, 21, mar tha sin, mar tha sinn.
" 52, 4, gach sgìos, gach strì.
" 64, 13, ghlèidh, glèidh.
" 67, 10, célith, cléith.
" 75, 11, dùrachdach, gu dùrachdach.
" 76, 28, Luthainn, Luthais.
" 86, 29, freum, freumh.
" 101, 17, 'Toirt duinn, 'Toirt dinn.
" 101, 30, the second of the following lines has been omitted:

Nan tilleadh a chuibhle
Bharr iomrall a seoil.

Page 111, 34, daigne, daingne.
" 127, 21, n'a ghualainn, m' a ghualainn.
" 131, 19, air a chlù ladh, air a chlùdadh.
" 140, 19, Bafanaid, Ba-Fànait.
" 144, 20, an fhairc, an fhaire.
" 170, 8, a bhein, a bheir.
" 175, 34, Gu 'sglugadh, Gu 'shlugadh.
" 202, 32, Clan Gilleain, Clann Ghilleain.
" 207, 6, àithe, àite.
" 210, 32, luiuge, luinge.
" 225, 8, caoincadh, ga 'chaoineadh.
" 240, 4, àirid', àird'.

Clann-Ghilleain.

LEIS AN FHEAR-DHEASACHAIDH.

Fonn :—Mìosa deireannach an fhoghair.

Co bho 'n dàinig an dream chalm' ud,
'Bu mhor ainm am measg nan Gaidheal?
Clann-Ghilleain mhòrail, mhùirneach,
D'am bu dù 'bhith bras 'san àraich.
Thainig iad, a reir luchd-sgeula,
Bho'n fhear ghleusd ud, Dùghall Sgàinne;
Seann laoch uasal d'am bu chleachdadh
Fialachd, ceartas, agus bàigheachd.

Bha GILLEAIN treun de 'shiol-san,
'S b' ard mar thriath e 'n Earra-Ghaidheal;
'S iomadh la a rinn e sgathadh
Le thuaigh-chatha 'n teas nam blàraibh,
Lean an sliochd a thainig bhuaithe
Ri ainm uasal, mor, gu laidir;
'S Clann-Ghilleain linn air linn iad,
Cinneadh rioghail nan glonn arda.

Sheas GILLIOSA, mac Ghillean,
Gun cheum meathaidh riamh le 'dhùthaich,
'S am blar Lairge nan cruaidh bhuillean
Dhearbh e 'churantachd mar bhiùthaidh.
Rinn a mhac-san, GILLECALUM,
Gniomhan arronta le dùthrachd
Am blar ainmeil Allt-a-bhonnaich,
Le 'loinn shoilleir, ghuinich, dhrùidhtich.

Dh' fhag IAIN DUBH, mac gasd' an laoich sin,
Da mhac aobhach, fhearail, euchdach;
LACHAINN LUBANACH an eagnaidh,
'S Eachann Reaganach nan geur lann.
Ghlac iad Domhnallach nan Eilein,
'S thug iad air, an I nan cléire,
Còir a thabhairt daibh air fearainn,
'S geall adh daingeann air buan réite.

Thug e 'nighean mhaiseach uasal,
Ogha Ruairidh shaibhir, mhòrail,
Air a h-iarrtas féin do Lachainn,
'S bu bhean thaitneach air gach doigh i.
Thug e dha an drèachd a b' airde
Na 'chùirt aghmhoir an Aird-Thòirnis;
'S b'e 'cheann-feachd e 'n am 'bhith gluasad
Le 'fhir fhuasgailteach do'n chòmhrag.

Eachann Reaganach Loch-Ruidhe,
Bu cheann-uidhe math roimh shlògh e;
'S dh' fhag e mic 'bha mar an athair,
Guineach, sgathach, anns an tòrachd.
Is ann bhuaithe 'bha Clann-Thèarlaich,
Na fir dhàna, reachmhor, chròdha;
'S Mac-Mhic-Eachainn, an triath gaisgeil
'Chumadh smachd air luchd an fhòirneirt.

Bha mac Lachainn na 'thriath buadhail,
EACHANN RUADH nan cruaidh chath gailbheach;
Sgaoil a chliu air sgiathaibh laidir
Do gach àit an rioghachd Alba.
Thogadh creachan leis an Eirinn,
'S rinneadh euchdan leis air fairge;
Thuit e, 's gum b' e 'n t-aobhar bròin e,
Latha doruinneach Cath Gharbhaich.

Bha a mhac-san, LACHAINN BRONNACH,
Na 'fhear somalta gun mhorchuis.
Cha bu toil leis strì no buaireas,
Bu duin' uasal e na 'dhòighean.
Dh' fhag e mic 'bha fearail, calma,
'S a bha sealbhach fhad 's bu bheo iad;
LACHAINN OG, an triath 'bha ciallach,
Domhnall, Niall 's Iain Garbh nan comhrag.

Shanntaich Domhnall cnoic Aird-Ghobhar,
Fhuair e fotha beagan chòmhlan,
'S chuir e as do Chlann-a-Mhaighstir,

Ged nach d' rinn iad riamh air foirneart.
Ghabh e seilbh air an cuid fearainn,
'S cha do dhealaich e ri òirleach
Ged 's ann bhuaithe 'bha mo mhàthair
Cha mhol mi gu h-ard a dhòighean.

Bho Niall treun 'san Ros 'bha fuireach
Shiolaich curaidhnean gun fhòtus,
Sliochd a chlaidhibh laidir iarainn,
'Dhcanadh riasladh anns a chòmhdhail
Fhuair Iain Garbh, an connspunn corrach,
Còir air Cola, 's Cùimhnis comhl' ris.
Dhearbh e 'ghaisge mar shàr mhìlidh
Ann an Grìsibul na dòruinn

Bha mac Lachainn, EACHANN ODHAR,
Na 'laoch foghainteach, deas, eolach;
Thuit e 'm blàr nan gathan guineach,
Floden fuileach nan trom leontan.
Co nach cuala sgeul mu 'mhac-san,
LACHAINN CATANACH na seoltachd?
Bha e caoimhneil ri 'luchd-dàimhe,
Ach ri 'naimhdean garg mar leoghann.

Dh' fhag e mic nach seachnadh còmhstri,
EACHANN MOR an òir 's a bhiuthais;
'S Ailein ainmeil nan sop lasrach,
Nan long astarach, 's an spùinnidh.
Bha da mhac aig Eachann lòghmhor.
EACHANN OG a sgap a chùinneadh,
Is Iain Dubh a bha 'sa Morairn',
Gaisgeach colgarra nach lùbadh.

Bha mac Eachainn Oig fìor ainmeil,
Cha robh 'n Albainn fear ri 'fhaotuinn
'Bha na 'choimeas da 'n àm tarruinn
Nan lann tana 'bu gheur faobhar
'S iomadh blàr anns an robh buaidh leis,
'S iomadh ruaig a lean a dhaoine;

Mar bheithir ghuinich an adhair,
Bhiodh a chlaidheabh anns a chaonnaig.

Thuit SIR LACHAINN MOR an sàr ud,
Ann am blàr le saighid mhìlltich;
Ach thug EACHANN OG gu gaisgeil
Am mach aichmheil mar mhac dileas.
Chuir e 'n ruaig air feachd Mhic-Dhomhnaill,
Lean e 'n tòir le uile dhicheall,
'S loisg e as gun truas, gun trocair
Gach taigh comhnuidh a bha 'n Ile

Aig Sir Lachainn bha mac eile
Nach biodh deireannach 'san tòrachd,
Lachainn Og a bha 'n Torloisgte
Nam fear oscarach, neo-stròdhail
Ged a b' og e latha 'chruadail,
An la 'bhuaileadh athair morail,
Chuireadh iomadh treun-fhèar dàna
'Thalla 'bhais le 'ghairdein cròdha.

Bha aig Eachann Og na gaisge
Ceathrar mhac 'bu taitneach dòighean;
EACHANN MOR a chleachd an uaisle,
'S nach robh bruailleineach no pròiseil;
Deagh SHIR LACHAINN, am fear euchdach
'Bu mhor feum an Inbhir-Lòchaidh;
Dòmhnall Bhròlais, cridh' an t-suairceis,
'S Iain Suaineach an deas chòmhraidh.

AN SIR EACHANN RUADH, mac Lachainn,
Bha sàr ghaisgeach smachdail, gleusda;
Ach bha 'nàdar mar an lasair,
'S chuir sin as da 'n Inbhirchéitein
Sheas e nuair bu chòir dha teicheadh
Le 'fhìr dheas am mach bho 'n teugmhail;
'S dh' fhàg sin lag a chinneadh cliuiteach
'Dhion an duthcha roimh luchd-reubainn.

B' e a bhrathair og, SIR AILEIN,
Am fear allail 'bu mhath gluasad,

A bha 'n nis an Dubhairt ghreadhnaich
Na 'cheann-feadhn' air laoich a chruadail.
Bha SIR IAIN, mac Shir Ailein,
Na 'thriath barraichte, fìor uasal,
'S na 'laoch foghainteach fo 'armaibh
Mar a dhearbh e an Raon-Ruairidh.

Chaill e 'fhearann le 'chuid goraich',
Is le seòltachd a luchd-fuatha,
'S dh' fheum e dol do 'n Fhraing air fogradh
Ann an dochas ri la fuasglaidh.
Sheas e latha Sliabh-an-t-Siorra
Le 'ard chinneadh mar bu dual da,
A sgrios as nan gaisgeach coimheach
A bha roimhe, 's gan dian ruagadh.

Leam is duilich mar a leanas e,
An righ amaideach ud, Seumas,
Nach robh dìleas do na daoine
'Bhiodh ri 'thaobh an am gach eiginn;
'S mar a lean e 'mhac a rithisd
Le run cridhe gu luath, eibhinn,—
Prionnsa nach do choisinn urram
Mar dheagh dhuine no mar threun-fhear.

Cha lean mi na's fhaide 'n eachdraidh
Aig na gaisgich sgairteil, mheanmnach.
Bha iad clìs le 'n clàidhean gionach;
Anns an iomairt cha bhiodh cearb orr';
Bha iad fiughantach, fìor aoibheil,
Bha iad caoimhneil ri 'n luchd-leanmhuinn,
Bha iad seasmhach, duineil, dìleas,
'S bha iad rìoghail le làn dearbhadh.

October 10, 1887.

Glonn, a deed of valor. Biuthaidh, a hero. Lùbanach, twisty, crafty. Reaganach, stiff, inflexible, stern. Eagnadh, prudence, wisdom. Lòghmhor, famous. Oscarach, bold, intrepid. Cròdha, valiant. Teugmhail, battle. The names in small capitals are those of the chiefs.

Bard Mhic-Gilleain.

The poem known as "An Duanag Ullamh" was published in Ranald Macdonald's Collection, in 1776, and is ascribed to Maclean's bard. If the elegy on Lachlan Cattanach's wife is really genuine, we may safely conclude that it was composed by the author of the poem in Ranald Macdonald's book, and that he was a Maclean. We are not, however, in a position to affirm with certainty that the elegy was actually composed in Lachlan Cattanach's time.

Cumha Baintighearna Dhubhairt.

LE BARD MHIC-GILLEAIN.

'S cianail, gruamach, coimheach, guarach,
Dh' fhas na fuar chnoic arda;
'N caol tha salach, molach, bailceach,
On dh' eug an ainnir ghradhach.
Friamh na gloine, geug na loinne,
'Dh' fhas gu lurach, aillidh,
Thug fras dhunaidh uainn gun fhuireach,
Eadar bhun is bhàrr i.

'S cruadalach am beum a thainig,
Nuair bu laidir dùil duinn;
Bha sinn cridheil sunndach, smiorail,
Gun bhraon snigh' a bruchdadh;

'Chlarsach a toirt ciuil le aiteas,
'S fir aig cleasachd lùthmhor.
'N tulach ait le toirm an gàire,
'S baird a seinn an cliutha.

Nuair a chi sinn neoil an aonaich
'Teachd gu caochladh fiamhachd,
Saoilidh sinn gum bi ann fèith,
Ach thig gu geur an t-sian oirnn.
Nuair bha dochas teann 's gach cridh'
Gum biodh gach ni gu 'r miann duinn,
Bhruchd an tuil le toirm gun àbhachd,
'S dh' fhalbh ar n-àgh air sgiathaibh,

Cha'n ioghn', a Lachainn, thu bhith deurach,
Chaill thu reul nan oighean;
Chaill thu ionnas mor do-cheannach,
Chaill thu tuigs' a chomhraidh,
Chaill thu sgiath a chaidribh shàr mhath,
Chaill thu airde 'n fhoghluim;
'S chaill thu iul na fairge ghàbhaidh
Nuair a b' airde dò-shian.

Thainig i mar bhoillsgeadh gréine
Air réidh an oidhche cheothair;
Sgap i uainn gach dubhlachd catha
'Bha cur smail air oigridh,
Cheangail i ar creuchdan ruidhteach,
'S thug i guin gu sò-ghràdh;
Thug i dhinn ar n-airm 's ar n-eideadh,
'S reitich i gach dò-bheart

Nam b' e innleachdan ar namhad
A bhrisdeadh barr ar cóisre,
'S iomadh claidheabh tana, glas
A leumadh grad gu feolach;
'S iomadh gaisgeach armach, treubhach
'Bheireadh beum 'sa chomhstri,
Eadar rudha caol Chinntire,
'S rinn an eilein cheothaich.

Dh' eireadh Leathanaich 's Clann-Domhnaill.
Mar shruth mor nan ard bheann;
D' eireadh Stiubhartaich 's Clann-Chatain,
'Bu mhor neart 'sna blaraibh;
Thigeadh Dùibhnich nimheil, chlaoidhteach,
'Bheireadh tuinns' gu sàthadh.
Cha bhiodh an aicheamhail gun iarraidh,
'S fireoin chiar' an airde.

Air an iubhar mhaiseach, ùrail,
Laigh an dubhlachd chranndaidh;
Ghlac am bàs an ribhinn aillidh
'S thaisg e 'n ros teann i.
Ceann gach seoil tha fo na fòidibh,
Gnuis gun chco, gun sgraing oirr';
Beus gun sgod air, crìdh' gun gho,
Lamh fhial thoirt òir gun taing bhuaip'.

Thog iad tuaileas le mor fhuarachd,
'S iad gun truas nar call ruinn,
Gun do chuir sinn air sgeir mara
A bhean cheanalt', bhaindidh,
Gu bheil i beo, 's le lùths is treoir
A dusgadh oran lann duinn.
Ach 's mis' a chuala fuaim nam bord
Nuair chaidh fo'n fhòid a ceann-se.

'S beag an t-iongnadh an t-Iarl' Aorach
A bhith caoin is brònach,
Is gach buille 'fhuair an crann
'Bu trom le geugan boidheach,
Chaill e 'n drasd am meangan ard
Nach d' fhas fo bhlàth gu 'r deoin-ne,
Thuit e sios am plathadh sùla,
'S shearg a shùgh fo fhoidibh.

Gabh an nis gu tamh, a chlarsach,
Is grain fonn do cheoil leam,
'S nach dig bean a chomhraidh thlaith
A chluinntinn failte beoil bhuam,

Dh' eisdeachd tormain bhinn nan teud,
'S a thoirt cuaich deine 'm dhorn domh.
Cha dig is' ach falbhaidh mise,
'S bidh sinn fhathasd comhla.

Sian, storm. Ionnas, ionmhas, treasure. Réidh, a plain. Nàmhaid, genitive nàmhad, an enemy. Coisir, a festive party. Dh' eireadh stiubhartaich; her mother was a Stewart. Tùinnse, a rush, a blow. Nach d' fhas fo bhlath; she had no children. Cuach deine, a cup of eagerness, a cup that would rouse to ardor, an inspiring cup.

This elegy was in possession of Dr. Irvine, of Little Dunkeld, in 1810. It was sent to the *Gael* by John F. Campbell, of Islay, in 1873. We give it substantially as it appeared in that excellent monthly. Dr. Irvine and Mr. Campbell were both of the opinion that it was really composed in Lachlan Cattanach's time ; and it may have been. Of course no one supposes that it has come down to us as it was made. It may have been sung by several generations before it was committed to writing. The following is a translation of the 1st, 4th, 5th and 9th verses :

The cold, high hills look sad, gloomy, surly and bristling ; whilst the strait is muddy, rough, and ridgy since the fair beloved one died. A shower of affliction has taken suddenly away from us the

root of purity and the graceful branch which grew up in loveliness and beauty. It is no wonder, Lachlan, that your tears should flow. You have lost the pole-star of the virgins. You have lost an unpurchaseable treasure. You have lost the shield of the best friendship. You have lost her whose education was of the highest order. And you have lost the guide of the terrible sea when the storm was at its greatest height. She came like a burst of sunshine on the plain in a foggy night. She dispersed the threatening battle-storm, which cast a gloom upon our young people. She bound up our ruddy wounds, and changed hatred to love. She took off us our weapons and war-dress, and settled every trouble. Those who felt not for us in our loss raised with bitter coldness a slanderous tale. They said that we placed the amiable and modest wife on a rock in the sea, and that she is alive, actively and energetically awakening against us the song of swords. But I myself heard the sound of her coffin when her head was placed under the sods.

According to a current tradition, Lachlan Cattanach of Duart caused his wife,

Elizabeth Campbell, to be placed on a low rock in the sea, where she would be overwhelmed by the tide and drowned. She was rescued from her perilous position and sent home to Inverary. In 1810 Joanna Baillie published "The Family Legend," a tragedy founded upon this tradition. It is also the subject of Campbell's Glenara. According to the author of the Gaelic elegy the story of Lachlan Cattanach's cruel treatment of his wife is utterly false.

Tighearna Chola.

Hector Maclean, second son of John Abrach of Coll, was born about the year 1490. He was known as Eachann Mac Iain, or Hector the son of John. He was also known as An Cleireach Beag, or the Little Clerk. He was married twice. By his first wife, Meve, daughter of John Macdonald of Islay, Alasdair Mac Iain Chathanaich, he had one son, Hector Roy, his successor. By his second wife, Finvola, daughter of Godfrey Macallister of Loup, he had two sons; Allan, first Maclean of Achanasaul in Mull, and

John, first Maclean of Grishpool, in Coll. He succeeded his brother John as laird of Coll in 1558. He died some time after the year 1559. He was a good man and was well-educated. He was the author of a number of poems, some of them written in Gaelic and some in Latin.

NA DEICH AITHNTEAN.

Creid direach an Righ nan dùl,
'S cuir air chùl umhlachd do dhealbh
Na tabhair ainm Righ nan righ
'N diomhanas, oir bidh sin searbh.

Domhnach Righ nèimh nan nial
Dean le d' chridhe 'chumail saor
T' athair 's do mhathair gach uair
Fo onair bhuait biodh araon,

Na dean marbhadh 's cum bho thnù,
Adhaltrannas na cuir an gniomh.
Gaduigheachd no goid na dean,
'S na tog fianuis ach gu fior.

Na sanntaich thusa dhuit fein.
Taigh fir eile no a bhean,
No ni de 'cairneis gu lèir;
A staigh bi-sa direach glan.

Sin deich àithntean Dé dhuit.
Tuig iad gu fior agus creid;
Ma ni thu uile d' an réir
Cha 'n eagal dhuit fein no dha d' thaigh.
Ars' an Cléireach Beag, Triath Chola.

Caismeachd Ailein nan Sop.

'S mithich dhuinne mar bhun umhlachd
Dan burdain a chasgairt dhuit,
A fhleasgaich bhrioghmhoir 'fhliuchas
piosan
Le d' dhìbh spiosair, neartmhoraich.

'N nochd nar cheilteadh fion na Fraingo
Nad theach meanmnach, masgalach,
A shìl uaibhrich nach biodh uaigneach,
'S o 'm biodh sluagh gu cadaltach.

'S iomad geocach ann ad chòsan,
Agus deoiridh aigeantach
Nuair 'leigeadh iad am mach am bàrca
Thar an caball ro ghasda.

Ceanglar uimpe mar bhur n-àbhaist,
Cuan a b' aird' do chasgairt leo,
'S nitear sin a reir a cheile
Gun fheum 'bhith air ath-dheanamh,

Beirt chaol righinn, lionmhor, chainbe,
Gun aon snaim marcachd oirr',
'N ceangal ri failbheagaibh iarainn,
Droineab nach iarr acarachd.

Sin air dheanamh lùthach, laidir,
Le spionnadh ard 'sa cheart uair sin,
Gus an dugadh air a crannaibh claonadh
Taobh na gaoith' a cheart-eiginn.

Nuair 'shuidheadh iad air a crann-ceille
Gach fear fein ri dreapaireachd,
A liuthad sodar muir onfhaidh,
'S e gu ceanngheal, gorm, caiteineach.

A brisdeadh gach taobh de 'bràrnradh,
'S e 'n coi-ruith ri 'baidealaibh.
Fad bhur fad-fhradhairc 'sna neulaibh,
'Slad o 'beul ri 'fhaicinn leo.

A dol timchioll sruth no sàilein,
'S i gu leanabhail, tartarach,
'S iomad luireach an ceangal ri 'h-earraich
'S bogha dearg Sasunnach.

Crainn air an locradh o rinn gu dosaibh,
Le 'n cinn dhoideach, fhad-ghaineach.
Nuair a chunnacadar am fad bhuait
Na criochan ris an robh fuath acasan,

Glacadar na fuirbi righne
Nan dòidibh min', ladarna;
Rinn iad an t-iomram teann teth
Tobhtach, laidir, eolach, acuinneach.

Thug iad cudrom air na liaghaibh,
'S raimh gam pianadh acasan;
Chuir iad a beoil mhor ri 'cheile,
'S a da chliéth an taice sin.

Dan burdain, a bantering song, a song composed in good humor, but containing some gentle touches of sarcasm. Pios, a silver cup. Masgalach, flattering. Beirt, shrouds, tackling of a ship. Droineab, tackling. Acarachd, moderation, gentleness. Lùthach, strong, well-jointed. Crann-ceille, helm. Sodar, a trotting, a trotting horse, a wave trotting or rushing on. Onfhadh, a blast, a storm, Caiteineach, rough, surly. Brannradh, a prop, a support, a stand. Baideal, the upper part of a sail, an ensign, a tower. Slad, fagging, making havoc, plundering. Sàilein, a little inlet, gulf, or arm of the sea. Tartarach, noisy, clamorous, bold. Doideach, strong. Fad-ghaineach, long-darted. Dòid, the hand, grasp. Tobhtach, furnished with benches for rowers. Liagh, the blade of an oar. Cliath, or cliath-ramh, a set of oars.

Ailein nan Sop was a man of courage and ability. He got a small fleet under his command and made plundering ex-

cursions to Ireland, the Lowlands, and parts of the Highlands. He received the name Ailein nan Sop from the fact that he frequently set wisps of burning straw to the buildings of the districts invaded by him, and reduced them to ashes. He killed the laird of Lethir and took possession of his lands. He killed Malcolm Macneill of Gigha in 1530, and seized his estate. The Earl of Argyll secured his non-interference by a gift of the lands of Cille-Charmaig in Knapdale, and Macdonald of Islay by a gift of Tarbert Castle. He died in 1551, and was buried in Iona. He had two natural sons, Hector and John. They were both legitimated in August, 1547.

According to tradition Hector Maclean, the bard, afterwards laird of Coll, made some remarks about Ailein nan Sop's conduct that were not very complimentary. Allan, provoked by these remarks, went to Coll, seized the poet, and took him away as a prisoner to Tarbert Castle. The bard composed a poem about Allan, which pleased him so much that he set his prisoner at liberty with a friendly warning to be more guarded about his tongue for the future. Dr. Maclean states

that Caismeachd Ailein nan Sop was composed about the year 1537. It is in all probability the very poem which procured his liberty for the scholarly bard of Coll.

Eachann Bacach.

Hector Maclean was a native of Mull. He was known as Eachann Bacach an t-Aaosdana, or Lame Hector the Poet. There is a tradition to the effect that he belonged to the Macleans of Ross, that he fought at the battle of Inverkeithing, and that a wound received there was the cause of his lameness. Tradition also relates that he had seven brothers, that they were all killed at Inverkeithing defending their chief, and that one of them, Neil Buie, Niall Buidhe, was a very prominent warrior. Hector Bacach was an excellent poet.

Oran

DO SHIR LACHAINN MAC-GILLEAIN.

LUINNEAG.

A Lachainn oig, gum faic mi thu;
B' e m' aiteas a bhith lamh-riut;
Gum faic mi fo cheann seachdain thu
Mur glac am fiabhras ard mi.
A ghnuis chiuin, mhàlda, sholta,
Is am beul o 'n socrach gàire;
Do dheud gun stòr, o 'm binn 'thig gloir,
'S o 'm faight' le sòlas fàilte.

A Lachainn oig, gun innsinn umad
Sgeul a 's binn ri 'aireamh,
An nis on rinn e craobh-sgaoileadh
'S na bheil an taobh so 'dh-fhairge.
Tha thu cho lan de dh-fhìnealtachd,
'S a dh'innsear ann an seanchas.
Gur macan garg d' a rìreadh thu
An a n dol sios an garbh-chath.

Is e ceannard Chlann-Ghilleain
A dh' fhas flathasach le cruadal;
Chraobh sgaoil e feadh gach tighearnais
Gun d' ghleidh thu dligheil t' uaisle.
Is iomadh neach bu shugradh leis
Bhith crùbadh ann an truailleachd;
Rinn thusa beart 'bu chliuitich'
Air an dùchas mar bu dual dhuit.

Is e na chuir mi 'dh-eolas ort
A dh' fhag an ceo mu m' shuilibh.
'S ann aig a mheud 's a fhuair mi dheth,
A leig mi ruaig an tus ort.
Dh' aithnichinn air an fhaiche thu,
A lùb nan cas-chiabh ur-ghlan,
Gum b' ursann-cath' air gaisgich thu,
Nan digeadh creach ad dhuthaich.

B'e sud an gasan leis 'm bu taitneach
Piccan datht' a lùbadh;
An t-iubhar nuadh nuair thairnt' ri cluais
Am beithe bhuait bu shiubhlach.
Céir is roiseid bhiodh fo t' ordaig,
Is it' an eoin gu h-ur-ghlan.
Mu chul an fheidh mu 'n geàrrteadh leum,
Bhiodh 'fhuil na 'leine bruite.

Is sud na h airm a ghlacainn duit
A dhol air sraid an fhudair,
Caol chuilbheir a ghleois shniomhanaich,
'S a bheoil o 'n cinnteach cuimse,
Geur spàinteach laidir, fulangach
An laimh a churaidh chliuitich,
'S an sgiath 'bu tric an taisbeanadh
Air ghairdean deas nan lùth-chleas.

Mo ghaol an t-oigear caiteineach
A leugh a chairt 's 'rinn gual d' i;
Le'n éireadh suas na brataichean
A steach o ghlaic nam fuar-bheann.
'N am dusgadh as an cadal daibh
Gun d' bhuail thu pais mu'n chluais orr';
Is thilg thu 'steach an teachdaireachd,
Le ceart air bhac an gualainn,

Is iomadh bratach shuaicheant'
'S an robh smuais, is cruas, is cairdeas
A dh' eireadh ri am cruadail leat
'Thoirt buaidh' am mach 'san àraich.
Dh' eireadh a Aird-ghobhar leat
Fir fhoghainteach neo-sgàthach;
'S dh' earbainn fhin gun geilleadh dhuit
Fir ghleusda o Bhraigh-charnaig.

Ghrad ghluaiseadh leat 'sna h-eileinibh
Dream dhian nach ceil an gradh ort;
Is thigeadh ort a Mor-innis
A bhratach leoghant', laidir.

Gum faicteadh sud gu follaiseach
Fir fhoinnidh ann an Aros;
Na fir ura ghasd' nach diultadh
Sgiurs 'thoirt air an namhaid.

Gun éireadh seoid o 'n Mhoidhe leat,
'S ach cuireadh bruthach spàirn orr,
Le 'n ceanna-bheirtean cruaidh', glana,
'S le 'n lannan geala marbhtach.
Bhiodh cuilbheirean caol acuinneach
Aig gaisgich nan gniomh gailbheach,
A dheanadh luaidh a chaisleachadh
Nuair dh' eireadh srad bho theanchair.

A bhratach aig Clann-Domhnaill
Nam biodh ann ad choir gum b' fhearde;
Fir dheas 'bha seasmhach, cruadalach,
Nuair ghluaiseadh iad fo 'n armaibh;
Is ann an gliocas fìrinneach,
Cho math 's a sgriobh an seanchas.
Is sud an dream bha innsgineach,
Ri 'n innseadh nach robh leanabail.

An ti b' fhearr feum air chuantaibh reidh,
'S e Lachainn fein mo run-sa.
'N treun laoch gasda 'dh' fhàs gu spracail,
Is d'an robh 'n cleachdadh cuirteil.
Tha mi airtnealach am aigneadh
Bho nach faic mi 'n diunlach;
Dh' fhag sud acaid fad fo m' aisnibh,
Is leig mi 'mach an tùrs' i.

Stòr, a broken or decayed tooth. Beart or beirt, a deed, work, or exploit. Caiteineach, shaggy, rough. Caislich, shake, stir up. Innsgineach, lively, energetic.

Iorram

DO SHIR LACHAINN MAC-GILLEAIN.

A Shir Lachainn na féile,
Nan each cruitheach 's nan geur lann,
Is tu m' aighear, is m' eudail, 's mo threoir.

Greas a nall ugainn dhachaidh.
Oighre dhligheich na h-aitribh,
Is nam pioban 's nam brataichean sròil.

An Duneideann nan caisteal,
Tha triath gleusd na mor aitim;
'S ann de d' bheus a bhith sgapadh an òir,

'S gann gum b' urrainn do dhuthaich
'Chur ad lamhaibh de chùinneadh,
'Mheud 's a chosgadh tu 'chrùintibh mu'n bhord.

Gur a buidheach gu leir dhiot
Do chuid uaislean nan eideadh,
Leat gun guidh iad buaidh threun anns gach tòir.

'Chuid de 'n chléir s' a chaidh seachad,
Mu do réidhlein gum faight' iad;
'S fad 's is cian 'thug luchd-astair ort sgeoil.

Crann gun doicheall, gun éuradh,
'S tric a chosgas na ceudan,
Dh' am bi dorsaireachd féile trath nòin.

Bhiodh fir Mhuile mu d' bhrataich,
Mu do ghuailibh gum faict' iad:
Bu ni duilich a glacadh 's do leon.

'S luath a chruinnicheadh aig t' fhacal
Na fior churaidhnean gasda,
'Bheireadh fuil nuair a chasteadh ri 'n sroin.

Bhiodh ac' boghachan dathte
A chùil bhuidh thig a Sasunn,
'Ghabhadh lùbadh 's nach spealtadh 'san dorn;

Fiubhaidh chinnteach, chruaidh, fhallain,
'S i gun fhiaradh, 's gach geal laimh,
'Dheanadh reubadh nuair 'bheanadh i 'dh-fheoil;

De na gallain 'bu daoire
Cruaidh, sgalanta, caoineil
Glac earr' oirr' 's ceann làdhrach o'n ord;

Is pìc dhireach nam meallan,
Mar a ghrian 's i gun smal oirr',
'Chuireadh naimhdean gu talamh fo leon.

'S math do bharantan daoine,
'S iad gan aiseag thar chaoiltean,
Clann barail, deas, aobhaidh Mhic-Leoid.

Deagh Mhac-Coinnich bu leat e,
Bha e dileas dha d' phearsa;
Bha sud sgriobht' ann an cairt Chlann-Ghilleoin.

Sir Lachlan Maclean of Duart was the second son of Hector Og of Duart by his first wife, a daughter of Mackenzie of Kintail. He succeeded his brother Hector Mor, as Lord of Duart and chief of his clan, in 1626. He was created a baronet by Charles I., September 30, 1631. Leaving his brother, Donald of

Brolas, to raise his followers, he made haste with thirty of his kinsmen to join Montrose. He arrived just in time to take part in the battle of Inverlochy, February 2, 1645. He had 1,100 men, 750 being Macleans and 350 Macquarries, Macneils, and others, at the battle of Kilsyth, August 15th, 1645. His brother Donald, Domhnall mac Eachainn Oig, was Lieutenant-Colonel under him. General David Leslie and Argyll invaded Mull with a force of 5,000 men in 1647, and ravaged a great part of the island. In the same year Argyll bought up all the debts, both public and private, that he could find against Sir Lachlan, seized himself and imprisoned him in the castle of Carrick. He was in prison about a year. He lived only a few months after his liberation. He died at Duart Castle, April 18th, 1648. He was buried at Iona. By his wife, Mary, daughter of Sir Roderick Mor Macleod of Dunvegan, he left two sons, Hector Roy and Allan.

Oran

DO SHIR LACHAINN MAC-GILLEAIN.

'S ann Diciadain, a shàir,
'Ghabh mi cead dhiot air tràigh;
'Righ, gum faiceam thu slàn neo-airsnealach.

A Shir Lachainn nam bàrc,
'Chuireadh luingeas air sàil',
Leis an togar an cabhlach acuinneach.

Gur tu oighr' Eachainn Oig,
Leis an eireadh na sloigh;
Nuair a leumadh do shron cha b' aircleach thu.

Clann-Ghilleain cha tlàth
'Dhol an cogadh nan arm;
'S tric a bhuannaich sibh blar, 's e b' fhasan duibh.

'S fada 'chluinnteadh bhur foirm
Agus fa.um bhur gleois
'Togail chreach o na chrò 's a ghlasanach.

Nuair a spreigeadh sibh piob,
'S fuaim bhur creich' ga 'cur sios,
Gum biodh crith air an tir 'san tachradh sibh.

Nuair a nochdadh sibh srol
Ris na caol chrannaibh stoir,
'S mairg a thachradh ga 'dheoin roimh 'r lasraichean.

An dùirn laochraidh gun leon
Bhiodh caol chuilbheirean gorm,
Agus sradag nan ord 'toirt lasain daibh.

Fnad 's a bhitheas tu beo
Cum an stiuir ann ad dhorn,
Is na mealladh fear-sgoid no beirte thu.

Chluinnt' ad thalla fuaim theud
An am laighe do 'n ghrein,
'S mnathan grinne 'cur gréis air fasanan.

'S mi bhiodh cinnteach a t' fheum
Ann am beanntaibh na seilg',
'S do choin earbsach air éill roimh 'n chamh-
anaich.

Namhaid eilid nan gleann,
Agus bradain nan allt;
Sgiobair fairg' thu 's muir ard 's an lang-
anaich

Slàn gun till thu a rithisd,
Air reothart an lionaidh,
Gu L ubhairt 'bu rioghail, aigeannach.

Ochain, ochain, mo chràdh!
'Chloinn-'Illeain nam bàrc,
'S e mo chreach mar 'tha 'n tràghadh seachad
oribh.

A Chno Shamhna;

MARBHRANN DO SHIR LACHAINN MAC-GILLEAIN, TRIATH DHUBHAIRT, A CHAOCHAIL 'SA BHLIADHNA, 1648.

Thriall ar bunadh gu Pàras;
Co a b'urrainn a sheanachas
Ach Mac-Mhuirich mac Fhearghuis,
Craobh a thuinich re aimsir',
'Fhriamhaich bun ann an Albainn;
Chuidich fear dhiu Cath Ghairbheich;
Fhuair sinn ulaidh fear-ainm' a theachd beo.
Fhuair sinn ulaidh, etc.

Cha chraobh chura, cha phlannta,
Cha chno 'n uiridh o'n d'fhas thu,
Cha bhlàth chuirteadh mu bhealltainn,
Ach fas duillich is mheanglan,
Am meur mullaich so 'dh' fhag sinn:
Criosd 'chur tuilleadh an aite na dh' fhalbh.

Is mor puthar an raidhe s',
'S trom an dubhadh so 'dh' fhas oirnn,
Gur a cumhann leinn t' fhardach,
Leaba lùthaidh nan claran;—
'S fad is cuimhne leinn càradh nam bord.

Cha do bhrisd thu 'chno shamhna,
Chaidh do chist' an taigh-geamhraidh,
Misneach fir Innse-Gall thu;
'S mor a 's misde do ranntaibh
Nach clisg thu roimh armailt;
'Righ, bu mheasail thu 'n campa Mhontròis.

'Fhir 'bu rioghaile cleachdadh,
'S tu 'bu bhioganta faicinn;
A dol 'sios ann am machair
Bhiodh leat mile mu d' bhrataich,
'Chuid 'bu phriseil' de 'n eachraidh;
Luchd do mhioruin nan caist' ort,

'S ann a dh' innsteadh leo t' fhasan
Nuair 'bu sgith leo cur sgapaidh 'nam feoil.

Cha bu bhuannachd do d' namhaid
'Thigh'nn a dh' fhuasgladh uait làmhain;
Bha thu buadhach 's gach aite;
Cha b' e fuath mhic a mhàile
Fear do shnuaidh 'thigh'nn do dh-fhardaich;
Cha dath uaine 'bu bhlath dhuit
Nuair a bhuaileadh an t-ardan do phor.

Cha b'e sin mo luan-caisge
Nuair a bhuail do ghath bàis thu;
'S truagh a dh 'fhag thu do chairdean;
Mar ghàir sheillean an gàradh,
'N deidh am mealannan fhagail,
No uain earraich gun mhathair,
'S fad a chluinnear an gàirich mu 'n chro.

Bhuineadh dhinne na ùr ros,
Fear ar taighe 's ar crun-fhear;
Ghabh e 'n rathad air thus uainn;
'S iomad latha r'a chùnntas,
A bh' aig maithibh do dhuthcha,
Meud an aighir 's am mùirne;
Bha mi tathaich do chuirte
Seal mu'm b'urrainn mi 'n t-urlar aic' fhalbh.

Gum b' aithriseach t' fheum-s' dha,
'N am na crannan a bheumadh,
'Chum an deannal a sheideadh;
Bhiodh lann thana, chruaidh, gheur ort,
'S tu fad la air an t-seirm sin,
'S cha bhiodh lag bhuille mheirbh o do dhorn.

Till ri t' fhocha], a Dhébhi,
Tha 1 nis 'na clàr reidh dhuit,
O nach maireann t' fhear-streupa;
Dh' imich Alasdair fhein bhuainn,
'Thuit le baran an Eirinn,

'S cha b'e mala na reit' e;
Do dh-fhearabh Dhuneideann,
No 'Mhac-Cailein cha gheilleadh r' a bheo.

Nàile chunnaic mi aimsir,
'S tu ri siubhal na sealga,
Nach bu chuith ort an garbhlach;
Pìc de 'n iubhar cha d' fhas i;
'Chuireadh pudhar no spairn ort;
Cha bhiodh fuidheal nach tairnteadh,
Nam biodh lùthadh 'na crann-ghail
'Chuireadh siubhal fo èarr-it' an eoin.

Glac chomhnard an càradh
Am bian ròineach na h-earba,
Cinn storach o 'n cheardaich;
Cha bhiodh oirleach gun bhathadh,
Eadar smeoirn agus gàine,
Le neart corcaich a Flànras;
Cha bhiodh feolach an tearmad
Air an seoladh tu 'n crann sin ad dheoin.

B' eol dhomh innseadh na bh' aca;—
B' ann de bheusaibh Shir Lachainn
'Bhith 'g ol fion an taigh farsuinn,
Mnathan riomhach ri fasain
A cur siod' agus pasmuinn,
Glòir bhinn agus macnas,
Anns an am 'sam bu chleachd leibh 'bhith
pòit.

Gum bu mhath do dhiol freasdail,
An taigh mor am bial feasgair
Uisge beatha nam feadan
Bhiodh am piosan ga leigeil;
Sin 's a chlarsach ga spreigeadh ri ceol.

'N am do 'n fhàire bhi 'glasadh
Bhiodh a chlarsach ga creachadh;
Cha bhiodh ceol innt' an tasgaidh

Ach na meoir ga thoirt aiste,
Gun leon laimhe, gun laigse,
Gus 'm bu mhiannach leibh cadal gu foil.

Cnaip na h-àraich ri braise,
Iomairt tailisg mu seach orr',
Fir feoirne ri tartraich,
Toirm is màthadh air chairtean;
Dolair Spainteach is tasdain;
Bhiodh gan dioladh gun lasan 'nan lorg.

Thug càch teist air do bheusan
Nach robh ceist ort mar threun fhear;
Bha aoidh deiseachd is deilbh ort,
Bha fàth seirc' aig do chéil' ort,
Bha gradh is eagal Mhic Dé ort;
Bhiodh an sgriobtair ga leughadh
Ann ad thalla mun eireadh do bhòrd.

Ged bu lionmhor ort frasachd,
Chum thu direach do d' mhac e,
Breid dionach gun sracadh,
Cha do dhìobair ceann-slait' thu,
On 's e Criosd a b' fhear-beirt dhuit;
Sin an Ti a leig leat an taod-sgoid.

'Mhic, ma ghlacas tu 'n stiuir so,
Cha bu fhlathas gun dùthchas
Dhuit bhith grathunn air t-urnigh,
Cuir ga caitheamh an triuir so;
Cuir an t-Athair air thus ann,
Biodh am Mac mar fhear-iuil oirr',
'S an Spiorad Naomha ga stiuireadh gu nòs.

Mac-Mhuirich mac Fhearghuis, the registrar of the monastery of Iona. Fear-ainme; Hector Roy of Duart fought at Harlaw in 1411. Sir Lachlan's heir was also called Hector Roy. Dèbhi; General David Leslie. Alasdair, the

famous Alasdair Mac Cholla, fear tholladh nan taighean.

Bunadh, the stock of a tree; applied here to a chief as the stock which supported the branches of the clan. Uladh, a treasure. Pudhar, loss, damage, hurt. Fuath, a spectre, a scarecrow. Luan-caisge, Easter Monday. Cuith, a snow bank. Lùthadh, strength. Crann-ghail, a bow. Smeoirn, the end of the arrow next the bow-string. Gaine, an arrow, a dart. Fochall, dirt. Cnaip na h-araich ri braise is in Ranald Macdonald's version, Bhiodh na cearanch ri braise. Fear-feoirne, a chessman. Flathas, dominion, the position of a chief. Nòs, custom, correct habit; nos luingis, a ship-dock.

Blar Inbhircheitein.

Luinneag.

Fail il an u, hil an u, hil an o ro;
Fail il an u, hil an u, hil an o ro;
Fail il an u, hil an u, hil an o ro;
Fail il an o, ho 's och nan och mar tha sin.

Gur a h-oil leam an sgeula so
A dh-eisd mi Di-domhnaich;
Gun bhith tuilledh ga fhaighneachd,
Gur h-e 'n fhoill so 'chaith Hòbron,
Dh' fhag iad shios Mac-Gilleain,
'Cur a chatha 'na onar,
'S theich iad fhein troimh a cheile,
'S bha ratreut ann mar ordagh.

'S mor bha 'dh-uireasbhuidh lamh ort,
Ged thug ardan ort fuireach,
Agus tuilleadh 's an t-anabarr
'Theachd an nall air an luingeas.
'S mise 'chuireadh an geall sin

Mur biodh ann ach na h-uraid,
Nach buaileadh iad banga
Anns a champa le sulas

Chuir thu grabhailte cruadhach ort,
Air ghruag nan ciabh amlach,
Claidheabh tan' air a liobhadh,
Is e direach gu 'bharr-dheis,
Sgiath dhaingeann nan cruaidh shnaim,
Agus dual nam breac meanmnach,
'S paidhir dhagachan sgriosail
Air chrios nam ball airgid.

Cha bu shlachdan aig òinid
Culaidh chomhraig a ghaisgich;
'Dol an coinnimh do namhad,
Cha chrith-mhanntain a ghlac thu.
Nuair a bhuail thu beum-sgeithe
Dh iarraidh ceile co-chath' riut,
Is a thug thu 'nan comhail,
Theich Hòbron 's a mharc-shluagh.

'S ann a thug thu do dhualchas
O 'n fhear 'bhuaileadh an Gruinneart;
Cha robh'n iomairt gun fhuathas,
Cha robh 'bhuannachd gun chunnart.
Gun robh torrunn an lamhaich
Agus tairneanach ghunna,
Ri deas laimh mo ghraidh-sa
'Cur a chairdean gu fulang.

Cha b' i ruaig ud fir Mhuile
Gu traigh Ghruinneirt a chreach sinn;
Gur h-e mheudaich mo mhulad,
Sar mhac urrant Shir Lachainn
'Bhith fo bhinn aig luchd-Beurla,
'S nach do dh-fheud e dol as orr'.
B' e sin connspunn na troide
'Chuir an cogadh an cleachdadh.

Nuair a thogteadh leat bratach
Gheibht' fir ghasd air a mharg leat;
'Mhoire, 's iomad bean baile
Dh 'fhag sud tamull 'na banntraich,
Agus leanabh beag ciche
'Na dhilleachdan anfhann.
Ach ge duilich do mhuinntir,
Cha 'n ann ump' 'tha ar dearmail.

Gur a h-iomadh laoch dorn-gheal
'Chaidh an ordagh mu d' bhrataich,
Agus òganach sgiamhach
'Bha ga riasladh fo eachaibh.
Agus spailp de dh-fhear taighe
Nach dug athadh dha phearsa,
'Toirt a chlaidhibh a duille
Cheart cho guineach ri ealtuinn.

Nuair a thogamaid feachdan,
Gum bu ghasd ar ceann-armailt;
Ge b'e thigeadh air eachdraidh,
Ghabh iad tlachd dhiot air 'Ghalltachd.
Bha thu 'd charaid do 'n Mharcus
A bha 'n Sasunn gun cheann air;
'S bu tu co-ainm Eachainn
Leis 'n do ghlacadh an cabhlach.

Nuair a thug e 'nan cìnnseal
Leag e dinneir an Iarla;
Ghlacadh luingeas an righ leis,
'S rinn e diobhail air bianaibh.
Air teachd dha an deidh sin
Chuir e crioch air na dh' iarr e;
'S thug e turas a 'rioghachd
Gus 'n do striochd Baile-Cliath dha.

'S fad on dh' imich am fear ud,
'S cha 'n ann ga ghearan a tha sinn;
Ach ma dh' fhagadh gun sealladh
Suil mheallach an àrmuinn.

Och,—gum maith an t-aon Dia dhuinn,—
Gur h-e 'iargain a chraidh sinn;
Gun robh aoidh fir an domhain
'Na co-shéis a fas riut.

Ge b' i 'thug an cion falaich,
'Cur gu h-ealanta litreach,
Ged b' i nighean Mhic-Cailein,
Bu diol mairiste dh' is' thu.
Gur a mairg i 'thug gaol dhuit
Ma chaochlas i 'nis e,
Is nach faic i air thalamh
Do mhac samhailt am misnich.

Mu dheireadh an t-samhraidh
Cha robh meanmn no deagh sgeul oirnn;
'S beag an t-ionghnadh do ranntachd
'Bhith fo champar as t' éugmhais,
Agus muinntir do dhuthcha
'Bhith fo churam mu d' dheibhinn;
Gun robh 'n t-aobhar sud aca
Gu ruige leas agus creubhag.

Tha ionndraichinn bhuainne
'S cha bu shuarach an call e;
Gum bu mhor an luach-taisgeil,
Ma tha 'n taisgealadh dearbhte,
A bheireadh daoin' uaisle
As an uachdaran ainmeil,
As ar tighearna smachdail,—
'S cha bu lapach an ceanntard.

Cait an robh e air thalamh
Boinne fala a b' aille,
Na oighre sin Dhubhairt,
D' am bu chubhaidh bhi stàtail?
Gur a h iomad bean bheul-dearg
A bha 'breid air dhroch càradh,
Nuair a fhuair iad beachd sgeula
Gun do chreuchdadh 'sa bhlar thu.

Tha do phàirc air a dùnadh,
Ionad-luchairt nan Gaidheal.
Gur a deacair sud innseadh,
Aig ro dhillseachd do phairtidh;
Tha a chraobh a b' fhearr ùbhlan
Air a rusgadh an drast diu.
Och, a Mhoire, mo dhiubhaïl,
Chaïdh am flùr bharr a ghàraidh!

Ach ma 's duine 'chaidh dhinn e,
Guidhibh Criosd leis na th' agaibh;
Thoiribh aire mar 's coir dhuibh
Do chainnt Iob mu na macaibh
Agus liubhraibh e 'n Aon-fhear,
Ma 's e chuibhreach an caisteal;
No ma ghearradh a laithean,
'S ann fo 'ràidh-san a thachair.

This poem was composed immediately after the news of the sad result of the battle of Inverkeithing had reached Mull. It is evident from several expressions in it, especially from the last verse, that the author had a faint hope that Sir Hector, though severely wounded and a prisoner, was not dead.

The chief referred to in the tenth verse is Eachann Ruadh nan Cath, who was killed at the battle of Harlaw in 1411. The saying by Job about his sons, to which reference is made in the last verse, is this: "Naked came I out of my

mother's womb, and naked shall I return thither, the Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord."

The sixth and tenth verses are now published for the first time. In a note in his collection John Maclean says:—"Tha an t-oran so ann an co-chruinneachadh Raonaill Dhomhnallaich, agus 's e 'thug dhomhsa, 'chur san fhear so gun d' fhuair mi da rann deth nach h-'eil anns an leabhar sin."

The Marquis referred to in the ninth verse is James, third Marquis, and first Duke, of Hamilton. His mother, Anne Cunningham, was a daughter of James, seventh Earl of Glencairn. Sir Lachlan Mor's mother was a daughter of William, sixth Earl of Glencairn. Thus Sir Lachlan Mor and Anne Cunningham were first cousins. Hector Roy was the great-grandson of Sir Lachlan Mor. The Duke of Hamilton was beheaded in London on Friday, March 9th, 1649.

The battle of Inverkeithing was fought on Sunday, July 20th, 1651. Lambert, Cromwell's general, had 4,000 men, and his opponent, Holburn of Menstrie, about 3,500. Holburn's force consisted

of 1,000 horse under his own immediate command, 1,500 Highland infantry under Sir Hector Maclean of Duart, and about 1,000 Lowland infantry under Sir John Brown of Fordel. Of the Highland infantry 800 were followers of Sir Hector, and 700 followers of Sir George Buchanan, chief of his clan. The followers of Sir Hector were nearly all Macleans. They were all killed except forty. We have no admiration for Sir Hector. He simply acted the part of a mad man. It is true that he was brave, but it is just as true that he lacked common sense. By foolishly continuing the unequal fight, he nearly ruined his clan.

A few of the 800 men who followed Sir Hector must have been Macquarries. Donald Macquarrie, twelfth of Ulva, married Christy, daughter of Lachlan Og, first of Torloisk, and had Allan, his successor, Hector of Ormaig, Lachlan of Laggan, and John of Baile-ghartain. Allan was killed at Inverkeithing.

Holborn fled at the beginning of the battle. He was evidently a traitor.

Gur Bochd Naidheachd Ar Duthcha ;

ORAN DO SHIR EACHANN MAC-GILLEAIN, A MHARBHADH ANN AN INBHIR-CHEITEIN.

Gur bochd naidheachd ar duthcha
'S cha 'n e taighean gan spuinneadh;
Ach Mac-Gilleain, mo chùradh, gun eirigh.
Gur bochd, etc.

Gu bheil maithean do thìre
Anns a mhachair 'nan sineadh
Fo chasan nam miltean each eitidh.

B' fhiu a ghibht a bha bhuatha,
Cha b' e deireadh na cuaine,
Ach an t-ailleagan uasal, ard, euchdach.

Bu tu 'n t-oighre 's an t-armunn,
Is a marcaich' deas, daicheil,
Is an t-ailleagan alainn, ur, eibhinn.

Bu tu sgàthan na glaine,
'N airde 'n Iar riut gun teannadh
An am cruinneachadh gu carraid nan geuriann.

Bu tu seabhag na h-uaisle,
'S ceann-seanachais gach duanachd,
'Bheireadh trusgan is duais do luchd-theudan.

Moch 'sa mhaduinn 'sna ghluais thu,
Rinn thu iomrall bu chruaidh leam,
Nach do chuimhnich thu uaislean na Feinne.

Thainig Cromwel ad choinnimh,
Dh' at do chridhe le corruich,
'S leum thu 'staigh le d' lainn sholuis do'n teugmhail.

Mac-Mhic-Eoghain na h- Airde,
Agus Tighearn Chinn-Ghearrloch,
Rinn iad fuireach 'san nadar 'bu bheus
daibh.

Bha Mac-Cailein fo aiteas
Nach do thill thu gu d' dhachaidh;
Gun robh uileann 'sa mhacan gheal, threubh-
ach.

Gun robh taigh is leith Ile,
Am bann daingeann dhuit sgriobhte,
'S bha na feariann sin striochdte gu reidh
dhuit.

Bho thir-unga sin Bhreatail
Thun na Carragh 's cha bheag i,
Bha na fearainn sin eagnaidh fo d'
staoileadh.

Eagnaidh is explained in a note as "cinnteach no dearbhte." Tir-unga, literally ounce-land, unga being from the Latin word unkia.

Is Beag Aobhar Mo Shugraidh.

Is beag aobhar mo shugraidh,
'S cha 'n fheil sunnd orm ri macnas,

'N diu cha tadhail mi 'n Fhadhail,
Ged 's i mheadhail a chleachd mi.

Tha mi sealltainn air Dubhairt,
Leam is dubhach a faicinn.

Gur a minig a bha mi
'Na taighibh ard' anns a mhaduinn,

'S mi ri sealltainn Earraghaidheal
'S barr dearg air a h- aitreabh

Cait am faic mi ri m' shaoghal
Fear aogaisg Shir Lachainn?

'Dol an coinnimh do namhad
Bu neo-ràtanach, bras thu.

'Togail suas am bragàda
Bu neo-sgàthach air each thu.

Ge b' e chitheadh do dhaoine,
'Righ, bu ghreadhnach am faicinn.

Le 'm musgaidean dubh-ghorm,
'S iad gun suidh orr, gun deatach.

De na ghrabhailte shoilleir.
Nach bu doilleir r'a fhaicinn.

Thug sibh flathas na h-eireann
Leibh air éiginn le tapachd.

Ged a dh-fhag mi mo bhraithrean
Anns an araich gan casgairt,

Cha 'n e sud 'tha mi 'g aireamh,
Ach sar mhac Shir Lachainn,

A bhith 'n laimh aig luchd-Beurla,
Is nach d' fheud e dhol as orr';

Sàr chonspunn nan coigreach,
'Chuir an cogadh an cleachdadh.

Catriona Nic-Gilleain.

Catherine Maclean lived in Coll. She was known as Catriona nighean Eoghain mhic Lachainn. It is probable that she belongod to the Coll branch of the Macleans. Her poems show much tenderness of feeling.

Cumha

DO LACHAINN MAC-GILLEAIN, TRIATH CHOLA, A CHAIDH A BHATHADH AN ABHAINN LOCHAIDH 'SA BHLIADHNA 1687.

'S ann Di-sathuirn a chualas
Sgeul an fhuathais nach gann;
Gun robh mnathan gam buaireadh
'S fir gan gualadh gu teann;
Bu bheag an t-ionghnadh dhaibh fein sud,
B' ur an eudail a bh 'ann;
Lamh a ghlacadh na miltean
An am rùsgadh nan lann.

'S moch a chuala mi 'n t-eigheach,
'S cha b e teirim mu 'n mhàl;
Ach m' aiteas is m' eibhneas
A thigh'nn 'na eidedh gu bagh.
Tha mi cinnteach a m' sgeula,
Gun robh do cheile ga cradh,
'Dol a dh-amharc na gibhte
'Bh' ann an ciste nan clar.

Ach a Lachainn mhic Eachainn,
Nam bratach 's nam piob,
Gur a trom leam do shac-sa,
Is nach h-acain thu sgios

Thainig iuchair a ghaisgich
Fo ghlasaibh do 'n tir;
Crann gun tiomadh, gun tais' thu,
'S tu gun caisgeadh gach sgios.

Gu bheil maithean do dhuthcha
Fo throm churam an drasd,
Mu 'n uachdaran chliuteach,
Marcaich' ùr nan steud ard;
Chaidh thu tamull do dh-Eirinn,
Do 'n Eipheit 's do 'n Spain;
'S nuair a chaidh thu do Lunnainn,
Fhuair thu 'n t-urram thar chaich.

Cait an robh ann an Albainn
Beachd-meanmna mo ruin?
Laoch gasda, deas, dealbhach,
'S tric a dhearbh thu do chliu.
Corp bu ghile na maghar
Bha fo 'n aghaidh gun smur;
'S e dh-fhag mise fo leatrom
Am ball-seirce 'bha 'd ghnuis.

Cait an robh e r' a innseadh
'N taobh so 'chrich Innse-Gall,
Aon oighre 'bu phriseile?
Gur dith leinn do chall.
Bu tu 'n ceannachadair fior ghlic
De 'n fhion-fhuil gun mheang,
Leis an deant' an t-ol farsuinn
Ann am bailtean nan Gall.

Bu tu 'n ceannachadair sar mhath,
'S tric a phaigh thu na buinn,
'S bu tu sgiobair a bhàta
'S tric a sharaich na croinn.
Bu leat ragha gach ardraich
Chur a h-earrlainn air tuinn,

Ged a rinneadh do bʰathadh
Leis an ràdh air a bhùrn.

Tha an t-oighre s' 'th' air Dubhairt
Fo phudhar gu leoir;
Tha Clann-Domhnaill fo athall
Agus maithean Mhic-Leoid.
Bu leat cairdeas Mhic-Cailein
Bho charraig nan seol.
Gur a h-iomad fuil phriseil
A bha direadh mu d' shroin.

Gur h-e mis' tha gun aighear,
Tha do thaighean gun aird,
Bhon a fhroiseadh an t-abhall,
Is a chrathadh a bharr,
'Chraobh a b' uire de 'n fhion-fhuil,
'Bha 'cumail dìon' oirnn is blàiths.
Gur a bron leis gach tighearn
Thu bhi tighinn gu bàgh.

'Dheagh Mhic- ain o 'n Chorpaich,
Gur a fad 'tha thu bhuainn.
Do dhream sheasadh mo làrach
Ann an aite gle chruaidh.
'S ann diu Iain is Domhnall,
'Tha 'n diugh brorach, bochd, truagh.
'Righ nan dul is nan aingeal,
Cum am persannan 'suas.

Mac-Iain o 'n chorpaich, or Mac-Iain-Abraich is a term frequently applied to the laird of Coll. Lachlan was succeeded by his only son, John. The next heir was Donald, Lachlan's brother. Hence the earnest wish expressed for the preservation of John and Donald.

Ged a Dh'fhag thu ri Port mi.

Dh'fhag Domhnall Mac-Gillean, Tighearna Chola, a bhana-bhard ri port an ann Tirithe. Nuair a rainig e-fein a null chuir e a bhàta agus a ghillean ga h-iarraidh-se Mun do thill am bàta bha 'n t-oran so aice air a dheanamh.

Ged a dh' fhag thu ri port mi,
Cha 'n fheil mi dheth socrach no slàn;
'S cha 'n e curam an aisig so
A chum mi gun chadal, gun tamh;
Ach nach grunnaich mo chasan,
Is nach d' fheghluim mi 'n toiseach an snamh,
Gus an ruiginn an talla
Far an tric am biodh caithream nam bard.

A Thighearn Oig, tha mo run ort,
Criosd gad choimhead bho thuirling nan stuadh;
Ged a dh' fhag thu ri port mi,
Cha'n fheil mi dha d' chorp ann am fuath.
Bha mo chridhe ga thàladh
Nuair a chunnaic mi 'm bàta 'dol 'suas,
Fo a h-uidhim gu socrach,
Is mi guidhe dhuit fortain is buaidh.

Gu bheil lànain na feile
Nan laighe le cheil' anns an tur;
Gun d' fhuair sibh gu 'r n-iarrtas,
Cuid de dh-aighear 's de mhiannaibh ur sul.
Gur h-e chobhartach aghmhor
Air a bhliadhna so thainig nar lùib,
Mac-Gillean 's a cheile
A bhith caitheamh na feusda le mùirn.

Ged a b' fhad' as an t-eilein
Cha 'n fhaca mi gainn' air ur cul;
Gum faight' ann a t' fhardaich
Fion dathte na Spain' air na buird,

Aran cruinneachd geal, sòghar,
Ga chàradh an ordagh gu dluth;—
Sar bhiadhannan gasda
Mar gun tarladh tu 'n taice ri buth.

Is a Thighearn oig Chola,
'S tu m' eudail, is m' anam, 's mo run;
Cuim' nach bi mi gad mholadh,
'S gum bu mhiann leat mu d' choinnimh
luchd-ciuil?
Bu tu 'n curaidh sar ghasda,
Air mo laimh-sa gun sgapadh tu crùin.
B' i do cheile 'n seud ainmeil
Is a bhean dha 'm bu toirbheartach cliu.

'S beag an t-ionghnadh mor cheutachd
Bhith air ogha Shir Seumas o 'n tur;
I bhith furbhailteach, fialaidh,
'Sin a b' fhasan d' i riamh is bu dù.
Fhuair i urram nan Leodach,
Ann am misnich, am morchuis, 's an cliu,
Chaidh an naidheachd sin fad' ort
Aig gach aon a ghabh beachd air do ghnuis.

Nighean Ruairidh nam bratach,
Gur a maiseach r'a faicinn 'measg mhna.
'Bhean dha'n robh i mar asaid,
Aice fhein a bha 'n t-achlasan aigh.
Gur h-i baintighearna Chola
Ris am faca mi 'n sonas a fas;
'S fhuair i mairiste priseil
Leis am buannaichteadh sith agus baigh.

A Dhomhnaill Mhic-Eachainn,
Gun guidhinn-sa leatsa deagh bhuaidh,
A mhic dalta mo sheanar,
A fhuair urram, 's tu 'd leanabh, air
sluagh.
Latha buadhach sin Lochaidh,
'S e a b' urrainn an tòrachd a ruag;

Le a luaidhe 's le 'lannaibh
Gum biodh aireamh air chennaibh gu uaigh.

Tha mi guidh' air an Ard-Righ
Gun cumadh e 'n t-àlach so 'suas,
Do mhac oighre 'bhith 't aite,
Mar bu chubhaidh, 'na ailleagan sluaigh,
'Bhith 'na shuidh ann a t' ionad
Ri toirt suidheachaidh inich d' a thuath,
Gu socrach 'na theaghlach,
Is e 'freasdal nam feomach 's nan truagh.

Is tric aobhar mo mhulaid,
Is cha 'n fheil mi dheth ullamh an drasd,
Bhon a dhealaich ruinn Lachainn
Bheireadh dhomhsa feum fearainn gun mhàl;
An sar churaidh 'bha 'n Lochaidh
'Chaidh le aighear nam bord air an t-snamh;
Is da Lachainn 'san Innis,
Is air leam nach robh 'n iomairt-san cearr.

Deanaibh fuireach beag fhathast
Agus bitheadh ur faicidinn ciuin,
'S gun ag gheibh sibh deagh latha,
Ge nach biodh dhibh air fhaighinn ach triuir.
O gun deanadh sibh eirigh
Mar chaoin aiteal na grein' air an driuchd
'S nuair a bhruchdas bhur snodhach,
Gun grad chuir sibh sluagh coimheach an cuil.

Donald of Coll was born shortly before the battle of Inverlochy in 1645. Da Lachainn; Lachlan of Brolas and Lachlan of Torloisk.

Oran

DO DH-DHOMHNALL MAC-GILLEAIN,

Tighearna Chola, agus na Caimbeulaich a suidh-eachadh fearainn Mhic Gilleain Dhubhairt.

'N sgeul a thaing do 'n duthaich
'S e a dhuraich dhomh mulad,
Gun robh uachdaran Iùra,
'Cumail cuirt ann am Muile,
'S iad ri ropainn 's ri eigheach
Co a's gleusda 'ni buidhinn,
'S na fir dhligheach air fogradh,
'S iad gun choir, gun chead fuireach.

Cha 'n e duthchas bhur n-athar
'Tha sibh a labhairt 'san am air,
No oighreachd bhur seanar
'Tha sibh a ceangal mu Chaingis,
Ach staid dheagh Mhic-Gilleain
A tha grathunn air chall bhuainn;—
'S sinne chrean air bhi rioghail
'N nis bhon striochd sinn gar n-antoil.

Cha 'n e cumha fear Ile
'Tha mi-fhìn a sior acainn;
No chuir smal air mo shugradh
No chuir mo shuilean gu frasachd;
Ach an naidheachd so 'fhuair mi
'N am dhuit gluasad air mharcachd,
Nach do dh-iarr iad nan cuirt thu,—
'S cha b' e 'n cùbaire 'bh' aca.

Cha bu sgrubaire clàir thu
'N tus paighidh no iomairt,
Ach fear misneachail suairce,
A bha uasal ri shireadh.
Is fear ceannsgalach, dàn, thu,
Is tu laidir an spionnadh;

'Dol an coinnimh do namhaid
Cha bu tlath thu ri d' thilleadh.

Taing do Dhia mar a tha thu,
Nach do tharl thu 'nam freasdal,
Gu bheil Col' agus Cuimhnis
Fo do chuimse gu beagnaich,
Is Rum riabhach na sithne
Ri a direadh 'bu chreagach;
'S gur a tric air a h-ard chnoic,
'Dh' fhag thu 'n lan-damh fo leatrom.

Is gum b' airidh air tuilleadh
An duin' 'tha mi 'g raitinn,
D' a bheil morchuis is misneach,
Moran gliocais is ardain.
Gu bheil seirc ad ghnuis aobhaidh,
'S moran gaoil air do chairdean;
'S b' fhearr dhaibh falbh na bhith fuireach,
Seal mu 'm buidhinn am bas thu.

A dheagh Thighearna Chola,
Fhuair thu onair 's bu dùal dhuit,
'S tu a shliochd nam fear gasda,
Nach bu tais an am cruadail.
Cha dug òr ort no eagal
Gun thu sheasamh ri d' dhualchas;
Gloir do Chriosd mar a thachair,
Nach h-fheil smachd aig luchd-fuath' ort.

Gur tu 'n t-uachdaran cliuiteach,
Cha b' fhear spùinnidh air tuath thu;
Tha thu faighidneach, iochdmhor,
'S tha thu measail aig uaislean.
'S tu ceann-uidhe nan deoaraidh
'Thoirt an lòin air bheag duais dhaibh;
'S ann an comunn nan aingeal
Bidh aig t'anam-sa suaimhneas.

'S i mo cheist do ghnuis shiobhalt
A 's glan flamhachd is faicinn;

Gruaidh dhearg mar na caoran,
Suil air aogasg na dearcaig;
Deud air chuma na disne,
'S beul o'n cinntiche facal;
Nuair a bhiodh tu 's taigh-bhinne,
'S tu gun innseadh an ceartas.

Gur a mor a chuis uallaich
'Th' air mo luaidh-sa mar churam;
'S ann d'i clann Mhic-Gilleain,
'Chaill an aighear 's an sugradh;
Clann an t-saoidh sin, Fear Bhrolais
'Tha fo 'n fhoid gun chead tionndadh;
Is clann Mhurchaidh na Maighe,
Cuis gun aighear sud dhuinne.

'S iomad aon 'tha fo aimheal
'S Mac-Gillean as aite;
'S ann diu oighre na Cuile,
'S iad bhith 'n tus de shliochd bhraithrean.
Chaidh an saoghal air chuibhlibh,
Bonn os-cionn a nis tha e;
Ach, a Righ 'th' anns a chathair,
Cuir caoin dhreach ann ad ghradh air.

'N dreach 'bu mhiann leam air fhaicinn
Seal mu'n glacadh am bas mi,
Mo mhuinntir a thilleadh
As gach ionad 'sna thamh iad,
Na h-oganaich ghasda
Chul-chleachdach, dheas, dhaicheil,
'S iad a thabhairt ruaig mhanaidh
Far an ainid le cach e.

Aimheal, grief. Manadh, chance, luck. Ainid, vexing, galling.

Oran

Do Chatriona Nic-Gilleain,

Nighean Fhir Bhrolais, a bha pòsda aig Lachainn Mac Thighearna Chola, air dh' i a bhi 'na laighe 'san Innis am Muile.

Tha mi 'falbh an cois tuinne,
'S tha mo shuil air na grunnaibh
'Dh-fheuch an faicear leam culaidh fo sheol,
Tha mi falbh, etc.

'Bheir dhomh sgeul air mo leanabh,
Bean chiuin nan rosg malla,
Suil dhubh-ghorm a 's glan sealladh gun sgleo.

Beul min-dearg an fhosaidh
Fo 'n inntinn 'tha socrach;
Cha bu duthchas dhuit brosgal no bosd.

Gruaidh mar ròs air a tharruinn
Tha fo chaoile na mala;
Deud dluth a 's math gearradh gun sgod.

Thu bhith 'd laighe 'san Innis,
Ged is duthchasach t' ionad,
'Chuir mo shuilean a shileadh nan deoir.

Nighean Dhomhnaill mhic Lachainn,
A tha mise 'n diu 'g acainn,
'S ogha Dhomhnaill mhic Eachainn nan srol.

Nighean athair mo ruin-sa
Craobh dhion' d'a luchd-muinntir,
'S e nach leigeadh an cuis dheth gun toir.

Chuala mis' iad ag raitinn,
Nuair a bha thu 'sna blaraidh,
Gum b' fhear misneachail, dan thu, le foirm.

Ged bha comharr ad shiubhal,
Rinn thu gniomh bu mho pudhar,
'S dh' fhag thu luchd nan ad dubha fo leon.

Dhuinne dh-eirich an diombuaidh,
Gun do dh-fhalbh ar ceann-cinnidh,
Gun do thaoitear 'bhith 't ionad 'nad lorg.

Tha do mhuinntir fo imcheist,
'S do mhac fhathast og leanabail,
Bho dhubh sheachdain na Caingis so 'dh'-
fhalbh.

The wife of Lachlan, son and heir of Maclean of Coll, was a daughter of Donald Maclean, third of Brolas. Donald received two severe wounds on the head in the battle of Sheriffmuir. It is to his wounds that the expression, "Ged bha 'n comharr' ad shiubhal," refers. His grandfather, Domhnall Mac Eachainn Oig, was a son of Hector Og of Duart, and a grandson of Sir Lachlan Mor. He died in 1725.

Cumha

DO SHEUMAS MAC-GILLEAIN, A FEAR.

Gur h-e mise 'tha pràmhail
'S fhuair mi fàth air 'bhi dubhach.
Tha mi 'feitheamh an àite
Far 'm bu ghnàs dhuit 'bhith 'd shuidhe,
'S gun do ghunn' ann air ealachainn,
'Chuireadh earba bho shiubhal.—
Mo chreach dhuilich gun d'eug thu,
Nàmhaid féidh anns a bhruthach.

Nuair a bha mi gad chàradh,
Ged bu shàr-mhath mo mhisneach,
Gun robh saighead am airnean,
'S i gam shàthadh gu 'h-itich,
Mu 'n fhear churanta, làidir,
Nach robh fàilinn 'na ghliocas.
Cha robh 'n saoghal mar chàs ort
Nam biodh t' àilleas fo t' iochd dheth.

Cha do rinn mi riut fàilte
Ged a thainig thu, Sheumais.
Gur h-e mise 'tha cràiteach,
Is cha slanaich an léigh mi.
Bho nach fheil thusa maireann,
'Fhir 'bu cheanalt' 's bu bheusaich';
Gur h-e mise nach sòradh
Ni bu deonach le d' bheul-sa.

Ormsa thainig am fuathas
O 'n Di-luain so 'chaidh tharam;
Bhon a chunnaic mo shùilean
Thu gad ghiulan aig fearaibh,
Gun robh mnai air bheag céille,
'S fir gu deurach gad ghearan.
Bhon a dh' fhag iad 'sa chìll thu,
Och, mo dhiobhail, 's trom m' eallach.

Nuair a thug iad gu tilleadh.
Gun robh 'n iomairt ud cruaidh leam,
'S tus', a ruin, air do chàradh
Ann an càrnaich na fuarachd.
Com cho geal ris a chanach
Fo chul clannach, cas, dualach;
'S truagh nach robh mise mar-riut,
'S mi gun anam, 's an fhuar leab'!

Nuair a rainig mi 'n clachan
Chaidh am braisid mo dheuraibh;
Bho nach d' leigeadh a steach mi
'Dh-ionnsaidh na leap' an robh m' eudail.
Ach nam bitheadh tu maireann,
Chaoidh cha dhealaicheadh tu-fhéin sinn.
Ochain, ochain, mo sgaradh!
'S i mo bharail a threig mi.

Air Dì-domhnaich 'sa chlachan,
Och! cha 'n fhaic mi mo ghradh ann.
Bìdh gach aon té gu h-eibhinn.
Is a céile fhein lamh-r' i;
Ach bidh mise gad ghearan-s',
'Fhir 'bu cheanalta nàdar.
Mo theinn thruagh 'bhith gad chumhadh,
'S tu 'n leab' chumhainn nan claran.

Tha mi 'm ònrachd 's an fheasgar,
'Ghaoil, cha deasaich mi t' àite.
'S gun mo dhùil ri thu 'thighinn;
'S e, 'fhir cridhe, so 'chraidh mi.
Do chorp gle gheal th' air dubhadh,
'S do chul buidh' th' air dhroch càradh.
Ged a dh' fhàg mi thu 'm dheoghainn,
B' e mo roghainn bhith làmh-riut.

Nam biodh fios air mo smaointinn
Aig gach aon dha bheil céile,
'S fad mun deanadh iad gearan,
Fhad 's a dh' fhanadh iad-fhein daibh.

Ged a gheibhinn de dh-òig'
Air achd 's gum pòsadh dha-dheug mi,
'S dearbh noch faicinn bho thoiseach
Aon bu docha ua 'n ceud fhear.

Nan do ghabhadh leat fògar,
'S baraìl bheo bhith aig càch ort,
'S grad a rachainn an tòir ort;
B' e sin sòlas mo shlainte,
'N dùìl gun deanadh tu tilleadh
'Dh-ionns' an iònaid a dh' fhag thu —
'S fheudar fhulang mar thachair;
'S ann a ghlais iad fo 'n chlàr thu.

Och a Righ, ghleidh mo chiall dhomh,
'S mi ga t' iargainn-s', a ghràidhein.
'Fhir 'bu tuigsich' 's bu chiallaich',
'S mor 'bha 'chiatabh 'co-fhàs riut.—
Tha mi 'nis mar mhaolciaran,
Gad ghnàth-iarraidh 's mi craiteach.
Math mo laigsinn, à Dhia, dhomh;
Gur h-e t' iasad a chraidh mi.

LACHAINN MAC-MHIC-IAIN.

Lachlan Maclean, known as Lachainn Mac-Mhic-Iain, was of the family of Coll. He was probably a grandson of John Garve, 8th of Coll, and apparently a son of John of Totaranald.

Cumha

DO LACHAINN MAC-GILLEAIN,
Triath Cholla, a bhathadh 'sa bhliadhna 1687.

Marbhphaisg air an t-saoghal chruaidh,
'S laidir buan an caraich' e;
Cha 'n fheil mionaid anns an uair
Nach bi 'ghluasad mearachdach;
Aig fheabhas 's a bhios a sgeimh
Bheir luchd-bleid an aire dha;
'S gun d' aithnich mis' orm fein
Gum bu bhreug a gheallaidhnean.

'N ni sin shaoileas tu bhith 'd laimh,
'S e gun dàil, gun mhearachd ann,
Ma 's ni glaiste 'san taigh stòir,
Ge b'e or no eallach e,
No duine masgulach og
'San cuir thu dochas barantais;
Sud e seachad mar am feur,
'S ochain! threig mo bharail mi.

Tha fear 'sa chaibeal so shuas
'D' fhag mo shnuadh-sa malartach.
A righ, bu dreachmhor do ghruaidh

'N am bhith 'bualadh chrannanan.
Bu ghlan do rughadh 's do ghrìs
Ri ol fion' an tallachan;
Gheibhinn do chaidreamh 's do run,
'S gun d'fhalbh mo shunnd bho'n
chailleadh thu.

Cha bhi mi tigheachd air do bheus,
Bho nach gniomhan balaich iad;
Cha robh thu taisgeil air seud,
'S thug luchd-teud an aire dhuit.
Bha thu macanta ri mnaoi,
'S ri aos-dana carthannach;
'S ged bu chruadalach do lamh,
'Righ, bu tlath ri leanabh thu.

Bu mhath laimhsicheadh tu pìc,
Ceannard piob' is brataich thu;
Bha thu 'd mharbhadair air feidh,
'S b' fhear dha 'n geilleadh bradan thu:
Bha thu 'd mharcaich' anns a chuirt
Air each cruitheach, aigeannach,
'S bha thu 'd sgiobair onfhaidh fhuair,
Bu tric 'sa chuan Shas'nach thu.

Ni mi do shloinneadh gu fòil,
Cha bhi strò no barrachd ann;
Thainig thu bho Lachainn Mor,
Mac-Gilleoin a b' allaile;
'S do shloinneadh direach r'a lorg
Gu Sir Eoin Mac Ailein so;
'S an am comhairle no gleois
Gun thu bhith beo gum fairich iad.

Thainig thu air sliochd Iain Mhoir,
'S bho Mheubh oig 'bu bhanaile;
An t- Iarla sin a bh' air an Rut'
Bha e dluth 'na charaid dhuit.
Car thu Dhomhnall Gorm bho 'n tur,
'Chosgadh cruin gu sgaireapach,

'S do dh- Iain Muideartach nan ceud,
A thug ceile clannail dhuit.

'S car thu Dhùghall og nan steud,
A dhiult beum luchd-ealanta,
'Rinn do phairt ri Morair Mar
'Thaobh na mna bha 'n ceangal ris.
Seonaid mathair Lachainn Mhoir,
'S nigh'n Mhic-Leoid na Hearradh ud;
Bhon thainig thus' as an cre
Chur sin an célith Mhic-Cailein thu.

Mac- Leoid 's a chinneadh gu léir
Tha gu geur gad ghearan-sa;
Chaill iad iteach as an sgéith
Bho 'n la threig an anail thu.
Bho 'n Chaisteal Tioram 'san Aird
Thoisich am pairt barantail,
'S bha 'n cairdeas sin druim air dhruim
'Tigh 'nn air linn gun charachadh.

Nan tuiteadh tus' ann am blar,
No'n comhrag garbh ri fear-eiginn,
Le Mac- Coinnich is Mac-Neill
Dheanteadh eirigh bhearraideach;
Mac-Mhic-Alasdair bho 'n Troim
Dheanadh torachd ealamh ort;
'S bhiodh Mac-an-Toisich 's a rann
'Bualadh lann gu faruaach.

A Thi 'chruthaich e bho thùs
'S a thug dhuinn an sealladh s' dheth,
Dean sinn umhal dha d' thoil fhein
Anns gach gleus 'am bean Thu ruinn,
Bhon thig am bas air gach feoil,
'S theid an fhoid 'chur thairis orr',
'S an spiorad a dh-ionnsaidh Dhe,
Bhon 's E-fein a chennaich e.

Eallach, cattle of any kind, a burden. Malartach, variable, changeable. Grìs, reddish look.

Lachlan, ninth Maclean of Coll, was a brave soldier, and a kind man. He served several years under General Mackay in Holland. He was married to Marion, daughter of John Macdonald, Captain of the Clanranald. He was drowned in the water of Lochy in Lochaber, in August, 1687.

Hector, fifth Maclean of Coll, married Meve, daughter of Alexander Macdonald of Islay and the Glens, and sister of Somhairle Buidhe, father of the first Earl of Antrim. She was descended from Iain Mor Tanaistear, son of the first Lord of the Isles. Hector's son, Hector Roy, married Marion, daughter of Hector Og of Duart, and granddaughter of the Earl of Argyll. Hector Roy's son, Lachlan, married Florence, daughter of Norman Macleod of Harris, and granddaughter of the Earl of Argyll. Lachlan's son, John Garbh, married Florence, daughter of Sir Dugall Campbell of Achanambrec by his wife, Mary Erskine, granddaughter of the Earl of Mar. John Garbh's son, Hector Roy, married Marion, daughter of Hector of Torloisk, son of Lachainn Og, of Torloisk, son of the celebrated Lachainn Mor Dhubhairt,

son of Hector Og of Duart, by his wife, Seonaid nighean Mhic-Cailein. Hector Roy died before his father. Lachlan, the subject of the lament, was his son.

Diomoladh na Pioba.

'Ghilleasbuig, mo mhallachd ri m' bheo
'Dh-fhear aithris do ghniomh',
'Chionn de na chual thu de cheol
Gun dug thu 'n t- urram do 'n phiob.
Mur cuala luchd-teud sgainneal do bheoil,
'S tu 'bu dona gu'n diol;
Gum b' fhearr thu 'dh-ith arain is mharag is fheol',
A bhalaich nach b' fhiach.

'S iomadh iarl' ann an Albainn an nochd
'Na leaba, tha fios,
An deidh a bhrù 'lionadh le cabhruich a poit,
'S e 'tionndadh gu tric,
Nan digeadh i teann orra anmoch no moch,
A ghlagaid gun mheas,
A bheireadh mar dhuais do 'n fhear 'bhiodh 'na cois
Na coin a chur ris.

Ge b' e glagaire 'thoisich an toiseach ri ceol
A thoirt as a bian.
'S dearbh gun robh bruadar is breisleach ro mhor

'Na chlaigeann re cian;
Cha dig ceol ioraltach, drithleannach, luath
A tollaibh a miar;
'S ann a bhios i ri stadail 's ri glagail gun fhonn,
Mar ghagail nan giadh.

A cliu air glagarsaich mhoir
Is fad on a chual,
Ga tarruinn am mach a t' achlais gun doigh,
A mhaidearlach thruagh.
Cuiridh i smaointinnean taiseachd is gealtachd gu leoir
An aigneadh 'g a chruas;
Gum b' fhearr i mar chlach-bhalg 'chur nan each bharr an fheoir
Na bhrosnachadh sluaigh.

Gur h-e 's beus d'i na breugan le 'neart,
'S breun i 'n a t' uchd;
Ged bhiodh tu ga seideadh gus am b' eiginn dhuit stad
Cha seian i dhuit puirt;
Bu cho math 'bhith cur salain is t' anail a steach
An goile na muic'.
'S mi nach h-iarradh gu brath a dhol faisg
Air earradh a cuirp.

'S fad on a fhuair sinn taisbeanadh sul'
Gum bu ghealtach a gnàths;
Ri am dol 'nam braise gu tapadh do shluagh,
'S ann a dheanadh i tamh.
Aig Sliabh-an-t-Siorra beag dona so shuas,
An cuala sibh e?
Thug i leum air muin gille bhig ruaidh,
Gu teicheadh o 'n bhlar.

An t-urram de na chunnaic mo shuil,
Gu cur fras cail,
Do Chonnduili 'bha 'm Muile ann an cùil,
'S gu aire 'thoirt da.
Aig Mac-Leoid a bha'n duine, Mac-Cruimein
a chiuil,
Bha ainm air 's gach ait;
Ach Padruig is Iain mac Uilleim na muisg,
Da sglimeach nan càrt!

When the firing began at the battle of Sheriffmuir the boy that carried Conduli's pipe got frightened and ran away. He took the pipe with him.

Anndra Mac-an-Easbuig.

Bishop Hector Maclean was born in 1605. He graduated at the University of Glasgow in 1628. He was for a long time Minister of Morvern. He became minister of Eastwood in 1679. He was appointed Bishop of Argyll, June 29th, 1680. He died in 1687. He belonged to the Lochbuie branch of the Macleans. He was probably a son of Mr. Angus Maclean, first minister of Morvern. He was married to Jean, daughter of Mr. Thomas Boyd, minister of Eaglesham, eldest son of Andrew Boyd, Bishop of Argyll. He had four sons, Andrew, Angus, Alexander and John. He had two daughters. Janet, the elder, was married to Lachan Og, seventh son of Lachlan Maclean of Ardgour. The younger was married to William Campbell of Wester Kames. Angus, the second son of Bishop Hector, graduated at the University of Glasgow in 1661, and became minister of Kilfinchan in 1666. Alexander, the third son, is known in history as Sir Alexander Maclean of Otter. He fought at the battle of Killiecrankie. He entered the French service some time afterwards, and was a Lieu-

tenant-Colonel. He died at Aix-la-Chapelle. John, the fourth son of Bishop Hector, was a Lieutenant in the Earl of Portmore's regiment of Foot. He was killed at Kaizerswerth, probably in 1702. Bishop Hector's widow died in 1704.

Andrew, Bishop Hector's eldest son, Anndra Mac-an-Easbuig, was born about the year 1635. He was a captain in the army. He resided at Knock, in Morvern. Owing to the depredations of the Camerons he had to sell Knock and leave Morvern. He seems to have spent his latter days in Mull. He married Florence, daughter of Charles Maclean of Ardnacross, Tearlach Mac Ailein, and had one son by her, Sir Angus, a Major in the Spanish army. Sir Angus had a son named Andrew, who died without issue in 1780. Captain Andrew was an excellent poet. The year of his death is not known.

Oran

DO BHARBARA NIGHEAN AN EASBUIG FULARTON.

Gun dug mi gaol nach fàilinneach
Do ribhinn nan cuach fainneagach;
Gur boidheach, dualach, àrbhuidh iad
Mar aiteal dearrsadh theud.

A ghruaidh a chruthaich nàdar dh'i
'S tuis ratha 's ragha dealbha sin,
'S gach buaidh oirr' mar a b' fhearr a bh' air
Diana a chaidh eug.

Gur maiseach, min-gheal, tàbhachdach,
Gur cuimir, direach, daicheil i,
Le aigneadh seimh, neo-ardanach,
Gun fhailinn 'tha fo 'n ghrein.

Is sùgach an am manrain i,
'S i cuirteil mar a's abhaaist dh'i;
Is math thig fàite gaire dh'i
Bho chlaragaibh a béil.

Gur mills' a pog na mealannan,
'S i 's cinntich' gloir gun amaideachd;
Bheir brigh a beoil 's a h-analach
Neach anacrach bho 'n eug.

Air uchd nach crion ri 'thaisbeanadh
Tha an da chìch a's tlachdmhoire;
Bhuin i gach crìdh le 'taitneasaibh
Fo ghlasaibh aice fein.

Is caoin fo 'gùn a seang chorpan,
'S i 's maoile glun is calbannan;
Troigh chuimir bheag gun gharacalachd,
Nach saltair garbh air feur.

Chaidh cliu na té s' a Albainn uainn,
Aig glainead bheus 's aig leanabanachd;
Cha d'fhan e anns a Ghearmailte,
Gun dol gu dearbh do 'n Ghreig.

O, b' fhearr gur mis' a bhuadhaicheadh
Mìn fhàil le 'n cuirteadh cruaidh shnaim ort;
Cha b' fhear gun àgh 'san uair sin mi,
Nuair bhuannaichinn thu-fein.

Ach 's cruaidh an càs ma 's fuatharachd
A gheibh mi 'n aite truacantachd;
Gum b' fhearr dhomh mur a buannaich mi
A bhith 'san uaigh a péin.

Co 'chuala riamh no 'chunnaic e,
No 'fhuair 'san nadar duine-sa,
Gach uaisl' 'tha 'm Bàbi Fularton
An cruinneachadh 'na cre?

Ge b' e do thoil-sa diultadh rium
Cha'n onair dhomh bhi diubhaltach;
Mo shoraidh-sa durachdach
Do d' bhroilleach cubhraidh fein.

Marbhrann

DO DH-ALASDAIR MAC-AN-EASBUIG,

'S bochd an sgeula so 'thainig,
'S olc a chreuchdadh ar n-armuinn,
Osna dheurach an drasd a rug oirnn.
'S bochd, etc.

'S trom mo cheum, gun fàth gaire,
'S trom neo-eibhinn a tha mi,
'S gur h-e cumha do bhàis 'rinn mo leon.

'S bochd a chraidh thu mi 'm chridhe,
Sprochd do bhàis th' air mo ruighinn,
Spot nach slanaich aon lighich' tha beo.

Tha mo ghruaidhean air siaradh
Agus m' oisnean air liathadh;
'S deacair dhomhsa 'nis strian chur ri m'
fheoil.

'S mi mar choltas maolciarain,
No mar Oisein ga t' iarraidh;
'S gum bi mise ga t' iargainn ri m' bheo.

'S mor m' anradh is m' allaban
On a threig thu mi Alasdair,
'S i so 'bhairlinn a chreanaich mi 'm fheoil.

Is nam faighinn leam m' inntinn
Dheannainn soilleir ort innseadh,
Nach robh 'd chinneadh ri m' linn-sa na's mo.

Fear cruaidh, curant', gun ghiorag,
'N am na tuasaid nach tilleadh,
'S tu buidhinn urram gach spionnaidh le seol.

Nuair a bhiodh tu 'sna blaraibh
'Bhith air thus 's e bu ghnaths leat;
'S i do shuil nach biodh sgathach roimh ghleos.

'N am dhuit dol do 'n taigh-thairne,
Bhiodh a chuideachd a b' fhearr leat,
'S cha bu sgrubaire clair thu mu 'n bhord.

Cha b' fhear fuath' thu no fabhair,
'S tu gum fuasg'leadh gach ceangal,
'S tu bhi shuas ann an cathair a mhoid.

Cha dean uisge na fairge,
No maoidheadh na h-armailte,
Mo mhuinntir-sa mharbhadh na's mo.

Ann an campa sin Ludhainn,
Cha robh meang ann ad ghiulan,
'S cha robh failinn an uirghioll do bheoil.

Dh' fhag mi thu anns a bhothaig,
'S do chorp min-gheal air breothadh,
Is gun sugh ann ad chnamhan, ach cos.

Iorram

Le ANNDRA MAC-AN-EASBUIG, an uair a shiubhail a bhean agus a fhuair e naidheachd bàis a dhithisd bhràithrean, Sir Alasdair a chaochaial ann am Aix la Chapell, agus Caiptein Iain a mharbhadh ann an Keyzerwerts.

Gur a cràiteach an othail
'Tha an dràsd a tigh'nn fotham
Ann an damhair an fhoghair 's na buana.

Gur a tùrsach mi 'g éirigh
'S mi gun fhuran o m' chéile,
'S cha 'n e 'cumha gu léir tha gam
bhuaireadh.

Gur h i 'n naidheachd so leugh mi
'Tha gam chaitheadh fo m' léine,
'S a chuir snaidheadh gu geur orm mu 'n
cuairt domh.

Dhòirt orm tonn mu mo mhullach
Dh' fhàs 'na throm-bhuille muineil,
'S a dh' fhàg lom mi gun lunnach, gun
suanach.

Cha b' i lochdair an t-saoir
A rinn mo lèt air gach taobh dhiom;
Ach a chros-tuagh bu daoire gun d' fhuaras

Bidh m' fhear-fuatha 'sior-thàir orm,
'S gur beart bhuan dha mo thàmailt
'S e a bagradh gu dàna mo bhualadh.

Nàile chunnaic mi maduinn
Nach bu chunnarach cladaich
Do dh' fhear eile 'bhi bagradh no chluaise.

Fhad 's bu bheò iad le chéile
Na ghabh fògradh le Seumas,
Na fir oga bu tréine ri m' ghualainn.

B' iad mo ghradh na fir chridhe
'Bha dha 'n càirdean gun slighe,
'S nach robh tàireil air dlighe dhaoin'-uaisle.

Gum bu tais ris na dàimh sibh,
Gum bu mhacant' ri mnaoi sibh,
'S gum bu sgaiteach le 'r naimhdean 'ur cruadal.

Gum b' airidh luchd-theud sibh
Ann an argiod no 'n éideadh;
Is aois-dàna cha 'n euradh sibh duais dhaibh.

'S mi craobh choimheach na coire,
A bha roimhe so 'n coille,
'S cha bu doimhtheamh an doire as na bhuaineadh.

Is truagh duine mar tha mi
A sior fhulang gach sàraich;
Mo chruas duilich, gun bhràthair, gun ghual-fhear.

Ach ma rinn sibh bhuam imeachd
'S gun 'ur n-oighre 'nur n-ionad,
'S e mo roinn-sa de 'n iomairt a's cruaidhe.

Suanach, a coarse covering. Slighe, craft. Cha'n euradh sibh, you would not refuse.

Oran

Le ANNDRA MAC-AN-EASBUIG, an uair a reic e an Cnoc Morairneach, a dh' fheum e fhagail a chionn 's gun robh na Camaranaich a goid a chuid cruidh is each, agus nach d' fhag iad ni aige.

Bhuam-s' tha 'n ràitinn
Ri tuar m' fhaillinn,
'S buan dhomh amhghar,
'S fuar tha m' aite còmhnuidh.

'N drasd, mar aisling
A bha 'n cadal,
Tha na bh' againn;
Gun d'tharladh fad' air falbh e.

Maghan farsuinn
'Bu shar ghasd aitreabh,
Gun dion, gun fhasgadh,
Gun sparr, gun at, gun chòmhla;

Gun cheol pioba,
Gun ol fiona;
Cor an gniomha,
'S leoir dhomh 'mhiad de 'dhoruinn;

'Chùirt 'n do chleachd mi
'N tus bhi 'faicinn
Muirn is macnais,
Gun smuid deatach sheombar;

'N luchairt laghach
'M bu dluth tathaich,
Cùirt Mhic-Gilleain,
Cùis gun aighear dhomh-s' e;

'N t-aite 'm faighteadh
Baigh is pailteas,
'S gradh ga sgapadh,
Gu nàrach, taitneach, ordail;

Gach ni 'b' aill leat,
Dinneir àraidh
Gun sion dàlach,
'S bu chinnt do 'n daibhear comhdach.

Am preas cubhraidh
'Bu deas cumhdach
Gun chleas ùmbaidh,
Maiseach, ubhlach, boidheach;

Craobh an abhaill
Ga sìor-sgathadh
'Sios gun athadh
Le fìor chaitheadh foirneirt;

Fo mhèin mhèirleach
Nach seimh céirdean,
Gun dàimh cairdis;
Saobhaidh Dhatain 's Chora;

'Bha riamh bristeach,
Gun sion 'ghibhtean,
Ach ciall gliocais;
B'e 'n ceann-shift do m' sheors' iad.

'S e bàigh Ailein
Air gradh caraid
'S a bhàs ealamh
'Dh 'fhag fas ar fearann mor duinn.

Nach beart fhollais
An staid shoilleir s'
A ghrad thoinneamh
'N ar ceart choinnimh òirnne.

Bhuain sinn fein i
Le uaisle eifeachd,
'S le cruas meine;
Bhuail i geur 's an t-sroin sinn.

Ged tha ar fearann
An drasd fo'r gearradh,
Cha 'n e bhur ceannas
Bhuin dhinn le lannaibh còir' e.

Bu bhuan strì dhuinn
Ri sluagh rioghachd;
Cha tuath chrion
A fhuair dhinn striochdadh comhla.

Mur biodh ach uiread
'Toirt dhinn le buillibh
Cìs ar muineil
Sgriobht' am fuil ar fogradh.

A Righ fhlathais,
Dhe d' shaor mhathas,
Sith-thaimh tabhair;
Brigh ar n-achain deonaich.

On gheall Thu fein
Gum biodh Tu 'd leigh
A thoirt a pein
A bhrathar fheumaich bhrònaich,

Thoir dhuinn fhathast,
Mac-Gilleain
'N aite 'n athar,
Mar cheannard rath 'san Dreallainn.

Spàrr, a joist, a beam. At, atuinn, a rafter. Daibhear, needy, destitute. Saobhaidh, a litter, a den. Dreallainn, a name applied to the island of Mull.

IAIN MAC AILEIN.

John McLean, commonly called Iain Mac Ailein, and sometimes Iain Mac Ailein Mhic Iain Mhic Eoghain, belonged to the Ardgour branch of the Macleans. Ewen, 6th Maclean of Ardgour, Eoghan na h- Iteige, married a daughter of Stewart of Appin, and had two sons by her, Allan, his successor, and John. He was living in 1587. John, his second son, had a son named Allan. This Allan was the poet's father. Iain Mac Ailein was thus a great-grandaon of Eoghan na h- Iteige.

Iain Mac Ailein lived in Mull. His place of residence seems to have been near Aros. He was a young man in the time of Sir Allan Maclean of Duart. We may assume then that he was born at least as early as the year 1665. He was married, and lived to be an old man. Dr. Johnson, who visited the Western Islands in 1773, speaks of him as a famous Mull bard, who had died only a few years before that date. He also says that he could neither read nor write. We are inclined to think that the poet must have died before the stirring events

of 1745. At any rate there is no reference in any of his poems to those events. Besides, he would be at least ninety years of age in 1745. The latest event to which he refers in his poems occurred in 1738. All that we can confidently assert then regarding the time of his death is that it took place some time after 1738.

Iain Mac Ailein was evidently an intelligent, good-natured and well-informed man. He was intimately acquainted with the history of his own clan, and possessed a good knowledge of the history of the Highland clans in general. He was an ardent Jacobite, and was thoroughly familiar with the political events of his own day. He was well versed in the Bible. He seems to have been a man of genuine piety. He was a true poet, a man who described in poetic language men and things just as he saw them. He is fairly entitled to a high rank among the bards of the Highlands and Islands of Scotland.

Oran Gaoil.

Bha dithisd nighean a labhairt mu 'n Bhard. Bha te dhiu ga dhiomoladh 's ag radh nach robh ard-fhoghlum aige. Bha 'n te eile ga mholadh, 's ag radh gun robh ni a b' fhearr aige, moran de thuigse nadair.

LUINNEG.

Faill il o ro, faill il o,
Faill il o ro, faill il o,
Faill il o ro, hul il o ro,
Faill il o ro, fail il o.

Is ged nach d' fhaodadh mo thogail suas,
Ach teagasg nadair 'thoirt dhomh le buaidh;
An té 'tha 'graitinn gu bheil mi trailleil
Cha'n fheil mi 'g aicheadh nach faigh i m' fhuath.

Is mor an caochladh a rinn a cridh'
Mur h-e 's gun d' thoill mise bhuaip' an gniomh;
An caiin daonta d' an robh mo shaor-ghradh
Gum faic an saoghal mur toil leam i.

Och, och, a dhaoine nach creid sibh bhuam,
'S mi 'toirt mar fhaosaid dhuibh anns gach uair,
Nach mo mo ghaol air a chailin shaor so
Na gaol an fhaol-choin air fuil an uain.

Ged theireadh cach gum bu toil leam thu,
Is fada tha sud o bhith 'nam run:
Tha mi cho seachantach air thus' fhaicinn
Is a tha 'm bradan air linge bhuirn.

Nuair a bhios càch ann an cadal seimh
Gur tric le m' aigneadh 'bhith rium ag radh
Nach mo mo thlachd air a dhol na fasgadh
Na th' aig an lach air a dhol air snamh.

A chailin mhodhar a's moiteil dealbh,
Ged tha do ghruaidh mar an corcur dearg,
Tha mi cho suarach mu d' ghaol 's cho fuathach
'S tha cat na luatha air luch a shealg.

A chailin bhaindidh a labhradh ciuin,
Ge fada cam-bhuidhe reidh do chul,
Cha'n fheil mo gheall-sa air t' uaigneas cainnte
Ach mar tha n dall air a leirsinn shul.

Ma their mi 'n fhirinn am brigh mo sgeoil,
'Thaobh t' eol is t' uaisle 's do shuairceas beoil,
Cha'n fheil mi 'n trom-chion, a ghruagach
dhonn ort,
Ach mar tha 'n drongair air bhith ag ol.

'S ann 'bha mo chairdean am barail diom
Gum b' e do ghradh-sa mo namhaid chlaoidh:
Do phog le failte cha dean i stàth dhomh
Ach mar ni 'n t-slainte do 'n duine thinn.

Comhradh,

Mar gum b'ann eadar dithisd nighean Dhomhnaill, mac Mhic-Dhomhnaill Dùibh.

MAIREARAD.

Thuirt Mairearad nigh'n Domhnaill,
'S i tòiseachadh gu ciuin,
A phiuthar ciod an t-ordagh,
An nis mu'n deonach thu?
Ma 's ionnan duit is dhòmhsa,
Bi 't oigh is gheibh thu cliu;
'S na iarr dhuit féin de shòlas
Ach bhith pòsda ris an ùir.

MARSAILI.

'Sin nuair labhair Marsaili,
'S bu taitneach leam a gloir;

A phiuthar, 's beag mo chiatadh
De bhriathraibh sin do bheoil.
Gum b' fhearr leam seal de mhacnas
Ri mac mhic Eachainn Oig,
Na bhith cràbhadh mar-ri sagairt
Agus paidearan 'nam dhorn.

MAIREARAD.

Ochoin! 's truagh an fhaosaid sin,
A phiuthar ghaolach og,
Meud do thoirt do 'n t-saoghaltachd,
'S nach bi sinn daonnan beo.
Bu ghniomh bu mhò gu cobhair riut
Do leabhar a bhith 'd dhorn,
Na bhith falbh air ghleanntan fasaich
Gun sailm ach gàirich bhò.

MARSAILI.

Mun gabh thu fearg le ardan rium,
Bidh m' aicheadh dhuit gu mall;
Ach 's truagh an beachd a dh' fhàs annad,
'S gun t' àrach am measg Ghall.
Gabh fein sgeul an easbuig
'Th' air ar creideamh-ne mar cheann,
Dh' fheuch an sinne 'n t-ordagh so
Na 'm pòsadh a bhith ann.

MAIREARAD.

Tha iomad ni ga chleachdadh
Le lagh eaglais anns gach àit,
Nach faigh thu anns a Bhiobull,
Ged 's e freum gach firinn' e.
'S fearr posadh, ge b' e thogras e,
Na losgadh is cuis bhàis;
Ach ge b'e 'thig gun aon diu,
Bi cinnteach gur h-e 's fearr.

MARSAILI.

B' fhearr leam bhith gu càtanach

Le tàintibh is le stòr;
A bhith gu taisgeach, tairbheartach,
Le airgiod le is or;
Bhith gu riomhach, fasanta
Le pasmunn is le srol,
Na bhith seargadh ri claich chrabhaidh
Gun fiu a ghàir', ach bron.

MAIREARAD.

'S àite-gléidhte diomain
'San do chuir thu t' uile stor,
'S gun ann ach seorsa phigeachan,
'S gum brisdear iad gu fòil.
'N t-àit 'sa bheil mo thasgaidh-sa
Tha glasan air do-leoint';
On tha mo stiubhart saibhir
Bheir e làthail domh mo lòn.

MARSAILI.

B' fhearr leam bhith gu daonnachdach
Ri feomaichibh gach la
A bhith gu fausdach, furanach,
Mar bhuineadh roimh luch-dàimh',
On 's e sin doigh bu trice
Bh' aig gach mnaoi bu ghlice gnaths,
Na bhith air an gluin ag eadarghuidh'
Ri Peadar no ri Pàl.

MAIREARAD.

A bharail a th' aig càch ort,
'S e aobhar nair' a 's mo,
Gur h-e a chum o 'n chràbhadh thu
Ro mheud do ghraidh air poig.
Nam biodh tu ùirnceach, mosguineach,
'Cumail troid ris an fheoil,
Bu deimhinn duit gun coisneadh tu
An rioghachd 's momha gloir.

MARSAILI.

'N rud nach creid mo chairdean,
Cha'n fheil fàth dhomh bhith ga run.
'S gur math le mnaoi ga beusaichead
A ceile fein ri 'glun.
'N neach nach ith an solus rud,
An conaltradh no 'n cuirt,
Cha chreid na daoine glice
Nach ith e rud 'sa chuil.

MAIREARAD.

'S olc an smuaintinn aignidh
'Th' aig mnaoi aigeallaidh do bhéil,
'S a liuthad neach 'tha 'n cairdeas
Do nach ionnan nadar bheus.
Bidh barail aig a phòitear,
'Bhios ag òl gach uair ga 'm féud,
Gum bi gach ti an gradh air
An dibh mar tha e-fein.

MARSAILI.

Bha gach neach o'n dàinig sinn
Gle stàthail 'nan am fein;
Cha bu luchd thoirt dàlach iad,
A bhàrd, no dhàimh, no dh-eisg,
Bu mheasail ri am nàistinn iad,
An nàire riamh do ghléidh.
Cha 'n iarrainn fein a dh-àilgheas
Ach bhith san àit 'sam bi iad fein.

MAIREARAD.

'S deacair dhòmh-s' a raitinn riut
Nach nàdarra do bheus,
'S far am bi na càirdean
Gur a stàthail 'bhith d' an reir.
Gluais thusa mar a th' agad
Dh' fheuch an taitinn e riut fein,

'S cha toill mise mòran diumba.
Airson dol ri ùin' ad dhéidh.

The foregoing poem was translated to Dr. Johnson by Mary Maclean in her father's house. It was published in Ranald Macdonald's collection.

Moladh,

DO GHILLEASBUIG NA CEAPAICH 'S DO 'N PHIOB.

'Ghilleasbuig mo bheannachd ri m' bheò,
Do dh-fhear aithris do ghniomh',
'Bhrìgh os cionn na chual' thu de cheòl
Gun dug thu 'n t-nrram do 'n phiob.
Cha chuala luchd-teud sgainneal do bheoil,
'S tu bu ro mnath gu 'n diol,
Ach b' fhearr leat culaidh a bhrosnaicheadh
toir
Na sochair gach sìth'.

'S iomad iarl' ann an Albainn an nochd,
'S dearbhte leam sud,
Ri am togail armailt air chois,
Na oircheas, tha fios,
A chionn a cluinntinn anmoch is moch,
Bean chaidreach am meas,
'Bheireadh mar dhuais do dhararaich a dos
Airgiod gun fhios.

Is dearbh gun robh stuidear gu trom,
Is susbainte ghiar,
'Sa chiad fhear 'rinn piob nan dos lom

Gus fhortan do dhean,
'S gach lanphort gan cumail fo fhonn,
Gun smid as a bhial,
Ach gan gearradh, gach siolladh is pong,
Le buillibh a mhiar.

A cliu airson abuchadh gleois
Is fada do chuaidh;
Sar ionnsramaid mhaidean nach mor,
Is coitchionta buaidh!
Cuiridh i smaointinnean gaisge gu leoir
An gealtair ga thruas;
Thogadh a crunluath le bras bhuillibh
mheoir.
Aigneadh gach sluaigh.

Gur h-e 's beus d' i éirigh le ceart,
Is eibhinn a stuirt,
An tus teugmhail éighidh i sgairt,
Nach breugaich a puirt.
Le séideig de dh-anail a steach
An èarrach a cuirp,
Cuirear ceol binn, iorallach, ait,
An ribheid a stuic.

'S fada bhon fhuair sinn taisbeanadh shul
Nach gealtach a gnaths;
Gu bheil mi dearbh nach rachadh i 'n cuil
Ga falach gu bràth.
'N tus gach cath' bidh fear brath' air a cul,
'Deanamh fabhair do chach;
Laoch borb agus gaisge 'na run,
Is bratach na laimh.

'N t-urram de na chunnaic mo shuil
Tha 'm Muile dhiu 'n drast;
Ach airson Mhic-Cruimein on bhuidhinn e
cliu,
Leig do 'n duinne sin tàmh;

De 'n aireamh Connduili air thus,
Iain Mac Uilleim a dha,
Agus Padruig an treas duin' an triuir,
Nach uireasach làmh.

Niall Mor Mac-Mhuirich composed a poem against the bag-pipe. Gilleasbuig na Ceapaich composed a poem in praise of it. Iain Mac Ailein composed the foregoing poem in praise of Gilleasbuig na Ceapaich and the pipe. Lachainn Mac Mhic-Iain composed a poem in reply, which will be found on page 69. It is not to be supposed that he had any unpleasant recollection of Gilleasbuig na Ceapaich or any unking feelings towards Iain Mac Ailein ; he was merely exercising his power of satirizing. Iain Mac Ailein and himself seem to have been on very friendly terms.

Oran

A rinneadh an uair a bha Sir Iain Mac-Gilleain, triath Dhubhairt, ann an Cearnaburg.

Beir fios leat bhuam do Chearnaburg
Gu triath nan gaisgach sàr-ghasda,
Ged rinn mi caochladh maighistir,
Nach feairrde mi mu m' mhiadh e.

Ge tric a dol a dh-Aros mi
A dh'ol gach boinne 'tharas mi,
Cha 'n ionnan's mar a b'abhaist domh,
Cha bhi mo ghair' air m' fhiacail.

Na mionnan 'thug sinn thalla-sin,
Nuair a bha camp Mhic Cailein ann,
'Dheoin De cha mhisd' ar n-anam iad,
Ach b' aindeonach an ghniomh e.

Nan cluinninn fhin am Bacach
'Thigh 'nn le chabhlach laidir acuinneach,
Cha dearbhadh neach thar fasdaidh orm
Gum b'fhear protection riamh mi.

Nam faicinn duine firinneach
A chomhdaicheadh na dh' innseadh dhomh
Gheibhteadh 's an Leth Iochdraich mi
'S mi comhdach mo phios iaruinn.

Ged nach robh mi riamh cho tapaidh
'S gun deanainn sealg no tacar leis,
Is leoir leam fhad 's a chaidil e
Fo 'n leabaidh far 'n do liath e.

Tacar, provision, plenty.

Shortly after the battle of Killiecrankie the Earl of Argyll obtained a commission of fire and sword against the Macleans, and invaded Mull with a force of 2,500 men. Sir John Maclean retired to the fortified island of Cainburgh, and advised his followers to take the oath of allegiance to the new government, and accept protection from Argyll. He remained in Cainburgh until 1692.

Coille-Chragaidh.

'N àm 'dhol 'sios, 'n àm dhol 'sios,
'N àm 'dhol 'sios bu deònach,
Luchd nam breacan, luchd nam breacan
A leathad le mòintich;
A falbh gu dian, a falbh gu dian,
Gun stad ri prìs an ordaigh;
An deagh ghunna, 'n claidheabh ullamh,
Gun dad tuilleadh mòisean.

Mhaighstir Cailein ta mi deimhinn
Gun d' fhuair thu barrachd fòghluim:
'S fior gun bheum do neach fo 'n ghréin
A dh' fhàg do bheul an t-òran.
Cha b' fheàrr do bheus na tràill no béisd
Mur b' oil leat Seumas fhògar
'S a thricead 's 'dh' òrdaich e gun dearmad
Airgiod agus òr dhuit.

'S iomadh neach dha 'n robh e ceart
Nach d' rinn a bheart bu chòir daibh:
Ri àm fheuma Sasunn thréig e,
Albainn 's Eirinn còmhla.
Armailt rioghail, laidir, lionmhor,
Dha 'n robh na cìsean mòra,
Cho luath 's a chunnaic iad Rìgh Uilleam
Cha d' rinn iad tuilleadh còmhraig.

Cha b' e 'ghealtachd 'thug dhaibh snasadh,
'S cha b' e neart Phrionns' Orains'
Ach dearmad dìreach thigh'nn nan inntinn
O'n do chinn iad deònach
An righ dùthcha fhéin a dhiuchradh
Airson Prionns' na h-Olaind.—
Ach facal soitheamh 'thuirt neach roimhe,
Gum bi gach nodha ro-gheal.

Ma theid an Act s' an leud no 'm farsuinn,
Cha 'n fheàrr gach neach na òglach:

Coir aig lag cha diong i dad
Mur faigh e neart ga chomhnadh.
Am mac 'bhith gabhail brath air athair
Leis a chlaidheabh chòmhraig,
Chualas riamh gum b' ann de 'n ghniomh sin
Nach robh Dia ag òrd'chadh.

Ge b' e aca, nighean no mac,
Leugh gum bu cheart an seòl daibh
Crùn an athar fein 's a chathair
A ghabhail le fòirneart,
Is sgainneal bhreug a chur an géill
A chaoidh nach feudt' a chòmhdach,
Tha Ti ga 'n léir; ma 's i so 'n eucoir,
'S soirbh dha féin a tòireachd.

Gu m' bharail féin, ge beag mo reusan
Gheibh mi ceud ga chòmhdach
Ge b' e ti dhe 'n dean Dia rìgh
Gur coir 'bhith striochdte dhòsan;
'S ged theid e ceum de làn-toil féin
'S gun e 'cur eiginn òirnne,
'N saoil sibh féin an lagh no reusan
Dol a leum 'na sgròban!

Sgeula bhuamsa mu Raon-Ruairidh,
An robh na sluaigh a comhrag;
Chuid bu luaithe ghabh an ruaig dhiubh,
'S bu daoin' uaisle còir iad:
Nan cumteadh suas riuth' tein' is luaidhe
Ris an d' fhuair iad foghlum,
'S tearc a chruinnich riamh an urrad
'Gheibheadh urram beò dhiubh.

Ach luchd a chunnairt 'chleachd na buillean
'S nach d' fhuair tuilleadh foghluim,
Cha d' leugh air achd mar dhìon do 'm pearsa
Gum b'e stad bu chòir daibh.
Gach ti nach tuit bhith shios 'nan uchd
An còmhrag uilc bu nòs daibh.—

Mun d' thill na gillean 's iomadh pinne
'Thug sgeanan biorach Thómais.

Air each gle-mhor, cruidheach, ceumach,
Fuaimneach, steudmhor, mòdhar,
Cha bu lapach an aois macaibh
Ceannard feachd na Dreallainn.
Le bhuidhinn threunfhear nach tais éirigh
Ga 'n robh cridh' treun mar leòghann :—
'S iad a dh' eibh a chiad ratreut
An déidh luchd Beurla 's chleòca.

Bha ri 'n sgéith-san buidheann éiginn,
'Dh 'fhalbh a Eirinn còmhla,
Ri mionaid eile phàigh an éirig
Féin le gleusdachd còmhraig :
Bu bhinn an sgeul 'bhith seal gan éisdeachd
'S iad ri éigheach crònain,
'S a liuthad fear air bheagan ceannaich
A fhuair malairt còta.

Cha bu ghealtachd 'bhith gan seachnadh,
Cha robh 'm faicinn boidheach;
An léintean paisgte fo 'n da achlais
'S an casan gun bhrogan;
Boinеid dhathte 'dion an claiginn
'S an gruag 'na pasgan fòithe.
Bu chosmhuile 'n gleus ri trotan bhéistean
Na ri luchd-céille còire.

Mòisean, motion. Sasunn threig e; airson Threig Sasunn e.

Freagairt Eoin Ghairnealair do dh-Eoin Balbhan.

Mu 'n sgeul so a chualas ac'
Ga luaidh air Eoin Mauntach,
Is mu 'n fhreagairt a fhuair e
Ann am bruadar a bhalbhain,
Ged nach digeadh le m' gheire-s'
'N tuigse threun sin a leanmhuinn,
'S feairrde sgeula ga threisead
Moran teistis is dearbhaidh.

Chi mi 'n saoghal air chuibhlibh
'S gun e aig aon chor a fuireach;
Ach a direadh 's a tearnadh
Mar roth amhuilteach muilinn.
Am fear a thachair 'na airde
'S e 's mo àbhar gu mulad;
'S gum faod mise 'th' air tearnadh
'Bhith 'na aite mun sguir e.

Gu de 'n gliocas no 'n tàbhachd
'Th' ann do ghairnealair eolach
Craobh thorach a ghàraidh,
'Dhol le ailgheas ga fogradh,
Gu craobh ur chur 'na h-aite,
'S gun e mu 'nadar leth-eolach,
'S a mheud 's a gheibh e ga h-àrach
Seal mun tàr e deagh phòr dh' i?

Ach an crann s' bho chionn tamuill
'Bha fo thoradh gun easbhuidh,
'S cian bhon chraobh-sgaoil a chomain
Air gach comunn am Breatunn.
Ged a rachadh càil dhuathair
Air a chnuasachd re treise,
'S mairg a loisgeadh a thiomban
Ris a mhuinntir a chreic e.

Is beag m' ionghnadh an dream sin
'Bha gun daimh ris ga threigsinn;

'S gum b' e 'n àbhar thun fhogradh
'Thaobh nach b'ann de 'm por fein e;
Ach Alba bheag dhona
Bha gun onair fo 'n ghrein aic',
Nuair a chaidh i ga fhagail,
'S gum b'e àrach a geig e.

B'e bhur gliocas 'san àbhar s'
Anns na càsanaibh ceudna,
A bhith carthannach. cairdeil,
Is mar bhràithrean d'a cheile;
An righ sin 'bh' air mhaireann
'Chumail slàn mar a dh' fheudteadh,
'S gun do dh-ordaich ar Slanaighear
Dhuinn a chàin 'thoirt do Cheusar.

Ach 's e 'n ni 'tha mi 'raghainn
Gun dol air m' aghaidh na 's daine,
Bhon tha 'n t-àth so cho domhain
Is nach tomhais cas ghearr e.
Ach an Righ dha bheil feartan,
'S a ni gach beart mar a's aill leis,
'Chur na còrach 'na suidhe
Mar a's cubhaidh 's gach aite.

This poem is a reply to a poem by the Rev. John Beaton. The poet himself is Eoin Gairnealair, or John the Gardener, and Mr. Beaton, Eoin Balbhan, or John the Dumb. Mr. Beaton is called by this name owing to the fact that he had been silenced or deposed. A chraobh thorach is King James, and a chraobh ur, King William.

Sgeul an Eibhneis.

Oran a rinn am Bard nuaír a chual e gun robh Sir Iain Mac-Gilleain beo.

LUINNEAG.

B'e m' aighear gum b'fhior,
B'e m' aighear gum b'fhior,
B'e m' aighear gum b'fhior,
Sgeul dearbhte sin.

Bu mhíre mi-fhìn
Na caitean beag mios'
Nan digeadh gu crich
An tairgineachd,

An neach so 'chaidh eug
Am barail gach léigh
'Thigh'nn ugainn
'Na threun-fhear Albanach;

Mar thaice ri 'r cùl,
'Sa chath mar cheann-iuil;
'N sin thogamaid sùil
Bho 'r plangaidean;

Gun eireadh deagh fhonn
'S gach cridhe 'tha trom,
'S cha 'n fhaicteadh cinn chrom
Neo-mheanmnach oirnn.

Gun tilgeamaid clach
Ri 'r nàbaidh cho ceart,
Gus an ruigeamaid stap
An t-seann duine;

Gun cuireamaid bailc
Air oiribh ar cas;
Cha leanadh aon drap
De 'r dranndan ruinn.

'S gun tilleamaid breug
Air ar coimpire fein,
Nuair 'chuireadh e 'n eucoir
Dhalmarr' oirnn.

Le fabhar a chruin,
'S le rathad an Diuc,
Nam faighinn do chùis
A dhainghneachadh,

'Sa chinneadh so fòs
Chit' iongantas mor,
Gum bu mhacanaibh og'
Na seann daoine,

'S na sgriotachain mhios'
'Dol 'n airdead 's am miad.
'S bhiodh iad aithghearr aig linn
An leanabalachd;

'S gach bean dha'm bu tric
Clann nighean mar shlioc,
Gum biodh aca mic
Gu toirbheartach.

Mar nach d'fhas e 'nad dheidh
An airdead no 'm meud,
'S ro mhath chinneadh am feur
'S na garbh-chriochaibh.

'S bu lionmhor na feidh
Nam frìtheanaibh fein
'Dh-aindheoin tapachd is tréinid
Shealgairean.

Dheanadh machair is coill
Gair lachainn ri d' chloinn,
'S tu 'thigh'nn dachaidh fo staoileadh
Ainmealachd

Tha mi guidhe gu dur
Air an Ti 'th' air an stiuir

'Ur cur sabhailt' o'n chunnart
Chaillteach so,

Gu cala gun ghuais,
Gun bhairlinn, gun stuadh,
Gun trioblaid, gun luasgan
Laimhrige,

Gu tearuinteachd nòis
Gun uireasbhuidh gleois,
Far nach tuairg'neadh an ròd
No 'n t-anfhadh sibh.

'N sin bu mhire mi-fhin
Na caitean beag mios',
Nam faicinn gum b'fhior sgeul
Dearbhte sin.

Tairgineachd, prediction. Guais, danger. Laimhrig, a landing-place, a wharf. Stap, a step. Drap, a drop. Ròd, sea-weed.

Nan Digeadh Sir Iain.

Oran a rinn am Bard nuair a chual e gun robh Sir Iain MacGilleain an Sasunn,

LUINNEAG.

Nan digeadh, nan digeadh,
Nan digeadh do sgeul,
'S gum faodainn 'bhith cinnteach
As na dh' innseadh dhomh 'n de,
Gun tilginn as m' fhochair
An cochull gun fheum,
'S gum faicteadh mi fhathast
Air atharrach gleus'.

Nan digeadh Sir Iain
Mo chridhe 's mo chleibh,
Gum b'eibhinn ar n-aigneadh,

Mar bhradan a leum.
Thogadh cridhe do mhuinntreach
'Tha 'n cunnart dol eug,
'S gun digeadh do m' ionnsuidh-s'
Mo shugradh beag fein.

Do chinneadh 's do dhualchas
'Bha cruadalach treun,
'S bu mhath an Raon-Ruairidh
Mu d'ghuailnibh 's an fheum,
Tha 'nis 'nam fàth truaighe,
Mar chuagair' tha 'm beus;
Ged gheibh iad am bualadh
Cha ghluais iad am beul.

Ged tha sinn fo dhochair,
Mar mholtaibh mu chrò,
Aig naimhdean fo bhaoghal
'Toirt duinn faobhar ar beòin,
'S luchd-spuillidh ri tair oirnn
Mar thraill na spàin bhrog,
Cha'n aithnicht' an teas la sinn
Aig airdead ar croic'.

An ealta ro ghleusd'
An robh eifeachd gu leoir,
'Bhuidh'neadh geall air gach tulaich.
Far an cruinnicheadh eoin,
Le'n itean còrr sgeithe,
Le'n treine 's le 'n treoir,
Cha 'n fhearr iad air coinnimh
Na cromanan-lòin.

Nan tilleadh a chuibhle
S gun iompadh i deiseil
'N taobh deas mar bu choir,
'S iomadh neach tha fo mhùiseag,
'S a cheann lùbte 'na sgròb,
'Chuireadh bailc air a chasaibh
An taisbeanadh shron.

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Nam biodh iad dhomh fagusg
Na bheil fad o laimh,
Sir Iain nan caisteal
Is Bacach a bhlair,
'N neach do 'n d' fhuiling mi m' fhaobhach,
Mar chaora mhaoil bhainn,
Bheirinn tionndadh mar leoghann air,
'S m' ordag 'na shàil.

'S leoir truimead bhur cadail,
Ma thachair sibh slan?
Mur suidhich sibh cairtean
A ghlacas cuid chàich,
Bidh sinne fo gheur sgrios
Le feileadh a chlair;
Mur faic sibh fo dhion sinn,
Bidh dith oirnn ri 'r la.

Tha sinn tamull an iargainn
Le fiabhras ro ard;
'S faide la leinn gar pianadh
Na bliadhna 's sinn slàn.
Am bruadar an fhaochaidh,
Tha daoine ag radh,
Gur tearc leigh a ni aithn' air
Seach teannair a bhàis.

'S mor am farmad a th' agam-s'
Ri t' aid is ri d' chleoc;
'S iad 'th' air grianan na maise
Ri glacadh an sòigh.
Nam b'e m' fhortan-sa tuiteam
'N riochd bucla do bhròg,
'S e 'b' fhearr mar shògh innntinn
Na criochan righ mhoir.

Tha mi 'guidhe le m' run
Is le m' dhurachd do ghnath
Air 'n Ti 'chruthaich air thùs thu
'S thug dhuinn thu mar bhlath,

'Cur muinighin mo dhochais
'Na throcair ro ard,
Nach d' fhuair sinn ach leasan
Thun ar teagasg na's fhearr.

Cuagaire, an awkward, slovenly man. Baoghal, peril, danger. Corr, excellent. Faobhaich, despoil. Faochadh, the point in sickness at which one is beginning to get well, relief. Teannair, any instrument to squeeze with.

Naidheachd an Aitis.

Oran do Shir Iain Mac-Gilleain air do 'n Bhard a chluinntinn gun robh e a tighinn dachaidh.

An sgeula so 'th' aca
Ga innse le aiteas,
Nam faighinn fear-ceartais
A dhearbhadh am mach e,
B' ionnan eirigh do m' aigneadh
'S mar gun leumadh am bradan
Bho dhèabhadh an aigeil le lùth-chleas;

Sir Iain nan caisteal
Thar fograidh 'thigh'nn dachaidh
Gu mor bhaile Shasuinn,
'S a bhanruinn ga ghlacadh
Le caoimhneas bu cheart d'i;
'S cha bu traoiteir air aiteam
Do dh-oighre no 'fhaction a crûin-s' e.

'S ann 'chaill iad na bh' aca
De dh-earasaid fharsuing
Leis gach tionndadh 'bha tachairt;
'N Inbhircheitein thuit Eachann,

Agus mile mu 'bhrataich,
Gun tioma, gun taise;
Foill Hòbrun 's nam marcach 'thug cùis dìu.

'N ti so dh' fhalbh bhuainn air bhadhal
'S nach d' fhag brathair no athair,
'S daor a cheannaich e 'm fabhar
Thug righ Seumas da grathunn.
Threig e 'chinneadh mor flathail
Dha 'n robh oighreachd is taighean,
Ragh e 'm fògar seach aighear a dhuthcha.

An Raon-Ruairidh air brughach
Bha do reisimeid subhach
'S tu-fein maille riutha;
'S iomadh gruaidh 'bu ghlan rughadh
'Dol 'nan n-armaibh 's 'nan n-uidhim
Ann an toiseach do shiubhail,
'Thoirt fios fuathais gu buidhinn an diumba.

Ged a b' og thu 'n Dun-Chaillinn
'S e do ghniomh nach robh clannail;
'S ann a dhearbh thu 'bhi fearail,
Chuir thu geard a chuil chlannaich
Ri aodann a bhaile;
Ged thuit pairt diu gun anam,
Chuir iad aitreabh nan Gallaibh 'na smùdan.

Cha chualas gu minic
Ann an seanachas no 'm filidh
Gun robh duthaich no cinneadh
Riamh 's a chàs 's a bheil sinne,
Gun fhear pairte no spionnaidh
Ann an aite no 'n ionad;
Sinn gun righ, gun cheann-cinnidh, gun
duthaich.

'S fad o cheil' iad air bhadhal
Gach fear treun a chur catha,
A b' fhearr feum leis a chlaidheabh.—

Dh' fhalbh am buachaille ra mhath,
Dha 'n robh caoimhneas is ceannas,
'S dh' fhag e 'threud fo throm eallach,
Gun fhear gleidhidh, no faire, no stiuiridh

Dh' fhalbh ar n-aighear air fad bhuainn,
'S sinn mar luirich a bhaigeir,
Air a tilgeadh air cladach,
'Na cuis bhùirt agus mhagaidh,
Is gun chlùd d' i, ga pailtead,
Gun làn cheud de luchd-tagraidh,
'S iad ga reubadh, 's ga sgapadh, 's ga spùinneadh.

Ged is trom leinn an stràc sin,
Thoill ar peacannan barr air.
Gun robh pobull 's an Eipheit,
'Bha fo bhruid aig righ Fàro,
'S nuair a chaidh iad do' n fhasach
Is a chaochail iad gnàthan
Fhuair iad comhfhurtachd aghmhor bho'n sgiursadh.

Nam pilleamaid thathast,
Le cridheachan matha,
Bharr iomrall an rathaid
Bu shoirbh do Righ Fhlaithis
Gach smal a th' air laigh' oirnn
Gu tur dhinn a chrathadh,
'S gum b' ionmhuinn le'r n-athair ar n-umhlachd.

Ged tha sinne fo aimheal
An déidh Mhic-Gilleain,
'S beag an t-ainm e ri 'labhairt
Seach fògradh nam flaithean
Dha 'n robh crun agus cathair,
Beirt a's uamharr' ri amharc,
'S gur a seirbhe e na 'n gabhann ri 'iomradh.

Ma 's a firinn ri 'labhairt
Gur h-e Seumas a's athair
Do na Phrionns' a th' air faighinn,
Ge b'e thionnsgainn ri daithean
'Chur air òg anns a chreathaill,
Tha mi 'n duil gun dig latha
A bheir luchd a ghniomh' ghrathail gu cunntas.

'S mairg am Breatunn a thàrlas
Nuair thig diogh'ltas a phaigheadh
Luchd na foille 's an ardain;
Ghearr iad muineal righ Tearlach
Air fìor bheagan de dh-àbhar
Chuir iad Seumas air ànradh,
'S ghabh iad Uilleam is Mairi d'an ionnsuidh.

Gu bheil Britheamh 'sna neamhan
'Tha 'toirt teisteanais araid
Gur h-e fein dha'n robh càs dhiu;—
Chaochail siantan is laithean,
Bhrùchd gach torran gu saibhir,
'S tha gach duine na's fhearr dheth
Bho na thachair do 'n Bhanruinn so 'crunadh.

Earasaid, a square of tartan cloth worn over the shoulders. Badhal, wandering. Clannach, hanging in locks Aimheal, vexation. Gabhann, gall.

It was commonly but erroneously supposed that Prince James was not the son of James II. and his wife. The Prince was born in 1688, a few months before his father's abdication. Queen Anne was crowned in 1702. Sir John Maclean

returned from France in 1703. Queen Anne conferred a pension of £500 sterling a year upon him. This pension he enjoyed during the remainder of his life.

An Sugradh.

Thoir fios bhuam gu Anndra,
'S na dearmaid 'innseadh tràth,
Mo chompanach uasal
Ro shuairc, is bu chubhaidh dha,
Ma's fath leis gu gruaman
An suairceas a dhol mu làr,
Gu bheil leannan 'bu ghaol leis
Air caochladh 's air faotuinn bàis.

Bha uair ann 's bu chliuiteach
'S an duthaich so anns gach àit,
Macnas gun droch dhùrachd,
An sugradh 's an fhealadha,
A mheadhail is a mhuirn,
O 'm bu shunndach an duine slan;
'N diugh tha gach aon 'bheir ùidh dhaibh
Air a chunntas mar dhuine bàth.

An Aros laghach shuas ud,
Bha uair a chunnaic mi e,
Bhiodh comh-theanal uaislean,
'S cha b' shuarach mo chuid-s' de'n tràth.
Bhiodh Sir Ailein 'sa chluain sin
'S a shluagh fein am faguis da,
'S bhiodh an oidhch' a b' fhuaire
'S a chuantal sinn leinn ro ghearr.

Nuair 'thigeadh an luchd-sugraidh,
An cuil cha chuireadh siad iad;

'S ann 'bhitheadh iad gle mhuirneach
Fagus d' an seomraichean ard.
Bhiodh meas ac' air na h-orain,
S bu sholasach deth na baird;
Is bhiodh luchd-falbh na h-Eireann
Gle ghleidhte le féil' an làmh.

Nuair 'dh'fhalbhadh an geamhradh
'S 'thigeadh an samhradh oirnn blath,
Rachamaid thar chuantan
Dh'amharc air ar cairdean graidh.
Ruigeadh iad Sir Seumas
An Slèit on 's e 'b' fhaisg' air laimh,
'S bheireadh iad greis eibhinn
Air sgeulachdan 's ol mu'n chlar.

B' e a shamhailt ceudna
Aige fein 'gheibhteadh mar ghnaths,
Còmhlain is long ghleusda
Leis an reubt' sruthan is sail.
Bhiodh a bhràthair fein ann,
Gilleasbuig 'bu gheir' na cach;
'S ged thigeadh na ceudan,
'S e-fein fear-cuideachd a b' fhearr.

Cha 'n fhanadh an luchd-sugraidh
An aon aite fad an tamh
Gum b' i 'n imrich uaibhreach e
Gluasad an uin' cho gearr:
Ruigeadh iad mac Ruiridh
Nan cuach 's nan cupachan lan,
'S b' i mhala gun ghruaman e,
Uachdaran an deagh ghnaiths.

Nuair 'chruinnicheadh siol Olaghair
Bu stoirmealach meadhail an ghnaiths;
Gheibheadh luchd an fhalbhain
Gu soirbh bhuath gean math is daimh.
Cha 'n fhaicteadh iad air chorra-ghleus
Le doilgheas 's biodag nan laimh;

'S ann 'bhiodh iad subhach sò-ghradhach
Le moran comuinn is graidh

Gur deacair air an t-saoghal
Luchd-baoiridh a dhol mu lar;
Gach neach le neart a ghairdein
Tha saoithreachadh araiu do ghnath
Tha da thrian de'n t-saoghal
A saoilsinn gur h-e rud a 's fearr;
Ach Caiptin Chlann Raonaill,
Cha d' chaochail e 'bharail ard.

Tha iorghnadh air na ceudan
Cia 'n reusan mu'n dug e 'ghradh
Do na leannain bheusach-s'
'Tha déidheil trioblaideach dha,
An nair' agus an fheile
Le cheile 's am pailteas laimh';
Ban-seirbhisich neo-ghleidhteach
An teirm bhith 'togail a mhàil.

Chi mi mar cheum trocair
D' Mhac-Dhomhnaill an aignidh aird
Na dìlleachdain 's na deoiridh
A chomhnadh 's a dhion le baigh,
Bhon tha Sir Iain air fogradh,
Sir Domhnall an Glaschu 'na thàmh,
'S gun oighre Mhic-Leoid
Ach ag ol a bhrochain a sgàin.

'S dream dhligheil dha fhein iad
Nach feud e leigeadh mu lar,
'S bha iad fo mheas glé mhor
Aig geugaibh gineil a fhreumh'.
Dh 'fhag cach e 'na onrachd
'S na seoid so 'nan dileab dha,
Mar bha Oisein 's na cleirich
'N deidh Fheinn an tir Innis Fàil.

The Gilleasbuig referred to was the Ciaran Mabach. Ailein Muideartach. Caiptin Chlann-Raonaill, was one of the most popular chiefs in the Highlands. Sir John Maclean and himself were first cousins. Norman Macleod, chief of the Macleods, Siol Olaghair, died in 1706. His son and heir, who was also named Norman, was born a few months after his death. This is the oighre Mhic-Leoid referred to.

Sir Allan Maclean of Duart died in 1674. It is evident from the third verse that the poet must have been then at least twenty years of age.

Oran

A rinn am Bard air dha a chluinntinn gun robh Sir Iain Mac-Gilleain ri fuireach anns an Fhraing.

Fonn.—'Fhir a bhàta no ho ro éile.

Tha mi am chadal 's gur tìm dhomh dusgadh
Mu Shir Iain nan lann 's nan luireach;
Gu bheil do chairdean fo mhoran curaim
Nach faic iad sabhailt air lar do dhuthch' thu.

Faill ill o ro, tha sinn fo mhulad,
Tha ar cridhe mar luaidh air truimid;
Fàth ar call' is ar campair uile
An stad s' tha thall bhuainn air ceann nam Muileach.

'S truagh an sgeul so tha daoine 'g ràitinn,
'S a bhrùchd a nall oirnn le peann is paipeir,—
Gun dainig finid air gniomh ro araid,
Air cinnedh rioghail, fior-ghlic stàtail.

A Chlann-Chilleain guu robh sibh ainmeil;
Fine fiachail nam piosan airgid:
Gur h- iomadh Dùbh-Ghall nach b' fhiu a sheanachas
A chaidh gu uir leibh le luths 'ur geala-ghlac.

Craobh ur sinnsribh cha chrion a thainig;
Bha fios an sgeil sin aig geur luchd-seanachais;—
Gum b' fhòlachd righ sibh bho chrich na Spàine,
De sliochd Ghatélis nan éuchdan dana.

Ghin deth-san uaislean 'bha buadhach, ainmeil;
B' ann diu mic Mhìli nan gniomh ro chalma;
Chog iad ri Eirinn le treine 'n laimhe,
Is thug iad pùice de thriuir mhac Earmuin.

Cha-n fhógnadh baothachd no draoidheachd sheana chleas
Gu 'n cur air chul bhuath', cha b' fhiu leo 'n dealbh sin;
Ach cogadh dian, eruaidh, gun sith, gun tearmad,
Gu onair gniomha, no dith an anama.

Air sliochd Erimhain euchdaich, ainmeil,
Bha uaislean gleusda, fir threuna, chalma;
B' ionnan duibh-se 's do 'n linn 'tha'n seanachas,
'S lean ruibh de'n dualchas 'bhith cruaidh air armaibh.

Air teachd an déidh sin duibh 'n iar do dh-Albaian
Bu mhor 'ur foirneart le 'r dòidibh garbha,
Gus 'n duc Mac-Dhomhnaill duibh còir bu daigne

Air rioghachd na Dreallainn 's air mor nì 'dh' anbharr.

Bu cheannard buadhach, uasal, ainmeil,
Eachann ruatharach ruadh nan garbh chath:
Airson a ghluasaid bha fuath nan Gall ris,
'S gun dug e àr orra 'm blar Chath Ghairbhich.

Am mac a dh' fhag e bha 'ghnaths mar leoghann,
Aig Iarla Màr bha freumh an sgeoil sin;
Thug e comhdhail da-san air lar Strath-Lòchaidh,
'S rinn e sìth bhreugach gun eudach còmhdaich.

Lean 'ruibh deagh bheusan, 's gur h-e 'chuir sios sibh
'Bhith leis a chrun, is gach cuis gur diobradh.
Thuit Eachann Ruadh ann an Inbhir-Chìtein
Agus seachd ceud fear de threun fhuil dirich.

Ged bha 'n sgeula sin trom le doruinn,
Cha-n e an drasda a 's àbhar broin duinn;
Ach 'n ti a dh' fhag sinn 's a chaidh air fogradh,
'S a leth righ Sèumas a threig an Dreallainn.

Rug froiseadh garbh oirnn le gailbheinn shiantan;
Aig meud a chall duinn cha b' arbhar shiol e;
Bu chruinneachd poir e gun fhotus sgiamhachd,
Ar cuirm, ar sògh e, ar ceol 's ar fion e.

Tha sinn mar threud 'bhiodh fo thearmunn mi-ghleidht',
Gun neach fo 'n ghrein duinn mar sgeith gar dideann;
Mar ealta sleibh sinn gan teum le liontaibh
'S nach fan aon te dhiu air ceud fear-spionaidh.

Is truagh gach la dheth ar càs r'a innse;
Mar bhall de dh-arcan air traigh ga shìor-ruith,
Gun neach 'toirt baigh dha bho ard gu iosal,
Ach buille bhàrach o laimh gach aon fhir.

A Righ nan dul 'tha gun tus, gun fhìnid,
A ni 'reir t' ailleis neach ard no iosal;
Ge clann gun umhlachd bho thus ar linn' sinn
Na leag do lamh oirnn le stràc na's dine.

Mar choill ged tha sinn 's a barr air crionadh,
Gun mheas, gun bhlath oirnn, ach tair is diobradh,
Thoir caochladh bheus duinn fo shéul do shìo-chaint,
'S na sgath dhiot fein sinn mar gheugan criona.

Le tuigse mhàthrail do'n gnath 'bhith fìor lag,
Cha dù do Ghall airde bheann a dhìreadh:—
Ach, och, ma rainig sinn ceann ar crìche,
Gur h-àbhar broin agus doruinn cridh' e.

According to the poet, Lachlan Bronnach commanded the Macleans at the battle of Inverlochy in 1431. According to the Ardgour MS. they were commanded by John Dubh, his brother.

Oran

A rinneadh an uair a dh' fhalbh Sir Iain Mac Gilleain a Muile mu dheireadh.

'S an Dreallainn thà air iomad fàth
N fir 's na mnai fo thursa,
Mu'n ti so chuaidh do Shasunn bhuainn
D'a bheil an uaisle ghiulain.
Tha sinn ad dheidh mar ian air gheig,
Air cridh' am pein fo churam;
'S cha-n fhaicear deud le gair air beul
'S an dig do sgeul as ur oirnn-

Gur truagh 'nad dheidh 'tha gruaim nan speur,
Gun teas 's a ghrein bu dù dh'i;
Gun samhradh fein no curs' a bheus'
Ach mar aimsir gheir na dulachd;
Gun mheas air crann, gun fheur ach gann,
Gun chubhag ann, gun smùdan;
Gun sealg nam beann ri 'faotuinn ann,
Gun damh 's a ghleann ri buirein.

Gur moch Di-mairt a chaidh thu t' ardraich
'Falbh bharr lair do dhùthcha;
Bu truagh a bha gach tonn 's gach tràigh
Is coslas craidh is turs' orr'.
Chaidh 'ghaoth air ghleus an sin gu d' theum
Gu h-ealamh, eutrom, sunndach,
Gun fheum air neart nan loach bhith leat,
Ach aon fhear-beirt gu stiuireadh.

Ged chaidh air thuras fir Alb' uile
'S ged dh' fhag iad Lunnainn dùmhail,
'S e fàth ar mulaid ceann nam Muileach,
Dha'n robh a chulaidh dhiubhail.
Gum facas uair thu, ri Raon-Ruairidh,
Nach d' fhuair luchd t' fhuatha pùic dhiot;
Bu treun do gheard a dol 's a bhlar
Ged dh' fhalbh thu 'n drasd le aon fhear.

Cha b' dual do d' bhànruinn air aon àbhar
'Bhith 'na namhàid diomb' dhuit,
'S gun seanachas dhaoine riamh r'a fhaotuinn
Gur dream 'chlaon air crùin sibh:
Gun aon aobhar dhuit ri 'fhaotuinn
Aig luchd-gaoil no diomba,
Ach falbh le h-athair do'n Fhraing air bhadhal,
'S b' e sud an athais shùghail.

Bu mhor an luigheachd thug thu bhuait
Airson na fhuair thu chuirt air,
Cinneadh greadhnach, feachdail, daonnach,
Fearann saor is duthaich:
An t'anam féin 'bha staigh ad chre,
Chaidh sud 's na ceudan cunnart;
D'a shliochd bhith 'm fuath cha 'n fhaighear
bhuait,
Cha robh e 'n dual no dù dhuit.

Rinn coill' is machair caoimh ri Eachann
'Chionn gum bu ghasd am flur e,
Mar umhlachd dhò fo bhonn a bhrog
Bha feur na foid a lubadh;
'S 'n ar fianais fein gu grad ag eirigh
'Suas gu h-eutrom, driuchdmhor,
'S b' i barail threun gach duine gheir
Gur falbh 'na dheidh 'bu run leis.

An talla comhnuidh 'n robh do sheorsa
Riamh gu ceolmhor, muirneach,
Tha 'n eideadh broin gun aoibhneas dhò
Fo fhuaim nan stòp aig Dubh-Ghaill:
Nuair fhuair e steach e leum e 'dh-aiteas
Alr leis gum b' chaisteal ur e;
Bha chlachan snaidht air caochladh snais,
Cho bàn ri cailc ri aon trath.

An Ti rinn ceann duibh air bhur rann,
'S sibh tric fo ainneart spuinnidh,
Nuair chi e 'n t-am g' ur cur a nall

Gum bheud, gun chall, gun chunnart!
Bu sibh ar sogh, ar cuirm, ar ceol,
Ar blaths, ar n-ol 's ar n-ur ros;
Bu sibh gu deimhinn ar miann 's ar leannan
'S ar dion 's gach aindheoin cuise.

Nan abradh neach nach fheil so ceart,
Cha'n iarrainn dad bu mhù dha
Na tigh'nn fo chall mar tha sinn ann,
Gun righ, gun cheann, gun duthaich.
Ach chi mi 'gknath gur fior ri ràdh,
Ge bristeadh aithn' bho thus e,
Gur beag a's cradh le neach tha slan
Mar chneidh d'a nàbaidh 'mhùire.

Marbhrann

Do Shir Iain Mac-Gilleain, a chaochail 'sa bhliadhna 1716.

Iomchair mo bheannachd
Gu baintighearna Hamara,
Bean 's a bheil barrachd
De charantachd nadair.
Chunnaic mise gu dligheach
A suilean ri snighe,
S i 'g aireamb mar mhi-agh,
Sir Iain gar fagail.
Bha doruinn a cridhe
Cho mora ga ruighinn,
'S mar gum biodh e air tighinn
Bho dhearbh nighinn a mhathar.
Gu cuimhneachan sgeula
'Bhith tamull 'na dheidh air,
Thug Mairearad na féile
Spor gheur do 'n fhear-dhana.

Nach ionghnadh ri chlaistinn
Gu bheil mise o chionn fada
Ri turracairnich cadail
Is m' acaid ro chraiteach.
Tha cneidh air mo ghiulan,
Tha mi leisg air a dusgadh,
Air eagal le 'burach
Gun ùraich i 'm bàs dhomh.
Gidheadh cha sgeul ruin e,
Ach sgeul a 's mor curam,
Sir Iain gun dusgadh
An dluth chiste chlaran.
B'e sin ar fras dhumhail
'Mhill arn-abhall 's ar n-ubhlan;
Rinn e dosgainn 'bu mhu dhuinn,
Chuir e 'm fiùr bharr a ghàraidh.

B' e-fein ar crann dosrach
A chomhdaich le 'choslas
Gur coilltichean solta
'N d' fhas toiseach a fhreumhachd;
Gun droigheann, gun chrionach,
Gun chritheann, gun chrion-fhas,
Ach geugan ro phriseil
De dh-fhion-fhuil na Spaine.
Bha fios aig luchd-leughaidh
'S aig seanachaidhean geur'
Air bhur teachd o Ghatélus,
As an Eipheit a thainig;
Sliochd mhìlidhean treuna,
'Fhuair ceannas na h-Eireann,
Mar bha Eber na feile
Agus Eremon dàna.

Bhon ghin sibh o Scòta,
Bha buadhan bhur còrdais
A dearbhadh 's a comhdach
Am pòr as an d' fhas sibh.
Far an gabhadh sibh comhnuidh,

Bu leibh ceannas na foid sin
Le iomracain còrach,
'S le moralachd stàta.
Air bhur teachd air an t-seol sin
A criochaibh na Fòdhla
Fhuair sibh ceannas na Dreallainn
Is moran a bharr air;
Ciad nigheann Mhic-Dhomhnaill
Aig Lachainn bha pòsda,
'S b'e a sheanaileir comhraig,
'Chiad tòiseach is 'armunn.

Bhon shuidhich sibh luchairt,
Bha dh' ailleachd 'nur n-ur-fhras
'S gur h-iomadach duthaich
'Bh' air a cuinneadh le pairt dheth.
Bha dh' airde 'nur giubhsaich
'S nach dugadh cach pùic dhibh,
'S nach bu tric le luchd-diumba
A lùbadh le taire.
'S e 'n rud a thug sgiurs oirbh
Gum bu dileas do n' chrun sibh,
'S gum b'e dlighe bhur duthchais
Bhith 'san iul dhe 'm biodh iadsan.
Ged bha sin anns an tim sin
'Na mhios 's na mhor mhìslean,
Tha e 'nis gu truagh, lionte,
Daor, tri-fillte paighte.

Tha sean-fhacal eil' ann
'Tha cho fior 's mar a their iad,
Ge b'e neach air am beir i,
Tha chreach dheireannach craiteach.
Ged tha sinne 'geur-acain
Na dh' fhalbh o chionn fad oirnn,
Bhiodh ar duil ri bhith beirteach
Nam biodh againn na dh' fhag sinn.
Ach tha ar nadar cho truagh
Is nach faic sinn ar buannachd,

'S nach leir math an fhuaraiu
Gus an uair sin an traigh e.
Tha e 'nis na ni soilleir
D'ar nàbaidhnean comuinn,
Gun d' bhristeadh mar phronnaig
Gàradh-droma nan Gaidheal.

'Fhir ghasda gun chrìne,
'Bha ainmeil 's gach rioghachd,
'S cha bu tric do luchd-mioruin
Ann an innseadh no 'n aireamh;
Bu chompanach righ thu,
Fear meanmnach mor priseil,
'S cha bhiodh tu fo dhiobradh,
Ach am p: isealachd stàta.
An cogadh luchd-strìthe
Cha robh masl' ort ri 'innseadh,
Ghleidh thu onair do shinnsre,
'S ann a mhiadaich thu 'n aird i.
Cha robh thu, cha b' fhiach leat,
A falbh fo bhrat fillte,
Fadar am bhith 'nad mhionar
Is finid do laithean.

Bu mhor air gach achd thu,
Bu mhor thu ri t' fhaicinn,
Bu mhor thu 'nad phearsa,
'Nad ghasdachd 's na t' ailleachd;
Bha thu mor anns gach miadachd,
Bha thu mor gu bhith rioghail,
Bha thu mor airson ionnracais
Firinn is cairdis.
Bha thu mor airson diulnais,
'S bha thu mor gu bhith sùgach,
Bha thu mor an deagh ghiulan
An cuirteanaibh arda;
Bha thu mor ann am misnich,
Bha thu mor ann an gliocas,
'S bha thu mor gun cheist idir
'N sar ghibhtean do nadair

Nam b' aithne dhomh innseadh,
Bha e mor anns an rioghachd,
Ann am fòlachd gun ìslid
'S an lionmhorachd chairdean.
Le seanachas na firinn
Bho thoiseach a linne,
B'e-fein 's Iarla Seaforth
Sliochd direach 'n da bhrathar;
Is triath Ghlinne-Garadh
An dluth-cheangal fala,
'S e cho dian air a cheangal
'S nache sgaradh a b' aill leo;
Air leantuinn o 'n tìm sin,
Gun mhiosguinn, gun mhiorun,
Mar gun deanadh fear-inuleachd
A sgriobhadh air paipeir.

Nam biodh e r 'a fhuasgladh
O'n bhas a thug buaidh air,
Gur h-iomad fear cruadail
A ghluaiseadh 'na àbhar;
'N t-ainm coitcheanta mor sin,
Ris an abrar Clann-Domhnaill
Bho thoiseach an còrdais,
'S iad bu phor d'a cheud mhathair;
Agus uaislean nan Leodach.
'Thaobh fala agus feola,
Mar lànain ur phòsda
Leis 'm bu deonach bhith gradhach;
Chunna mise, mo phuthar!
An gruaidhean air dubhadh,
Mar gun deanadh sar phiuthar
Geur chumha m' a brathair.

Cuim am fagainn an di-chuimhn'
Dream eile de 'dhislibh?
Bha na cinn 'bu mho prìs dhiu
Ro dhileas am pairt dha;
Fir ghasda gun chrine

'Bha measail 'san rioghachd,
Mar bha 'n cinneadh mor lionmhor sin
'Shiolaich o Bhàncho.
O thoiseach an dualchais
Cha robh smal air an cruadal,
Ach 'm beagan beag suarach
So 'fhuaradh an drasd dhaibh.
'S e 'n t-àbhar a's olc leam
Nach e 'n gniomh-san 'bha lochdach,
Ach an dearbhadh mi-fhortain
'Bha o thoiseach 'san àbhar.

Bu cheart sheanachas 's cha tagradh,
'Thaobh folachd is caidrimh,
Gun innsinn gun mhearachd
Dhuit Caiptin Chlann-Ra'ill;
Do chos-nàbaidh taitneach,
'S do chompanach leapa,
'N am marcachd is astair,
'S nuair 'stadadh am mearsal;
Bha thu 't fhianuis air sileadh
A chreuchdan cho mire
Ri bras easraich pinne,
'S a spiorad ga fhagail;
Is uaislean a dhuthcha
Ri caoidhearan tursach,
'S an cridh' air a chiurradh
Mu mhuirnein nan Gaidheal.

'Thaobh dlighe agus dualchais
Bu dileas mu d' ghuailibh
Mac-Neill o na cuantaibh
'S 'dhaoin' uaisle gun taire.
Nuair 'dh' eireadh bhur trioblaid
'S ann gu t' ionnsuidh-sa thigeadh e
Le iarrtas cho bige
Ri litir do laimhe.
Chunnaic mise gu soilleir,
Gun tarcuis air comunn,

Iad le 'n càbhlaichibh troma
Teachd 'nad choinnimh a dh-Aros.
'Nuair a tharladh tu riutha,
Mar thriath 's mar cheann-uibhe,
Dheanadh fiontan iad subhach,
'S bhiodh iad buidheach ga t' fhagail.

Mar fhrìdeam d'a fhlaitheas,
B' ann de ranntanaibh matha
Mac-Fhionghain an t-Sratha,
Cha ghabhadh e fàth air.
Ann an aimsir na ruagail
Nuair a thigeadh luchd fuatha,
B' e chompanach sluaigh e
Nuair a ghluaisteadh leis armuinn.
Bha iadsan 'san tìm sin
Gun mhasla, gun mhi-chliu,
Ann am fochair a shinnsre
Le gniomharan dana.
Ach on chaochail iad cleachdadh
As an aite bu cheart daibh,
Chluinn sibh fein mar a thachaîr
Dhaibh am bataille Mhàra.

Ach 's e raghainn a ni mi,
Bheir mi 'ghloir so gu finid,
'S nach gliocas no crionachd
Dhomh 'mhiad 's 'tha mi 'g raitinn;
Gur a fionn-fheachd 'san tìm s' sibh
Ann an aireamh, nan innsinn
Nuair a bha sibh gun diobradh
'Nur miad is 'nur n-airde.
Eadar Sgalpa 's Caol Ile,
Ged a b' fharsuinn na criochan,
Bha roinn de gach tìr dhiu
Fo chis dhuibh a paigheadh.
'Nis on thuit na stuic fhion-fhuil,
Ris an abairteadh righrean,

Tha na geugan 'bu dillse dhaibh
Air crionadh nan àbhar.

Spor, excitement, stirring up. Solta, sultmhor, fat, fertile, comely. Cordas, agreement. Fodhla, an ancient name of Ireland. Dreallainn, a name applied by the poets to the island of Mull. Tòiseach, a leader. Giusach, a pine forest, a flag-pole. Pùic, tribute, bribe. Mionar, the English word minor, a youth under twenty-one. Folachd, extraction, origin by blood. Miosguinn, malice, grudge. Easraich or esaraich, the boiling of a pool where a cascade falls; the rushing of liquid through a hole made in a cask or churn. Muirnean, a dearly beloved person. Frideam, support Flaitheas, chiefship, rule, dominion. Milsean, anything sweet. Fionn-fheachd, a small body of men.

Margaret, eldest daughter of John Macleod, second of Bernera and first of Contullich, was married to William Macleod, third of Hamar. She is the Baintigherna Hamara and Mearard nafeile of the poem. She had strongly urged the poet to compose the elegy: thug i "spor gheur do'n fhear-dhana." Gatelus, Gathelus the fabulous ancestor of the Gaidels. Milidh, Milesius, a descendant of Gathelus. Eber and Eremon, sons of Milesius, who conquered Ireland and divided the country between them. The Macleans, Macdonalds, and other Argyleshire clans were looked upon as descendants of these imaginary heroes. Lachlan

Lubanach Maclean of Duart, married Mary, daughter of John Macdonald, first Lord of the Isles, in the year 1366. The Lord of the Isles gave him the next place to himself in point of honor and appointed him his lieutenant-general in time of war. Mary Macdonald is the person referred to in the expression: 'S iad bu phor d'a chiad mhathair. Sir John's mother was a daughter of Macleod of Dunvegan. Bancho, the Banquo of Shakespeare's Macbeth. It was held at one time that the Stewarts are descended from him through his son Fleance. As a matter of fact they are descended from a Norman named Alan who came over to England with William the Conqueror in 1066, and settled in Shropshire, England. Walter, Alan's second son, settled in Renfrew, Scotland, and was appointed Steward of Scotland, an office which became hereditary in his family. The correct form of the name is Stewart, not Steuart or Stuart. It was firmly believed in Iain Mac Ailein's day that the Macleans and the Mackenzies are descended from two brothers, Gilleain and Cailein. It is now well known that they are not. Ailein Muideratach, "muirnein nan Gaidheal," was killed at Sheriff-

muir. Sir John Maclean and himself were first cousins and intimate companions. The Macneils of Barra, the Macquarries of Ulva, and the Mackinnons as a general rule, followed Maclean of Duart. At Sheriffmuir the Mackinnons were with the Macdonalds of Sleat. The poet complains of the change they had made. He tells them that they were "gun mhasladh gun mhichliu" whilst they followed the ancestors of Sir John.

Air Fogradh Nan Cocups.

Beir an t-soraidh so bhuamsa
Gu bard ruadh Thota-Raonaill;
Nuair bha 'n aimsir an tus aig
'S ro mhath dhuisgeadh e aoireadh.
'N rud nach taitneadh ri 'shuilean
Dheanteadh bùrdan beag faoin deth;
'S nuair a chreict' e ri uaislibh
Bhiodh a dhuais na 's leoir daoraid.

Ach mu'n rud s' chuir ort miothlachd,
Mar tha 'n cirein s' th' air mnathaibh,
B' fhearr e thall an Duneideann,
'S ro bheag 'fheum 'Chlann-Ghillean.
'S ann air leamsa bu choir dhaibh
Aodach broin bì i ga chaitheamh,
'S gur a minig tha foirneart
Aig an seòrsa ga fhaighinn.

'S ann tha fearg air na dùilibh
Ris 'n fhasan ur ud gu dearbha;

Tha na siontan air caochladh
Ri linn daoine ga leanmhuinn.
Cha'n fheil meas air na crannaibh,
'S cha'n fheil toradh 'san arbhar,
Cha d' fhan iasg air a chladach,
'S cha'n fheil tacar 'san fhairge.

Cha'n ionghnadh leam sroiltean
Air mnathaibh coir' agus pearluinn,
Agus musalin riomhach,
Ge daor r'a dhiol sin air feilltean;
Ach na broileinean anairt
'Bhith air cailinn na spreidhe,
'Dol do bhuaile no mhainnir,
'S culaidh fhanaid gu léir e.

Nuair bha aimsir an aigh ann
Cha'n e 'n riomhadh bu bheus daibh,
Ach mnai uaisle nan Gaidheal,
A plaide bhan is a breidibh,
'Sgapadh arain is caise
Air ceann ard uirigh-sèise,
'S cupa ròsach math laidir
Ga thoirt d' an cairdibh mar fheusda.

'Righ, bu taitneach bhith làmh riu
Mu thim taimh agus eirigh!
Bhiodh ac' meadhail is mànran
Agus cànran air theudaibh.
Ghabh iad toghaidh de 'n nàire,
Chuir iad gnaths anns an fhéile;
'S bhiodh am bonn aig luchd-siubhail,
Eagal gutha no beuma.

'S e a chi mi an àite sin
An drasd aca curracbd,
Agus semincleit gòrach
'N dealbh cleoc' air a chumadh.
Cha bhi chrìdh' aig an oglach
Eideadh clòth' chur mu 'mhuineal,

No a bhoineid a phaigh e
'Chur 'nan lathair mu 'mhullach.

Bidh iad-fein ann an seombar,
Gun fhacal comhraidh ach Beurla,
Gun aon dùile fo 'n chruinne
Aig an duin' ach a chéile;
Bidh an seipein beag leanna
'N cois an aingil air eibhlibh;
'S iad gun chomunn, gun choisir,
Ach ga ol air a cheile.

Beiridh ise air an sgathan,
'S theid i lamh-ris an uinneig,
'S a cocup air a chàradh
'Cheart cho ard 's a tha 'n Lunnainn.
Beiridh e-san air leabhar,
'S beag a thoghaidh d'a ghunna;
'S nuair a thig air a namhaid,
'S soirbh dha 'lamh 'chur 'na mhuineal.

Nuair a bhios a luchd-fuatha
A tigh'nn cruaidh air le eucoir,
'S e gun duine n'a ghualainn
Ach aon bhuachaille spreidhe,
Their e, 's dorran ga chaitheamh,
" Bu ghlic m'athair 's mo mhathair,
Chuir iad ùida 'san luchde-taighe
Seal mum faigheadh neach fàth orr'.

Ach a bhaintighearnan ùra,
Bu mhath 'n cliu dhuibh sar ghliocas;
'S gun 'chur air earball bhur còta
'N rud bu choir dhuibh 'bhith 'g itheadh;
Gun 'chur an satin, no 'n tàbi,
No am faine, no 'n ribin
'N rud a chuireadh bhur fearann
Ann am barrachd de thrioblaid.

Na gabhaibh iomadaidh sannta
Air 'bhith Gallta bhon dh' fheudas,

'S na biodh bhur dùil ris gach seorsa
'Bhios air bhordaibh Dhuneideann.
Ma bhios blas meal' air gach aon mhir,
Is gach aon deoch d'a reir sin,
'S gann nach faicear gun toghaidh
Gum bi 'n t ogha air ann déiric.

It is almost certain that the poet meant by Bard Ruadh Thota-Raonaill is Lachainn Mac-Mhic-Iain. This makes it probable that Lachainn Mac-Mhic-Iain was a son of John Roy of Totaranald, second son of John Garbh, eighth of Coll.

Oran

DO DH-FHEAR THALASGAIR.

Air sgéith na maidne 's luaithe,
Gu tuath thoir mo bheannachd bhuam
A dh-ionnsuidh 'n fhir nach fuath leam
Gu 'uaisle, Fear Thalasgair,
'S e mheudaich dhomh mo ghradh ort
Do ghnaths 'dhol ri t' ath'realachd;
'S gum faic do mhuinntir fein,
Ann am dheidh-s', thu bhith maireannach,
Gheibht' a t' fhardaich mùiru is manran
'S piob da laimh gu callanach;
Flath is feusda 's ol d'a reir sin
Aig luchd feum' is aithnichean.
Bhiodh gleadhraich stòp ri lionadh chorn
Is fion ga ol a searragaibh;
Re seal duinn air a ghleus sin

Bhiodh dith ceill air fear-eiginn.
Bhiomaid mar sud, bhiomaid mar sud,
Bhiomaid mar sud is deimhinn leam;
Ag ol gu tric, ag ol gu tric
Gun ol, gun mhisg, gun mhearaichinn
Gun sgainneal bhreug ga chur an geill,
Gun chomradh breun no balachail;
'S bu tric a liubhairt phog iad
Le ro ghradh 's le carthannachd.

Fhuair thu ragha céile
Do d' reir fein 's gur math leam sin;
Anns a bheil beachd is geire
Le céill is le banalachd.
Cha dean mi facal breige,
B' e m' eudach is m' anart i;
Is fhad 's a rinn mi cuairt leat
A gruaman cha d' fhairich mi.
Gu bheil thu glic air iomad beachd,
Cha'n fhaod mi mheas gur amaid thu;
Tha thu baigheil, caoimhneil, cairdeil,
Tlusmhor, daimheil, carthannach.
Beud no lochd cha'n aiream ort,
'S gur airidh bhoch is bheannachd thu;
'S gur cridheil ri am feum' thu
Gu feusd' thoirt do dh-aithnichean.
Bhiomaid mar sud, etc.

Tha mulad mor no dha orm,
Tha fath dhomh 'bhith gearanach;
Tha mi gun long, gun bhata,
Gun ardraich bheir thairis mi.
Nam biodh a chuis mar b' fhearr leam
'S mo chur 'san ait 'bu mhath leam 'bhith,
Gum faicinn bho thrath nona
An Domhnall sin 's leannan dhomh.
Is ann san am 's an ruiginn thall
Gun cuirinn geall 's cha chaillinn e,
Nuair rachainn suas do 'n t-seombar uachd-
rach

An deidh fuachd is allabain,
Gun d' thoirteadh lamh air botull lan
A dh' fhagadh blath gu h-ealamh mi;
Cha'n fhaicteadh neach fo mhùig
An taigh muirneach Fear Thalasgair.
Bhiomaid mar sud, etc.

Dh' fhag mi anns an àite sin
Plannta de leanabh beag;
S gur tric a's smaointinn broin dhomh
A ghloir an àm dealachadh.
Mur h-iheil breug 'nam fhaistneachd
Bidh pairtean a sheanar ann;
'S ma 's a duine beo e
Ni 'n seol sin fear ainneamh dheth.
Tha uaisle 'bheus a cur an géill
Gar cruineachd déise ro mhath e,
Gun robh a sheors' fo mheas ro mhor
'S gach aite coir 'am fanadh iad,
Nuair 'bha iad thall an cùirt na Frainge
Ann an am na carraide;
'S dhearbh iad do righ Tearlach
An gradh nuair a lean iad e.
Bhiomaid mar sud, etc.

Airidh bhoch, a person worthy of a joyful welcome.

Sir Roderick Macleod, first of Talisker, fought in behalf of Charles II., at the battle of Worcester in 1651. He was succeeded by his son John, and John by his son Donald. Donald, third of Talisker, married Christina, second daughter of John Macleod, second of Bernera and first of Contullich. He is the Fear

Thalasgair of the poem. John, his eldest son and successor, was born in 1718, and is probably the leanabh beag referred to.

Siol Olaghair.

'Shil Olaghair gun ainnis,
B' ann d' ur cliu 's d' ur deagh alla
'Bhith caoimhneil d' ur caraid
'S bhith arrant' ri 'r fuathaibh.
Thug na h-uaislean so 'dhealaich rium
Aithn' agus earail dhomh
Mi 'dh-iomchar am beannachd
Gu'r bannal 's gu'r n-uaislibh.
Gun robh e orr' aithnicht'
Mheud 'sa fhuair iad de'r carthannachd,
'Reir cleachdadh nan sean daoine
Ceanalt' mu'n cualas.
Ged tha na brait ùra
Ro sgiamhach le suilibh,
'S e 'm brat air a chlù ladh
'Bheir dubhlan do'n fhuachd duinn.

Fhuair mise seol ainneamh
Gu giulan am beannachd
A dh-ionnsuidh an leannan,
Ge tamull leo uath iad;
Gu comunn gun aineolas,
Caoimhneasach, carthannach,
Gun fhochaid, gun fhanaid,
Gun charraid, gun tuasaid.
Tha sean-fhacal laghach
'Thuirt na daoine gu seaghach,
Nach facas riamh meadhail
'Na deaghaidh gun ghruaman;
Cainnt eile cho fior ris,

Is dh'fhaithrich mi fhìn e,
Nach b'e 'n rathad gu cinneachduinn
An imric ro uaibhreach.

Nuair 'thainig mi dhachaidh,
'S rinn mi caileiginn stada,
B' fhàth ionndrainn do m' phearsa
Gach cleachdadh a fhuair mi,
Na bha mi a seachnadh
De shaibhreas 'ur pailtis
Bha mi 'g ordachadh agam
Gach maduinn 'n am gluasad;
'S mi ri cànran gun chaidreàmh
Ri ceile mo leapa,
'Cur an geill gur h-e staid-se
Thug dhachaidh mi uatha,
'S nam bithinn air fuireach
Leis na fhuair mi de chuireadh
Gum bithinn gun mhulad,
Gun uireasbhuidh fhuathaich.

Nam biodh feum anns na beannachdan
'S gum fuasg'leadh iad fearann
'S ann a chuirinn gu deamhainn
Le dealas gu tuath iad.
Bheirinn àithn' agus earail daibh
Tadhal an Talasgair
Aig 'n fhear 'chomhnadh mi 'm ainnis
Gu carthannach, uasal.
'S an ceile tha maille ris
'S beus d'i 'bhith mathasach,
'S feile na mala,
Cha 'n aithne dh'i gruaman.
Gur h-alainn 'na bail' i,
Le surd is le dealas,
'Thoirt feusda gun ainnis
Do luchd ealain is cuairte.

Siol Olaghair, the descendants of Olafr or Olave, the Macleods.

Eachdraidh Thuatha de Danann.

According to the legendary history of Ireland, the first people that settled in that country came from Greece. They were under a leader named Partholan. They had three druids among them: Fios, Eolas and Fochmarc, or Intelligence, Knowledge and Enquiry. The Partholanian colony was almost wholly destroyed by a pestilence. The second people that settled in Ireland came from Scythia. The name of their leader was Nemid or Nemidius. They were of the race of Magog, son of Japhet. They suffered terribly from the attacks of sea robbers, called Fomorians. The greater part of them left the country. Simeon Breac and his clan went to Thrace, Beothach and his clan went to Greece, and Britan Maol and his clan went to the Island of Mona or Anglesea. The third people that settled in Ireland were the Fir-Bolgs. They were descended from Simeon Breac and his followers. They ruled over the country thirty-six years. The fourth people that settled in Ireland were the Tuatha De Danann. They were descended from Beothach and his followers. They wandered from

Greece to Germany, from Germany to Scandinavia, from Scandinavia to Scotland, and from Scotland to Ireland. They were necromancers. They could raise storms, heal the sick and restore the dead to life. They had four talismanic articles of wondrous powers with them, namely, the Lia-fail or stone of Destiny, Lugaidh's sword and spear, and the caldron of their king, the Dagda Mor. They conquered the Fir-Bolgs, Fomorians and other inhabitants of Ireland without much difficulty. They ruled over the country about one hundred and ninety-seven years. The fifth and last people that settled in Ireland, previous to the beginning of the Christian era, were the Milesians or Gaidels. They are descended from Gaidheal Glas, or Gathelus. Fenius Farsa, King of Scythia, was an eminent patron of learning. His second son, Niul, was the most accomplished scholar of his day. This Niul, who was married to Scota, a daughter of Pharaoh, King of Egypt, was the father of Gaidheal Glas. The descendants of Gaidheal Glas went from Egypt to Crete, and thence to Scythia. They finally settled in Spain. Their most renowned hero was Milidh or

Milesius, who ruled over the greater part of Spain. It was under the leadership of the sons of this Milidh that the Gaidels went to Ireland.

The following account of the landing of the Milesians in Ireland, of the manner in which they obtained possession of the country, and of the vengeance taken upon them by the Tuatha De Danann, is by Iain Mac Ailein, the poet :

Thainig Clanna Milidh as an Spain do dh-Eirinn, rioghachd a bha fo gheasaibh. Air do sgioba naoi longan diu teachd gu tir chruinnich sluagh na duthcha, do 'm b' ainm Tuatha De Danann, gu comhdhail a thabhairt daibh. Thubhairt iad ri Clanna Milidh nach robh annta ach gealtairean agus baoth-oglaichean a thaobh is gun dainig iad air tir gun fhios. Fhreagair Clanna Milidh, gun digeadh iad air tir le fios daibh. Thubhairt Tuath De Danann iad a dhol 'nan loingeas, agus naoi tonnan a chur eadar iad agus tir, agus nan digeadh iad air tir an deidh sin gum faigheadh iad leth Eirinn gun tuilleadh cogaidh. An deidh do Chlanna Milidh so a dheanamh thugadh Eirinn as am fradharc le druidheachd Thuatha De Danainn air achd's nach robh iad a faicinn ach aon ghroban creige ann an dealbh

muice, ni a dh' aobharaich gun goirear de dh-Eirinn Muc-Innis. Bha am measg Clanna Milidh druidh, a bha na dheagh dhuine ealain. Thubhairt e-san riutha nach robh iad ach amaideach do bhrigh is nach robh iad a tabhairt fainear gur h-ann ri luchd-druidheachd a bha 'n gnothach ; gum b'i a chreag a bha iad a faicinn Eirinn, agus ge b'e a bhiodh an sin gum biodh e an Eirinn. Leig Clanna Milidh an sin uchd nan naoi longan ris a chreig, mu'n robh stuadhan anabarrach a bristeadh. Bhathadh seiseir de 'n cinniuil, air chor is nach deachaidh air tir ach a triuir dhiu. B'e ainm nan triuir Eremhon, Eibher Fionn, agus Colpa 'Chlaidhibh. Thagair Clanna Milidh a nis an cumhnant air Tuath De Danann. Dh'aontaich Tuath De Danann leth Eirinn a thabhairt daibh, ach ceannas na duthcha uile a bhith aca fein. Cha doireadh Clanna Milidh so dhaibh, agus mar sin thoisich an cogadh. Thubhairt an druidh a bha maille ri Clann Milidh gum bu ghorach dhaibh a dhol a chogadh ri luchd-druidheachd ; gum b' i a chomhairle-san dhaibh iad a bhith oidhche 's an aon bhaile ri Tuath De Danann, agus iad a dh'fhaotuinn mar gheasaibh do-fhuasgladh orra, gun leigeadh iad breith

na cuise a dh-ionnsuidh a cheud fhir a thachradh orra an deidh dhaibh falbh le 'cheile as a bhaile sin. Rinneadh so. Air do Chlanna Milidh agus do Thuath De Danann falbh as a bhaile, 's e a cheud duine a thachair orra an druidh. Thubhairt Aonghus Mac an Daogha, righ Thuatha De Danann, ris, "S mor a tha agadsa ri 'dheanamh an diugh, a dheagh fhir ealain." "Ciod a tha agam ri 'dheanamh an diugh?" ars an druidh, "ach falbh le m' chruit 'dh' fheuch co a 's fearr a bheir duais dhomh airson mo chiuil." "Tha barrachd is sin agad ri 'dheanamh" ars' Aonghus; "tha agad ri Eirinn a roinn na da leth." Nam biodh sibh air gach taobh toileach, ars' an druidh, dheanainn-sa an ni a tha sibh ag iarraidh a dh-aon fhacal. Dh'innis iad dha gun robh iad toileach. An sin thubhairt an druidh is e so mo bhreitheanas-sa: "Bhon a bha 'n leth os cionn talaimh de dh-Eirinn agaibh-se, a Thuatha De Danann, o chionn greise, agus gur luchd-druidheachd sibh, bithidh an nis an leth a tha fo'n talamh agaibh, agus an leth os cionn talaimh aig Clanna Milidh; agus dhuitsa, Aonghuis Mhic-an-Daogha, bhon is tu righ Thuatha De Danann, tha mi ag ordachadh a bhrugh a's fearr a tha 'n

Eirinn, brugh barragheal na Boinne, agus a thaobh chaich biodh gach neach a faighinn bruighne dha fein. An sin chruinn ich Tuath De Danann a dh-fheuchainn ciamar a dhioladh iad iad-fein air Clanna Milidh. Thubhairt Aonghus Mac-an-Daogha gun dioladh mar a b' abhaist daibh, le druidheachd agus le eadarmhanadh; gun rachadh iad an riochd dheochannan laidir a bhiodh a cur dith ceille agus call codach air Clanna Milidh anns gach aite 's an tachradh iad riutha; gun gabhadh e-san air fein a bhith 'n riochd fiona 's an Spain bhon is ann as a sin a thainig Clanna Milidh; agus gum biodh Cliodhna nighean Mhanannain, a bhanruinn, lamh ris ann an riochd brandaidh 's an Fhraing. Chaidh comhairle an righ a ghabhail. Thainig triuir mhac Earmuinn Mhoir do dh-Alba. Chuir an ceud fhear e-fein ann riochd uisge-beatha Ghlaschu; chuir an darna fear e-fein ann an riochd uisge-beatha Rois Chlann Ghill-Anndrais; agus chuir an treas fear e-fein ann an riochd uisge-beatha Fhioghabhaidh, ris an abrar a nis Tirithe.

Tha sliochd Earmuinn Mhoir an Albainn gus an latha an diugh. Sloinnear

na cinn-fheadhna a thainig bhuaithe mar so :—

Ghin Earmunn Mor Ruaimle, Aodh, agus Fiachraidh. Ghin Ruaimle Glasrach, ghin Glasrach Siream-Suain, ghin Siream-Suain Bristeadh - Spuaice, ghin Bristeadh-Spuaice Streup-ri-Uaisle, ghin Streup-ri-Uaisle Milleadh-Bracha, ghin Milleadh-Bracha Casgairt, agus ghin Casgairt Lag-a-Cheobain. Ghin Aodh Aigneadh Corrach, ghin Aigneadh-Corrach Sruladh - Sporan, ghin Sruladh - Sporan Milleadh-Tanach, agus ghin Milleadh-Tanach Cas air Braghad. Gain Fiachraidh Blialum - Blialum, ghin Blialum-Blialum Seasamh-Miapaidh, ghin Seasamh-Miapaidh Lamh air-Sgeanaibh, ghin Lamh air-Sgeanaibh Daor-ri-Cheannach, agus ghin Daor-ri-Cheannach Garbh-na-Nollaig.

Fogradh Thuatha De Danann.

Fògradh Thuatha De Danann
A crich an ceannais, a Fòdhla;
'S ann de chruadhas an sgeula
A bhith a Eirinn gam fògradh.

Chaidh Aonghus og Mac-an-Daogha,
Na fhion braonach 'chum tàladh,
Gu oighreachd a bhuannachd
An crich uasail na Spàine.

Do chaidh Manaunain neartmhor
Do chrich bheairtich na Frainge,
'S rinn deoch bhrioghmhor do Chliodhna
Do'n ainm staoilidh a bhranndaidh,

Chaidh triuir mhac Earmuinn Mhoir
A criochaibh Fhòdhla do dh-Alba,
Gu 'bhith dioghailt a 'm fògradh
Air sliochd Scòta nan garbh-chath.

Toiseach suidhe do Ruaimle
An cois Chluaidhe aig Glaschu,
Air an dig sliochd ruatharach
Leis am buairear na claignean.

Do chaidh Aodh am measg thuathach
Do Ros shuas Chloinn Ghill'-Anndrais;
Leis an t-sliochd a thig bhuaithe
Fagar uaislean gle mheanmnach.

An deidh sin do chaidh Fiachraidh
Do 'n airde 'n iar a chrich Fhioghabhaidh;
'S tha 'shliochd aig tobar Bafanaid
'Nan cuis chànrain is iorghuill.

Na tri fineachan lòghmhor s'
'S tearc 's an Eorpa 'tha 'n samhailt;
Ni iad bog an ti 's cruaidhe
'S ni iad cruaidh am fear sleamhuinn.

Ni iad cas am fear ciallach,
'S ni iad fiat am fear nàrach;
Ni iad neo-shanntach acrach,
'S ni iad lag am fear laidir.

Bheir iad cruadal do 'n ghealtair,
'S bheir iad beairteas do 'n daibhear;
Bheir iad fionnfhuachd gu sò-ghradh,
'S bheir iad comhradh 'n fhear shàmhach.

Bheir iad gruaim bharr a mhùigein,
'S ni iad sunndach fear tosdach.
'Sin na buadhannan falaich
'Th' air Tuath De Danann mar choltas.

Geas, a charm, a spell. Fo gheasaibh, under spells. Fòdhla, an ancient name of Ireland. Cluaidh, the river Clyde. Ruatharach, making a sudden or violent attack. Eadar-mhanadh, enchantment.

Cath Alphuirt.

Sir Colin Campbell of Ardkinglass, Sheriff-depute of Argyle, sent James Campbell of Stonefield, Sheriff substitute, to hold a court of justice at Aros in Mull. The court lasted about six weeks. All the neighboring gentlemen were present.

According to the poet, Sir Colin Campbell, as king and commander-in-chief of the fair Gaidels, sent James Campbell to Aros, the Alfort of the poem, to fight against the Tautha De Danann. General James had for his principal officers Cormac Saor-chridheach or Murdoch og Maclaine of Lochbuy, An Donn Dochaisg or Donald Maclean of Coll, Iollain

Iomsgaoilteach or Maclean of Brolas, Eochaidh Amhuilteach or Cameron of Glendessary, Doidim Dana or Maclean of Ardgour, Laogh righ Lorc or Macquarrie of Ulva, an sonn bho Dhun-Amhlaidh or Lachlan Maclean of Calgary, Domhnall Deonach, and Cailein Sochair. He destroyed all the Tuatha De Danann in Mull.

The following notes explain the origin of the battle of Alfort and the fight at Dun Dubh-linn:

"'S e 's mathair-aobhair do chath Alphuirt gun dainig Seumas Caimbeul, fear Achanaclaiche, na fhear-ionaid Siorraim, a chumail moid an Aros am Muile. Bha a h-uile duine eadar ceann Loch-Iall agus Barradhubh h-Aidhnis an Tirithe ri freagairt aig a mhod so. Chumadh e re shia seachduinnean, agus rinneadh ol cho mor aige's a bha ri cuimhne dhaoine anns na h-aiteachaibh so."

"An deidh do dh-Fhear Achanaclaiche Aros fhagail thachair oifigich a ghearasdain air aig Dubhairt agus chum iad e comhla riutha. Thug e-fein 's iadfein tri lathan air an ol. 'S ann ri caisteal Dhubhairt a tha 'm bard ag radh Dun Dubhllnn."

Air mothachadh do righ Fionn-Ghaidh-

eal do 'n chron 's do 'n chall a bha Tuath De Danann a deanamh air muinntir a rioghachd, chuire am mach aon de 'ridiribh do 'm b' ainm Seanailear Seumas, a dh'-iarraidh air uaislean na h-airde 'n iar eirigh leis a chur as do Thuatha De Danann. Rinn iad aite coinnimh agus comhlachaidh an Alphort 'san Dreallainn. B'e Borb righ Bhioghabhaidh, aon de dh-uaislean na Dreallainn, bu riaghladair anns an aite sin. Ghabh e Tuath De Danann air iochd agus air ineach gu gleidheadh agus tearmad a dheanamh orra. Air do na h-uaislean cruinneachadh, thubhairt Seanailear Seumas riutha gum feumadh iad a thabhairt fainear gur h-ann ri luchd-druidheachd a bha an gnothach, agus gun leigeadh leotha am mealladh. Dh'aithn e dhaibh gearasdan a thogail eadar iadsan agus iad-fein. Thubhairt e cuideachd nach b' aithne dha co d'an digeadh e a dhol a chumail faire air a cheud oidhche. Fhreagair na h-uaislean a bha fotha e ag radh bho nach robh ard-righ na Dreallainn aig baile gur h-e Cormac Saor-chridheach na Maighe fear-ionaid a b'fhaisge dha, agus gun deanadh e deagh fhear-faire. Thugadh an sin aithne dha faire a chumail air an oidhche sin. Thubhairt Seanailear Seumas, tha

iad ag radh gu bheil iad-san ris a bheil ar gnothach nan luchd-cuideachd math; ciod bu mhisde sinn caiptin agus bratach de shliochd Lag-a-Cheobain 'fhaotuinn maille ruinn? Chomh-aontaich na h-uaislean uile leis. Chuireadh gu grad iarrtas gu riaghladair Alphuirt e a chur caiptin agus brataich de shliochd Lag-a-Cheobain g'an ionnsuidh. Gheall iad dha gum paigheadh iad 's a mhaduinn eirig gach aoin nach rachadh dachaidh dhiu. Thainig na chuir iad a dh-iarraidh de Thuath De Danann, 's thug iad lan thoileachadh inntinn do na h-uaislean le feabhas am fearas-chuideachd. Nuair a chunnaic Seanailear Seumas so thubhairt e, cha mhath dhuinn Cormac Saor-chridheach a bhith bhuainn. Chuir e fios air agus dh' fhaighneachd e dheth an robh aon aige na bhrataich ris an earbadh e an fhairc fhad 's a bhiodh e-fein a gabhail greis de chuideachd Thuatha De Danann. Fhreagair e-san gun robh aon aige nach d' rinn mealladh riamh air, a Thoil Fein. Dh'-fhag e an toil ri faire, agus chaidh e-fein a ghabhail aighear Thuath De Danann. Cha robh aon de dh-uaislibh na h-airde 'n iar nach robh bratach de dhilsean fein aige ga dhion 's ga theas-ruiginn bho Thuath De Danann; gi

dheadh fhuair Tuath De Danann a staigh orra. Nuair a dh'iarradh iad ciall 's e 'gheibheadh iad michiall, nuair a dh'iarradh iad cuimhne 's e 'gheibheadh iad di-chuimhne, nuair a dh' iarradh iad briathran glice 's e 'gheibheadh iad briathran amaideach, agus nuair a dh'iarradh iad neart 's e 'gheibheadh iad laigse. Mar so dh'aithnich iad nach h-i am muinntir fein a bha aca. Fhuair Tuath De Danann an gearasdan fopa fein an oidhche sin. Moch 'sa mhaduinn thainig fear de a bhrataich, d'am b'ainm Cuimhne, gu Cormac Saor-chridheach, agus thubhairt e ris gun do ghlacadh an gearasdan an raoir le droch fhurachras agus gun robh e gu beul an latha gu buileach fo chumhachd an naimhdean. Ach, ars' e-san, tha Tuath De Danann an drasd air tuiteam gu neo-ni ; tha iad gan nigheadh fein le 'n eadar-mhanadh ann am pigeachan creadha ; agus ma bhitheas sinn tapaidh faodaidh sinn an tilgeadh am mach thar baidealan a bhaile. Rinneadh so mar leasachadh air na thachair. Nuair a dh'innseadh gach ni do Sheanailear Seumas thug e maitheanas do Chormac Saor-chridheach 'na fhailinn airson a thapachd mu dheireadh.

Mhol Seanailear Seumas a n fhearaschuid-

eachd a rinn Tuath De Danann daibh air an oidhche a chaidh seachad. Thubhairt e gun robh dream eile dhiu, Sliochd Chois'-air Bhraghad a b'fhearr gu mor gu fearas-chuideachd na Sliochd Lag-a-Cheobain. Chomh-aontaich na h-uaislean gun cuirteadh fios air Caiptin agus brataich dhiu. 'S ann air an Donn Dochaisg, righ nan Colach, a thainig an dorsaireachd air an oidhche so. Chuir e-san na aite fein ris an dorsaireachd a Mhiannan, agus chaidh e-fein a ghabhail aighear Thuatha De Danann. Ged a bha sliochd Lag-a-Cheobain math, cha robh cleasachd cheart ann gus an nis. Chuir sliochd Chois'-air Bhraghad cuid a ghal, cuid a ghaireachdainn, cuid a leum, 's cuid a chadal le 'n druidheachd 's le 'n eadarmhanadh. Co a thainig a dh-ionnsuidh an doruis mu mheadhon oidhche ach Tuath De Danann! Leis an eolas a bha aca-fein agus Miannan an Donn Dochaisg air a cheile tuite arann an cudrom gaoil air gach taobh. Fhuair tuilleadh de Thuath De Danann a staigh na fhuair a staigh a cheud oidhche. Dh'fhaithrich an Seanailear agus na h-uaislean am brataichean fhein gan tabhairt bhuapa, agus Tuath De Danann a teachd 'nan aite. Nuair a bha an Seanailear a dol a thabh-

airt achmhasain do 'n Donn Dochaisg thubhairt an Donn Dochaisg ris gun robh eolas aig Tuath De Danann air a mhiannaibh-san, agus gun robh gealladh aca orra nach biodh iad mu am fogradh bho aite 's am bith anns am bitheadh iad. Nuair a chual an Seanailear so thug e maitheanas da.

Air an treas oidhche thug Seanailear Seumas taing do na-h-uaislean airson mar bha iad a cur as do Thuath De Danann; ach, ars' e-san, tha dream ro bhorb ann diu fhathast Garbh-na-Nollaig. Chuireadh fios air caiptin agus air brataich dhiu. Thainig iad gun dail, agus rinn iad a chleasachd a b' aigeannaiche a chualas riamh. Thubhairt an Seanailear gum bu choir an geard a dhublachadh. Chaidh Doidim Dan, righ na Foraise Bige, agus Eochaidh Amhuilteach o'n Iospairn a chumail faire an oidhche sin. Chuir Doidim Dan Misneach 'na aite fein, agus Eochaidh Gliocas, agus bha an dorsaireachd a dol leotha gu math. Nuair a chunnaic Cormac Saor-chridheach agus an Donn Dochaisg mar a bha iad a faighinn air aghaidh thubhairt iad gum bu mhasladh dhaibh-san an dorsaireachd a dhol leotha so 's gun i'dhol leotha fein, agus thigear agus cuirear ceangal nan tri chaol

air na dorsairibh 's leigear a staigh sliochd Gharbh-na-Nollaig mar a thogradh iad tighinn. Ann an uine ghoirid chuireadh an seanailear agus na h-uaislean gu h-iomlan air ruaig do 'n t-Suain. Nuair a fhuaradh air ais o'n t-Suain iad thainig Borb righ Bhioghabhaidh a thagairt eirig Thuatha De Danann bho nach robh a h-aon a lathair diu. Fhuair e sin. Chuir Seanailear Seumas air fhacal e nach robh a h-aon diu am falach aige. Thubhairt e nach robh innse-sgeoil no tuairisgeul ri 'fhaotuinn orra anns a bhaile. Ghabh Seanailear Seumas an nis cead de dh-uaislibh na h-airde 'n iar agus ghluais e gu dhol dachaidh. Air a thuras da thachair riaghladair Dhun Dubh-linn ris agus dh'innis e dha gun robh bratach no dha de shliochd Thuatha De Danann a staigh aige-san, agus mur cuirteadh as daibh gum faodadh iad siolachadh 's an rioghachd. Chaidh e staigh gun chuideachadh ach a gheard, agus b'e sin latha cho teth 's a fhuair e re a thurais, ach bhuadhaich e.

Nuair a chaidh Seanailear Seumas dachaidh thug e lan chunntas mu 'thuras agus mu 'shoirbheachadh do Shir Cailein, an t ard sheanailear. Gheibhear an cunntas sin anns na rannan a leanas :—

SEUMAS.

Failt ort, a Shir Cailein reachdmhor,
Saoidh na féile;
Fear ionadais righ nan Gaidheal,
Triath dha'n geilleam.

SIR CAILEIN.

An t-aon ceudna dhuit-sa, Sheumais,
An deidh do chomhraig;
Feuch gun robh do thuras buadhach
An tir na Dreallainn.

SEUMAS.

Buadhach mo thuras ri aithris,
Ghlaodh mi siochaint
Eadar ard Thuath De Danana
'S Clanna Milidh.

SIR CAILEIN.

Gach lamh 'bu chruaidhe 's an iorghuill,
Dean dhomh aithris,
Chum 's nach bi an duais a's miosa
Aig an t-sluagh bu bhraise.

SEUMAS.

Mar fhuaim chruit fo aon ghuth teud
Le ceol labhar,
Sin mar bhiodh an stoirm le 'cheil'
Gu borb 'cur catha.

SIR CAILEIN.

Air gradh t' einich ionis, a Sheumais.
Air snas firinn',
Cia gach neach 'bu chruaidhe lamh
An àr nam miltean.

SEUMAS.

Cormac Saor-chridheach na Maighe,
Le sar dhichioll,

Mharbhadh leis-san de shliochd Ruaimle
Tuairmeas mìle.

An Donn Dochaisg anns an iorghuill
Bu gharbh doinionn;
Chuir e as do dh-fhine Fhiachraidh,
'S fiach e 'mholadh.

Iollain Iomsgaoilteach sin eile;
Mac righ Dreallainn,
Mharbh e ceud gach la catha,
S e-fein an comhlan.

Eochaidh Amhuilteach o'n Iospairn,
'S Doidim dana,
Chuir iad as do dh-fhine lionmhoir
Chois' air-Bhraghad.

Laogh righ Lorc, righ nan abheaid
Fhuair e tàir ann;
Mharbhadh leis bratach no dha
Air Milleadh Tànach.

An sonn solta bho Dhùn Amhlaidh
Le 'lainn ullaimh,
'S tric a thug e 'Thuath De Danann
Cath no cumasg.

Mac-Aisgibhir, Domhnall Deonach,
Connspunn eile,
Gheibhteadh 's gach cearn de'n chruaidh chomhrag
Stoirm a lainne.

Cailein Sochair a Port Onaghaill,
'B ann de'chleachdadh
'Bhith 'na namhaid do shliochd Ruaimle
Ri uair aisig.

Cha robh dhomhsa an Cath Alphuirt
Cas no cumnart

Seach an deannal a thug càch dhomh
Air lar Dun Dubhlinn.

'S deagh sheirbheisich Tuath De Danann,
Ealamh cùirteil,
Ach mar mhaighstirean tha iad suarach,
Buailteach, bruiteach.

Ma thogas iad, a Chailein reachdmhoir,
Ceann an déidh so,
So mo lamh gum faigh sinn seol
Gum fogradh 'dh-Eirinn.

Ineach, hospitality, generosity. Na tri caoil, the neck, the wrist and the ankles. Eineach, a good name, bounty, generosity. Comhlan, a hero. Abhcaid, a jest.

Crosanachd Fhir nan Drimnean.

Tha bith ur an tir na Dreallainn,
'S coir dhuinn aisneis;
Tha moran deth 'tigh 'nn am bitheant'.
Ri gnaths Shasuinn.
Ni bheil duin' uasal no iosal,
No fear fearainn,
Leis nach b'aill, gu moran buinig,
Ceird a bharrachd.
Tha ceird ur aig Fear nan Drimnean
'Th' air leinn cronail;
B'aill leis fein a dhol an àite
Mhaighstir-sgoile;
An t-oide sin fein a rinn fhoghlum
Le gloir Laidinn,
Ghlacadh leis, gun chead a chairdean,
'Cheird a bh'aige.

'Se 'n t-aobhar a thug do dhaoine aire a thoirt do shannt an sgoileir so, an uair a mhiannaich e a cheird a bha aig oide-foghluim, nach laimhsicheadh e i mar laimhsicheadh an t-oide-foghluim i; oir, an uair a ghabhadh an t-oide-foghluim air a dhaltachan 's ann a ghabhadh e air na leanabanan, ach 's ann a ghabhadh an sgoileir sanntach so air na daoine arsaidh; agus an uair a ghabhadh an t-oide-foghluim air a dhaltachan 's ann a ghabhadh e air na ciontaich, ach is ann a ghabhadh an sgoileir sanntach so air na neo-chiontaich. Is ann uaithe sin a dubhradh,—"Saoilidh am fear a bhios na thamh gur

h-e e-fein a's fhear lamh air an stiuir ;" ach cha mho gur h-e.

Cha'n ionnsaich e clann no leanabain,
Mar bu choir dha,
Gus am bi iad nan daoin' arsaidh
Fo 'n lan fheosaig.
Cha dugadh an Cill-ma-Cheallaig
Breith 'bu chlaoine
Na 'n ni rinn an ceann a b' airde
'M màs ga dhioladh.
Gabhail le crios an aois arsaidh
Air mas sean-duin',
'S fada mu'n ionnsaich an gniomh sin
Ciall do theanga.
Ge b'e labhras ris an fhear ud
Còir no eucoir,
Gabhar air a ghiort le stràcaibh
De chrios léiridh.

Agus b'fhior do'n duine sin. Cha d' fhuaradh riamh rud, a dh'ionnsachadh teanga droch mhuinte, 'bu mheasa na gabhail air na masaibh ann an aobhar na teanga, agus an teanga bhith tuigsinn gur h-ann 'na h-aobhar-se e fhuair am mas am mor ghleusadh sin. Mur deanadh sin a ciall na bu mheasa cha dheanadh e idir na b'fhearr e. Uaithe sin a dubhradh,— "Am fear nach ionnsaich lamh-ri glun cha 'n ionnsaich lamh-ri uileann."

Crosanachd, a poem in which two or more persons are represented as speaking. Bith, custom habit. Aisneis, aithris, to relate, to make known. Arsaidh, old. Giort, buttocks. Léireadh, inflicting pain.

This poem is published in "The Highland Bards" by the Stewarts, where it is correctly ascribed to Iain Mac Ailein. It appears in Sar-Obair nam Bard, but is incorrectly ascribed to Iain Dubh Mac Iain mhic Ailein.

Bha Tearlach Mac-Gilleain, Fear nan Drimnean greis air luing-chogaidh ann an laithibh oige. Bha e 'na dhuine crosda. Chuir e am maighstir-sgoile a bha aige 'na theaghlach uair a dh'iarraidh paidhir bhrog air a ghreusaiche. Thuirt an greusaiche ris nach deach a phaigheadh airson nam brogan mu dheireadh a rinn e dha. Dh'innis am maighstir-sgoile so dha. Thug e am maighstir-sgoile leis, agus dh'fhalbh e far an robh an greusaiche. Mhionnaich is bhoidich an greusaiche nach dubhairt e riamh an ni a bha am maighstir-sgoile a cur air. Chreid fear nan Drimnean e. Rug e air a mhaighstir-sgoile, thog e am feileadh-beag aige, agus ghabh e air le crios a ghreusaiche. Bha an "ciontach sabhailte, ach an neo-chiontach bu chraiteach e." Bhuail fear nan Drimnean uair eile dorn air Mac-Leoid air sraid Dhuneideann.

Ged a bha Tearlach nan Drimnean cho crosda agus a bha e, bha e na dhuine measail. Thuit e ann am blar Chuil-Fhodair

a cogadh air taobh Thearlaich. Anns an leabhar thaitneach sin, Eachdraidh a Phrionnsa le Iain Mac-Coinnich, tha an t-iomradh a leanas againn air a bhas:—"Nuair a bha fear nan Drimnean air ti teicheadh le 'bheatha as an araich chunnaic e dithisd de a chuid mac air an leon agus chaidh innseadh dha gun robh an treas fear 'na laighe marbh air a bhlar. "Cha bhi sin gun dioladh," ars' e-san, agus ged a bha an t-uasal so cho aosda is nach robh roine fuilt air a cheann, ruith e air ais thun na h-araich, mharbh e aon trupair agus leon e fear eile, ach ann an tiotadh an deidh sin thuit e fein gun eirigh tuilleadh le lainn thri trupairean sathte 'na chorp." S i nighean do Thearlach nan Drimnean 'bu mhathalr do dh-Ailein an Earrachd.

Cleirsinneachd Fhir nan Drimnean.

Beir fios bhuam 'dh-ionnsuidh Thearlaich
Gu tom taimh na da pheighinn deuga,
Gu bheil mis' air mo nàrachadh
Mar bhios e 'ghnath ri leumraich.
Gun iomaireadh fear aosmhoireachd
Tigh'nn an nis gu caochladh céille;
'S gun bhith leanntuinn air na gnàthaichean
'Rinn brathair do Mhac-Léig dheth.

'S iomadh ceird a'r 'n do thoisich e
Bho 'n la a b' oighear gleusd e;
Re treis' bu mhaighstir-sgoile e,
'S cha robh onair dha 's a cheum sin.
Bhiodh an ciontach sà'bhailte
Cha bheanadh càs no beud dha;
Ach an neochiontach bu chraiteach e
Le stràcaibh de chrios léiridh.

Cuid eile de'chuid ghniomharan
Cha deid mi fhin a dh-eigheach,
Mun gabh e fearg no miothlachd rium
'S mi tìtheach air bhith reidh ris,
Gur sgeul nach d' fhan os 'n iosal air,
Gun cuala mile ceud e
'S gun d' theap e dhol 's na gàsaidibh,
A gniomh air sraid Dhuneideann.

Chluinn mi 'nis gun d'thionnsgainn e,
Gun churam air mu dheibhinn,
Air lamh a chur le danadas
Am pairt de chuid na cleire
Gun d' thog e a leoir dioghaltais
An umhladh Mhic-a-Chleirich,
'S gun bhith de chomhdach cuise ann
Ach gun d' bhean a ghlun d'a h-eudach.

C'arson nach robh thu rùmail
Gu ceartas cùirte eigheach,
Is foirbhich ghlice shuil-bheachdach ann
Gus a chuis a reiteach'.
Thuirt parson na Leith Iochdaraich
'Mo mhile beannachd fein air
A chionn gun robh e dioghaltach
Mu'n ghniomh a bha 's an eucoir.
Ma tha 'n sgeul so 'dh' innseadh air
'Na fhirinn is nach breug e,
Ge b'e 'bhios ann am miorun ris,
Cha bhi mi-fhìn 'an deidh air;
Bheirinn pairt de m' stiopuinn bhuam,
Ge priseil mi mu dheibhinn,
'Chionn coslas fear a ghniomharan
'Bhith agam fhin 'na chleireach."

Umhladh or ùbhla, a fine, a penalty Foirbheach or foirfeach, an elder.

Turragan Fhir Nan Drimnean.

Tha mi 'g innseadh do gach duine
An turas a thug mi o'n bhaile,
Dh' fhaotuinn aisig air Chaol Muile
Thoirt freagairt a chuiridh do'n Bharan.
Thuirt òglach a thachair shios rium
Cha 'n fheil thu crionnta 's tu'd sheanduin';
'S dòcha dhuit amas ri turraig
No buidhinn thoirt as a charaibh.

Thuirt mi ris gun robh e miomhail,
'S nach robh bonn firinn' 'na bharail';

Gur mi fhin a b'eolaich'mu'nadar
Eadar bhith arsaidh 's 'na leanabh;
Gun dugainn-sa dheth le 'shliogadh
Pairt de gach aon ni 'bu mhath leam;
Gum faireadh e-san ri 'sgriobadh
A cheart cho miomhail ri gearran.

So fein an t-aite 'n robh'shinnsreadh
A falbh fò gniomharan allail;
Bhiodh iad caoimhneasach ri'n càirdibh
Ach dh'fhaireadh an naimhdean iad fearail.
Nam biodh e-san air an reir-san
Dheanadh e 'n ceumanan na leanachd;
'S b' fhearr leis na tamailte fhulang
Dol an cunnart 'na luath-dheannaibh.

Cha 'n fheil iad buidheach de 'ghiulan,
Aon dùil tha de shliochd a sheanar,
Nach biodh e faighidneach réimeil,
'A reir 's mar a bha na sean daoin'.
Ach thainig iomadh rud na lùib-san
A bha ga dhusgadh gu carraid;
Mur faireadh iad air bhith 'na dhuine,
Mo mhionnaibh-sa chailleadh e 'fhearann

Tha e 'nis a tabhairt bairlinn,
Eadar Ghaidhealaibh is Ghailaibh,
Iad a sgur de bhith ga sgriobadh
'S gur siochaint an ni 'bu mhath leis.
Mum faigheadh iad leud na h-àra
De'n fhearann a dh'fhag a sheanair,
Bu ni cho cinnteach 'sam bàs dhaibh
Gum biodh a chàrnan-sa mar-ris.

Turrag, an accident, a mishap. Arsaidh, old. Allail, illustrious. Réimeil, even-tempered. Bàirlinn, warning, summons of removal. Ar or àra, a kidney. Carn, pile of stones raised over a man's grave.

Rann.

Bha tri leumannan Mhic-Léig
Ann am shuilibh fein fior olc,
Ach dh'iomair fear na da pheighinn deug
Air an doigh cheudna a dhrop
Chuir e a chairdean an cruaidh chas
Ga shabhaladh fein o spot;
Bhuail e bocsa air Mac-Leoid,
S ruisg e màs an duine bhochd.

An Salachadh-Fuinn.

Chuireadh ni air chor-eiginn a chaidh a ghoid air fonn no talamh Mhic-Cuaire, an dochas gun rachadh a choire a chur airsan.

'S beag m' fhaoilt a tigh'nn daonnan
Do'n chuid so de n' tir;
Cha tadhail mi 'n Aros
Far 'm bu mhuirneanach mi;
Cha chluinn 'mi 's cha 'n fhaic mi
Na thaitneadh ri m' chridh';
Mur falbh thu gu teàraint'
Bidh seàrsadh ad ni.

Ma 's e so an ceart milis
'Thug an siorra do'n tir,
Cha mhor gur a fearr e
Na'n gnaths 'bh' againn fhìn.
Ma thogas e paigheadh
'S na dh'aireamh e 'sios,
Gur h-iomadh fear toice
Air bhochdainn a bhios.

Tha lagh Chill-ma-Cheallaig
Ga leanailt gu nuadh,

Nuair chroch iad an gearran
Gu h-amaideach truagh,
'S Mac-Cuaire 'bha 'n Ulbha.
Gun chuilbheirt, gun ghuad,
Dol 'dh-fhulang a chreachadh
Le neartmhorachd sluaigh;

Is siochaint ga nasgadh
'N fhear bhracairneach ruadh
'Bha shios an Aird-Tuna
Lan chuireid is chuag.
'S a's tric a rinn innleachd
'Cur liontan mu'n cuairt,
Nuair 'mhathadh an ni dha,
Bu bhinn sin bha cruaidh.

Faoilt, delight, cheerfulness. Toic, wealth, riches. Bracairneach, dusky, Cuireid, trick, wile.

Do dh-Anndra Mac an Easbuig.

Thoir an t-soraidh so bhuamsa
Gu h-uaigneach do 'n lagan ud shios;
Gu fear ionaid Mhic-Cuaire
Ris na shuathadh am breamas tha 's tir;
Gun am bardan beag, beadaidh,
A bhith tilgeadh a cheapaig a nios;
'S nach bu choir dha 'bhith 'tathaich
Air an fheill air nach faigheadh e sion.

Cha b'i comhairle 'cheartais
A chinn agaibh 's an lagan so shios;
Nuair bha sionnach na foill' ann
Dh'fhag e còir an fhir eile 's an lion;
Dh'fhag e t' aghaidh ri comhrag
'S gun do chlaidheabh air doigh gu do dhion;

'S dh'fhag e sud air bun t' fheamain
Mar nòs mhadadh-alluidh mu'n ìm.

Mise tha fiosrach mar dh'fhàs thu;
Bha mi treis air do chàirdibh an rùn;
Cha b'i Sine do mhathair,
'S cha mhac Easbuig no sàr-dhuine thu;
Cheil a bhan-altrum dhàn orr'
An leanabh 'bha ailleachd na ghnuis;
'S thilg i thusa 'na aite
'S cha chomhnard a dh'fhag i do shùil.

Soraidh, compliments, a blessing, also a farewell. Ceapag, a verse or verses composed impromptu. Sìne, Bishop Hector's wife.

Gearan Air Fear-Teagaisg.

Gabhaidh mi sgeula de 'm shagairt
Ged nach geill e dh'aidmheil a phàpa,
'Bheil moran cron' ann do dh-anam
An fhir fhalaimh dol air faighe;
Is cionnas is còir do'n fhear bheairteach
A chleachdadh ri staid an fhir dhaibhir,
A bheil e laghail da bhith na mhùigean
Is dorn dùinte 'dheanamh ri 'bhrathair.

'S ann a dh' fhairich mi 'm fear-teagaisg
'Na fhear-leatruim' orm 's gach àite;
'S cian bhon thòisich e ri m' thagar
Mu'n chulaidh aisig a thug càch dhomh,
'S eiginn dhomh 'n dochair so innseadh
Do sheanadh fior ghlic Earaghaidheal,
Gun dug mo mhinistir sgireachd
Dhiom mo chìsean le laimh laidir.

Cha bhuin e do mhinistir pupait,
Mur a glutair air bheag nàir' e,
'Bhith 'g iarraidh gu biadhannan sultmhor,
Mar tha mucan is buntàta,
Feumaidh luchd-teagaisg 'bhith faicleach,
'S iomadh neach dhaibh 'na fhior-namhaid;
Cha'n fheil annt' ach daoine feolmhor,
Ged tha 'm fòghlum na's leoir àirde.

Faighe, an asking of aid in corn, wool, and sometimes cattle. Pupait, pulpit. Glutair, a glutton.

Rann

A rinneadh leis a bhàrd air da cuach de cheud leann na bliadhna 'fhaotuinn.

Is còir dhuinn fàilte 'chur air an leann,
Meanmna cridhe 'm fear a th'ann;
Gun cuirinn gu h-iùnealt an suim
Gur h-e s' ceann-cinnidh do 'n dram
An t-oganach so 'thainig do 'n tir,
'Tha còrr is bliadhna bhuainn air chall;
'S math leam t' fhaicinn, an crann-coill',
'S do scop geal maiseach mu d' cheann.

Rann

A rinneadh leis a bhard air da gloinne de dh-uisge beatha 'fhaotuinn agus siucar ann.

Nach innis sibh dhòmhsa, 'chairdean,
Ciamar a ni mi so ceart
Tha'n gloinne so luchdmhor lionte
Ach 's ann 's a chuid a 's isle tha 'm blas.

Ma dh'olas mi 'chuid a's airde
'S aobhar nàire sin air achd;
'S mar faigh mi a chuid a's isle
Cha'n fhaod mi mo mhiann a chasg.

Beannachadh Taighe.

Fàilt air taigh mor nan seachd uinneag
'Rinneadh le ogha Thearlaich mhic Ailein;
Mòr-thaigh a's fearr air a chumadh
Eadar uinneag, stuadh, is bhalla;
Far am faigh luchd falbhain cuireadh
Fial gun chrìne, gun ainnis.
Gheibh iad ol le ceol 's le furan
Mar bu dual dha o bheus ath'reil.

Chum a chèird ris na chuir e
'Dhol am buidhinn le gràdh caraid;
Cha chuir e dorn dhiot air uilinn
Thu thoirt dhuinne rud beag drama;
Ach ma thionndas tu rium uile
Is do lamh rium cruaidh an ceangal
Cha deid mi na's fhaid' air m' aghaidh;
'S ro mhath m' urrainn nighean Chailein.

Cha chuir mi a màthair an duileachd,
B'fheairrd' i-fein a beus a leanailt;
Cha dug i dram riamh do dhuine
Gun a thuladh a bhith mar-ris.
Sud mar a dh' iarras mi cuireadh
Nuair a bhios mo phòca falamh;
Gach aon ni'dh-fheumas mo mhuineal
'Bhith ga bhuidhinn leis an teanga.

Tuladh, bread and cheese given with a dram.

John Maclean of Pennigoun, son of Allan of Grulin, son of Tearlach mac Ailein, married Isabel, daughter of Colin Campbell. John and his wife are evidently the persons referred to by the poet.

Imrich Fear Threisinnis.

Failte do bhur n-imrich Luain,
Eadar fhearaibh, chuain, is chlann;
Slainte dhaoine 's rath air buar
Thugaibh sin mar bhuaidh a nall.
Thig so gu 'r buidhinn ri uair,
Cha'n imrich uaibhreach a th'ann;
Ach fearann 'ur sinnsre 'thoirt bhuaibh;
Le miorun, 's cha chruadal lann.

'S oil leam sgapadh 'dhol 's a bhuain
Do nach bu dual 'bhith meata mall;
Cuid de 'n airde deas daibh bhuainn,
'S cuid de 'n airde tuath a nall.
Ma's cead leat, a Bhrithimh an t-sluaigh,
A chùidicheas gach guais na am
Cum slat ar smachdachaidh 'd laimh fein,
'S na fag sinn am meinn muinntir feall.

Cuain, a litter. Buar, cattle. Oil, vexation, grief, pain.

John, 10th and last Maclean of Treisinnis, was dispossessed of his property by the Duke of Argyll in 1738. The

foregoing stanzas must have been composed about that time.

Rann.

Tha gach cnocan orm na chuith,
'S tha gach uchdan orm na mhàm;
Tha fuitean air mo cheann-tiar
Le olcas diollaid an eich bhàin.
Fhuair mi ròn an so mar bhiadh
Is leighis e mo chliabh gu h-ard;
'S gu de 'm fios nach deanadh am bian
An ni ciadna ri mo mhàs.

Fuitean, or fuithein, a galling, a blister.

Ealain an Eich Bhain.

AM BARD.

Gu de bheir dhuit 'bhith 'falbh gàgach,
Eich bhàin, 'nuair bhios sinn air choiseachd?
Carson nach cùm thu mi sàmhach
'S gun dean beagan spairn mo dhochann?
'S mise gad bheathachadh sàsta,
'Cumail a lom-lan ad chorpan,
Nam foghnadh feur fada fasaich,
'S gun aon duine 'chach ga dhoicheall.

AN T-EACH BAN.

'S ann ort fhein 'bu choir dhuit àrach,
Aon sarachadh 'rinn mi ort-sa,
Cha chum thu mar eachaibh chaich mi,

'S gur, sar-mhath 'tha mi ga chosnadh;
Cha chum thu rud fo m' dha spàgaig
Gu m' shabhaladh bho na clachaibh,
'S gum fòghnadh dhaibh leud a bhràisde,
'Chitheadh tu aig paisd' a bhrochain.

AM BARD.

Ma 's e sin do ghearan air m' fhaillinn,
Chaill thu do naire 'san droch-uair;
Nach faic thu mo phòc' gun fhairdinn
'Ghleidheadh dhomh m' fhardaich gun choich-
eid!
'S e 'n ni tha mo thuath ag raitinn
'Tha 'toirt làthail dhomh mo phortion,
Nach bu diochd leo mi-fhin àrach,
Gun dragh an eich bhain mar ghocan.

AN T-EACH BAN.

Cha bhi sin aca ri raitinn,
Air eagal naire 'chur ort-sa;
Dealaichidh mise riut am màireach,
'S cha-n fhag sin do chàs sa socrach.
Ma gheibh thu each gealtach sgàthach
Nach tuig an fhaillinn a tha ort-sa,
'S ro bheag a bhuille de spàgaibh
Le 'm faod e t' fhagail ad thoitein.

AM BARD.

'Fhir chridhe, cha dealaichinn gu bràth riut,
Mur bhith each bhi' cur orm coicheid,
'Graitinn gu bheil thusa dàna
'S nach ball sar-mhath 'dhuine bochd thu,
Gum brist thu cuith agus gàradh
'G iarraidh gach ni 's fearr dha d' chorpan,
'S air an rathad am measg nabaidh
Nach h-aill leat gun bhith air thoiseach.

AN T-EACH BAN.

'S mairg mis' 'tha fuireach 'san aite
An deantar orm tair le fochaid,
B' olc an urrainn fear mo chnamhan
'Dhol roimh eachaibh chaich air thoiseach;
Ach air eagal thus bhith trailleil,
'S gun iadsan a gabbhail toirt dhiot,
Dheanainn dhuit mo dhichioll daonnan
Dh' fheuch am faodainn bhith 'nam fochair.

Tha 'm ministir 'na dhuine sar mhath
Gu la bhrath' cha'n iarr gu droch-bheirt;
'S tric a thug e earail laidir
Air pein a bhais gun mo dhochann.
Nuair chuirt' do 'n mhuileann le grân mi
Mur falbhainn gu sar mhath 'm throtan,
Gheibhteadh do shlat air mo mhasaibh
Le deanadas Iain Bhàin na poite.

AM BARD.

'Mhic chridhe, fuirich mar tha thu
Dhe mhiad 's gan dean cach de d' dhoichioll;
Cha dirich mis' uchd no ardan
Aig an fhailinn a tha 'm chaisein.
Rinn sinn an so cheana 'dhànachd
Na chuir ar nàire fo 'r casan;
Chaidh dhuinn mar a chaidh do 'n sgeul sin,
Mar a du'irt an te mu 'n t-sopan.

Oran do Mhac-Lucais,

Air dha maoidheadh air a Bhard gun cumadh e 'suas ceann an amuill ris.

O marbhphaisg ort, a shaoghail,
'S mairg aon dha bheil thu mar leannan
Is ann dhe t' abhaist daonnan
'Bhith blaomannach, caochlach, carach.
Thug mise mo sheal fein as
Mar dhéideig a bhiodh aig leanabh,
Is chunnaic mi le m' shùilibh
Gun deachaidh mi dluth am mearachd.

Nan tuigeadh tu mo nadar,
'Fhir ghraidh cha 'n fheil thu na t' airidh;
Is coltach pairt de d' ghiulan
Ri stiubhart gun sùilbheachd ra mhath;
Gun toir thu cuibhrionn dhubailt
Do 'n umbaidh gun iul, gun aithne,
'S air leam gur h-olc ain seol sin
'S an duine coir a chumail falamh.

Nach seall thu air Mac-Lùcais,
Cha sùgair e mar mo bharail;
Cha robh e riamh cho gòrach
'S gun deanadh e oran no ealaidh.
Ged chumainn-sa le m' bhriathraibh
'Suas sgialachd air Tuath De Danann,
Nuair theannamaid gu cròilean
'S e san gu mor 'bu mho bonnach.

Gun robh mi latha 'm Blàth-bheinn
Mar-ri Iain saibhir na h-Earadh,
An comunn bhinn na clarsaich,
Far am biodh luchd-dàin ga leanachd.
Gun deanainn fhin is Ruairidh dhaibh
Duanagan beag' de rannaibh;
Is gheibheamaid deoch bhrioghmhor,
B'fhearr leam na miadachd do bhonnaich.

Is bha mi la na Sròine
Mar-ri luchd eolais is aineoil;
'Sa chuideachd bha na sàir sin,
Na Gaidheil dha 'n geilleadh ceannas,
Sir Iain is Sir Domhnall
'S an coirneal deagh Mhac-Mhic-Ailein,
'S fear eile de m' luchd-iarraidh,
Alasdair ciar Ghlinne-Garadh.

Nuair 'chruinnicheamaid gu campa
Le 'r ceannardan meanmnach, meara,
Air theicheadh rachadh bron bhuainn,
'S bhiodh sòlas a comhnuidh mar-ruinn,
Gum faighinn fhin le m' ràbhart
Mo phairt de na bhiodh 'san t-searraig;
'S cha chumadh tus' an uair sin
A suas rium do cheann de'n amull.

Cha 'n innis mi mo chruadal
Mu 'n gluais iad gun deach mi 'm mearachd;
Och, gur h-e falbh nan uaislean
A's buaine a tha mi 'gearan;
Gun robh mi mar-ri daoine
'Dheanadh faochadh dhomh anns a charraid,
Nuair bha thus', a Neill, a laochainn,
Ad bhuachaille chaorach aig baile.

Blaomannach, inconstant. Deidcag, a toy. Sùgair, a merry fellow.

The Ruairidh referred to is Roderick Morison, an Clarsair Dall.

An Sean Duine.

Air leam fein gur truagh do dhaoine
'Bhith 'g iarraidh gu aois an-mhoir,
'S a liuthad car agus caochladh
A thig ri aois 's ri anmhuinn.
'N neach a bhiodh ri neart a threine
Iomad te ga 'leanmhuinn,
'S eig'neach a bhein a bhean-phosd' da
Blas a poig 'na shean duin'.

Nach faic thu 'chlann mhac is nigheau,
Ge dligheil an dream iad,
Dha 'n dugadh e 'chrodh 's a chapuill
'S na bhiodh aige 'dh-airgiod!
Nuair a chaolaicheas a chasan.
Is casadaich ga leanmhuinn,
Cuiridh iad le casadh fiacaill
Miothlachd air an t-sean duin.

Nuair 'bhios a mhac an deidh posadh
Ri cailinn bhoidhich, bhaindidh,
A bhios freasdalach 'na fheum dha
'S anam fein an geall oirr',
Their e rithe, 'ghaoil mo ghraidh thu,
Tha acaid a bhàis teann air,
Is bidh sinne subhach, samhach,
Nuair is bàs do 'n t-sean duin'.

'Nuair 'bhios e treis an deidh pòsadh
Is nòs da gum bi clann aig';
Bidh moran soin agus gaoil aige
Do dh-aobhachd an cainnte
'S their e b' fhearr leam eisdeachd tacan
Ri acain mo leanabain
Na na chluinninn eadar dha Dhomhnach
De ghloir bosd an t-sean duin'.

Nuair 'theid e 'bhaile 'chinn chinnidh
'S iomad fear 'bheir dreang air,

'S iad ag radh le gaire lachainn
Gur h-e bata 's arm dha.
Deir an tighearna, mo thruaighe!
Bha uair a bha e greannar,
Ordaichidh mi 'chur do 'n chitsin,
Ni mi iochd ri sean duin'.

Nuair 'chluinneas an sean duin' a ghloir sin
'S nòs da a bhith feargach;
Gun deid moran 'sios de 'ghibhtean
De 'mhisnich 's de 'mheanmna.—
Nuair a bha mise mar-ri t' athair
A cur catha le m' armaibh,
Theireadh e nach ann 's a chitsin
Gheibhinn meas am sheau duin'.

Fasaidh an tighearna fiata
Ri briathraibh an t-sean duin';
S deir e ris, "a dhuine thruaigh
'S ro bheag mo luaidh de d' sheanachas;
Airson mar a bha sibhse 'gluasad
Le uabhar 's le anameinn,
S iomad fear caipsin 's an uair so
Gam ruagadh-s' mu 'n aiubhfhiach."

Freagraidh an sean duin 'le misnich,
'S tric leo 'bhith neo-th iingeil,
Gur h-e 'chuir an t-ainbhfhiach ur-s' ort
Meud do dhùil de 'n Ghalltachd,
A phoit bheag 'bhith 'n cois an teallaich
'S blas meala air a h-eanraich,
A cosg an ni le 'n cumadh t' athair,
Luchd-taighe le'n armaibh."

'S e 'ghloir sin a thuiteam bhuaithe
Car tuathal an t-sean duin',
Cuirear maor air feadh na duthcha
Ga cur fo umhladh caillte.
Gun neach a thoirt bidh, no leapa,
No caidrimh, no cainnte,

No sion a dh' fhaodas a bhith aca
Do chlaigeann an t-sean duin'.

Nuair a theid e do 'n taigh-osda
'Thoiseachadh ri dram ol,
'H-uile fleasgach, barrail, boidheach,
Le 'sporan oir is airgid,
De dhearbh chairdean dileas dealaidh,
'Bha anam an geall orr',
Cuiridh iad gu ceann na h-uirigh
Uileann anns an t-sean duin'.

Nuair a theid e 'thaigh-na-cùrtach
'N deidh a spuinneadh le anaceart,—
'S mar tha gach donas dha 'g eirigh,
Cha'n i 'Bheurla 's cainnt da,—
Thig sgoileir na teanga shiubhlaich,
Mac ùmbaidh no lamhraig,
'S bheir e le feabhas a ghiulain
Ceart na cuis bho 'n t-sean duin'.

An sin nuair 'chi e le 'shuilibh
Gach cuis air na crampaig,
'S nach h-eil neach fo ghath na greine
'Ni dha feum ri aimcheist,
Fasaidh e toileach air gluasad
Le buaidh do 'n taigh gheamhraidh,
Far am faigh e Maighstir pailt
A bheir dha ceart gun airgiod.

Uiriah, a couch. Lamhrag, a slovenly woman. Caipsin, caption, glacadh.

Laoidh.

'Fhi chumhachdaich nan cumhdachdan,
'S a Chruthadair 'tha shuas,
Tha do shuilean mion-eolach
Mu fhineachan nan sluagh,
An neach ris am bi t' easontas
Cha bhi e fada buan,
S gu bheil t' armailt agus t' fheachdan
Air an neartachadh le buaidh.

Is nèarachd neach air seacharan
A thachradh riut 'sa chluain,
'S a chitheadh meud na maisealachd
'Tha air do cheart 's do bhuaidh.
'S e sin 'bu daingeann taitneach dha,
Nuair 'bhiodh e 'n airc no 'n cruas,
Do ghairdean-sa 'bhith faisge dha,
'S fear-taic Thu anns gach guais.

Tha cian nan cian on bheachdaicheadh,
Air stapuinnean do bhuaidh,
Nach h-'eil ann Cruithear feartach
Ach 'n triuir phearsa 'tha r'a luaidh,
'Rinn beinn is coill' is machraichean,
'Rinn cuan is clach is cruas,
'S a dhioghail mort nam macanaibh
'S an Eipheit fad o 'n uair.

'Na aodhair treud' mar dh' innseadh dhuinn
Bha 'n ti fhuair ordagh bhuait,
Gu bhith 'na cheanntart smachdalach
Air uibhir pailt de shluagh
Thug Thu Aron mar dheagh shagairt da,
Gun lapachas, gun luas,
'S chuir Thu brigh 's an t-slataig sin
'Bhiodh na nathair iomad uair.

Dh' fhóghnadh do ghniomh miorbhuilteac

A dh-innse miad do bhuaidh,
Nuair 'thug thu pobull Israel
Bho chisibh troimh 'n Mhuir Ruaidh.
A bhuidheann 'bu luchd-strithe dhaibh
Le miorun is le fuath,
Cha d' fhan a h-aon an lathair diu
Gun bhàthadh anns a chuan.

Nuair 'bha Maois 's an fhasach
Is e 'cumail t' abhair suas,
'S iad cumhachdan do ghairdein-s'
'Bha ga shabhaladh gach nair.
Thug Thu bùrn thun feumalachd
A eudann creige cruaidh,
'S chuir Thu brigh 'san nathair phraisich
Gu slanachadh an t-sluaigh.

Chuair Thu reull gu 'n sàbhaladh
'S an speur a b' airde shuas,
Gu'n stiuireadh anns na cearnaichibh
'Bu stàthaile de'n chluain.
Mar iul aig cumhachd ard ghliocais,
No stiuir air ardraich cuain,
Bhiodh meall teine 'na àite sin
'S an oidhch' dha 'n gnath 'bhith fuar.

'S iomad ait 'san d' fhairich iad
Do charthannachd gun fhuath,
'S an d' rinn Thu freasdal ath'rail dhaibh
Ri 'n ainnis is ri 'n cruas,
Nuair a dhiult an talamh dhaibh
Blath no teanal sguaib,
'S Tus' a dhoirt am mana orr'
Bho nèamh nan aingeal shuas.

Airson an fhreasdail shaibhir sin,
Thug iad-san mar dhroch dhuais
Aoradh an De 'shabhail iad
Do dh-iomhaigh ghràbhail' thruaigh.
Chuir thu lagh gu 'n sabhaladh'

O'n bheinn a b' airde shuas,
'S thaisbein Thu le t' àithne dhaibh
Do thoil 's gach càs 'san gluais.

Luchd t' easontais cha'n ardaich ort,
Cha-n fhaigh 'sna blaraibh bnaidh;
An triuir sin 'rinn le dànadas
A cheannairc ghraineil 'suas,
Tha 'm breitheanas a tharlaidh dhaibh
'Na sgàthan soilleir buan;
Do shluig an talamh fasail iad,
'S bi lorg an sàil 'an uaigh.

Chunnaic an righ Pàganach
Aisling araid uair,
Is b' aill leis daoine 'bhasachadh
Mur h-innst' i dha 's a buaidh,
Thaisbein Thus' a Dhaniel i,
Bhon 's e 'nad ghradh a ghluais,
Is mhol e le mor thaingealachd
Am maighistir bho 'n d' fhuair.

Bha righ Nebuchadnésar
'Na chridhe fein cl o cruaidh
Is nach b' fhiach leis geilleachdainn
Do Thriath nan nèamhan shuas;
Chuir e 'n triuir dha 'n robh 'n sàr-
chreideamh
An àmhuinn teine guail,
Is gleidh Thusa gu sabhailt iad,
Gun bholadh dàtht' dhe 'n gruaig.

Chaidh Iona mar fhear-teachdaireachd,
'S mar fhàidh' deas-fhaclach bhuait;
Nuair 'dh' fhàs a chriedeamh failinneach
Rug anradh air 'sa chuan,
Dh' uidhimich Thu mor-mhiol dha
Gu 'sglugadh beo gun ghuais,
Is liubhair i air t' ordagh-s' e
Air a chòrsa bharr 'n do ghluais.

Ghabh e fearg gu morchuiseach
Le ardan gòrach truagh,
'Chionn fad-bheirt a bhith 'd throcair-sa
Ri iompaidh fhòil do shluaigh.
Air tulaich far 'n do chòmhnaich e,
'Sna thuit air seora suain,
Thog e bothag eugsamhail
Gu 'dhìon o ghrein 's o fhuachd.

A mhic an duin' 'tha ardanach,
Cia 'n t-àbhar mu bheil t' uaill?
'S gur h-ann de dh-uir gun chàileachd
'Tha do sgàil air 'dheanamh snas.
Ciod a b' fhiach thu 'n Ard-Righ,
Nuair a ghabh e 't àbhar truas,
'S gun dug e 'mhac gu'r sabhaladh
O bhruid an amhghair chruaidh!

A Bhith nam bith 'th' air t' ardachadh
Mar nach eol do chach thoirt suas,
'Tha gun tus, gun chrich, gun daibhreas,
Is a mhaireas làthail, buan,
'S co-sholus oidhche 's la dhuit,
Is ni araid sin r'a luaidh;
Tha ianlaith 's iasg gan àrach leat,
Ged nach dean iad Màrt no buain.

Mo chudrom uile ort fagaidh mi.
'Thi sl abhail mi gach uair,
'S a rinn freasdal saibhir dhomh
Nuair 'bha mi 'n càs no 'n cruas;
O gleidh, a Chruitheir ghrasmhoir m
Gu la mo bhàis 's gu m' uaigh;
An onair an Ti 'shabhail mi
Cum cunnart 'Shatain bhuam.

Is nèarachd neach, happy is the one.

Mairearad Nigh'n Lachainn.

Mairearad nigh'n Lachainn, or Margaret the daughter of Lachlan, was an excellent poetess. She resided in Mull, and was a very old woman at the time of her death. When she was born, in what part of Mull she lived, when she died, and where she is buried, we do not know. It is not even beyond dispute to what clan she belonged. It is generally supposed that she was a Maclean. Three arguments may be advanced in favor of this view. In the first place, Dr. Maclean describes her as Mairearad nighean Lachainn mhic Iain mhic Lachainn, or Margaret the daughter of Lachlan son of John son of Lachlan; and Lachlan was a common name among the Macleans, but a rare name among the Macdonalds. In the second place, Duncan Kennedy, who published a collection of hymns in 1786, describes her as "Mairearad nighean Ailein or Margaret Maclean." He was certainly mistaken in describing her as the daughter of Allan. He may, however, have been correct in calling her Margaret Maclean. In the third place, she lived among the Macleans, and composed all her known poems about Mac-

leans. Whilst these arguments, and especially the fact that Lachlan is a rare name among the Macdonalds, have some force they are not conclusive. It is maintained by some that whilst her mother was a Maclean her father's name was Lachlan Macdonald, and not Lachlan Maclean. Two arguments may be advanced in support of this view. In the first place, Margaret nin Lachlan's compositions seem to show that she was a Macdonald. In "Gaoir nam Ban Muileach" she laments the death of Allan Macdonald of Moidart and especially the death of Sir John Maclean of Duart, and tells us that she was without a chief either on her father's side or her mother's. In "Chunnaic mise thu, Ailein," she asks the following question: Where, in Scotland or over in Holland, is there the like of my mother's clan apart from the pride of the Clan Donald? In "Mo cheist an Leathanach modhar," she makes the following statement: — I was not near my father's clan since the Macleans were expelled from their country and their seat. It is certain that she lived in Mull, and that she was as near the Macleans as she could be. If, then, she was a Maclean, how could she say she was

not near her father's clan since the expulsion of the Macleans. The second argument which tends to show that Margaret nin Lachlan was a Macdonaid is the fact that John Maclean, the poet, described her in his manuscript in 1816 as "Mairearad Dhomhnallach, do 'm bu cho-ainm Mairearad nigh'n Lachainn," or Margaret Macdonald who was also known as Margaret nin Lachlan. It is certain that John Maclean believed that she was a Macdonald. It is equally certain that there was a tradition to that effect among some Argyleshire men in 1816. At the same time it is also certain that the common belief is, and has been for a long time, that Mairearad was a Maclean. Of course those who adhere to this view may say that some of the poems ascribed to her may not have been actually composed by her. They may also say that her poems have not come down to us as they were made.

Cumha do Lachainn Mac-Gillean.

Gur h-e mis' th'air mo leonadh
Mu dheibhinn na h-oigridh!
An àm dol do 'n taigh-òsda
Gum bu leam na fir oga:—
Tha mo dhiubhail 'na fheoil fo na beistean.

Mo cheist ogh' bhrath'r mo sheanar
'S e 'tha mis' an diu 'gearan;
'S e mo dhith 'thug thu 'Chana;
Bu tu 'sgiobair na mara
Ged nach dainig thu fallain no gléidhteach.

Och, mo thruaighe do mhathair!
'S daor a cheannaich i phairtidh,
Nuair a bhristeadh do bhàta
'S a bha bloigh air gach tràigh dh'i:—
Bha mo dhiubhail mu 'n charn gun chead eirigh.

Och, mo thruaigh' i 's thus Eachainn,
Le do mhocheirigh mhaduinn,
Ri siubhal gach cladaich,
'S nach d'fhuaras leat Lachainn;
Og ùr a chuil chleachdaich mar theudan.

'S ann aig bun na dubh sgeire
Chaill thu 'n coisiche beinne,
Air nach d'fhuaras riamh deireadh:—
Bu ro chinnteach do pheileir;
Gum bu mharbhadair eilid is féidh thu.

Mur bhith dhomhs' 'bhith og, leanabail,
Is nach h-eol dhomh do sheanachas
Bheirinn umad làn iomradh;
Ach cha b'fhuilear dhomh aimsir
'Chur do ranntachd, oig mheanmnaich r 'cheile.

Gur a cairdeach mo run-sa
'Mhac-Gilleain nan luireach
Leis an eireadh na fiurain,
Is do dh' Iarla sin Antruim,
Marcach allail nan curs-each a Eirinn.

Tha do sheanachas ri 'labhairt
Ri Murchadh na Maighe,
'S ri Mac'Fhionghain an t-Sratha,
'S tu ro dhileas 'thaobh t' athar
Do Chlann Eoghain o'n leathad le 'cheile.

Tha do chairdeas ri 'rusgadh
Ri tighearna Mhuideart,
Ri Mac-Neill o na turaibh
Aig am biodh na fir ùra,
'S gur dearbh charaid mo run do Shir
Seumas.

Gur a cairdeach thu 'Lachainn,
Bho Ros riabhach nam badan,
'Dh'fhag fir Ile nan eadal,
'S a thug dith orr' an Asgaig;
Thug e dioladh 's na bh'ac' anns an eucoir.

Gur a h-iar-ogh' thu 'dh-Ailein
'Thug an long o Mhac-Cailein
Ris an oidhche ghil ghealaich,
Is a luchd innt' 'chrodh ballach,
Ged nach b'ann gu crò earraich a gheum-
raich.

It is slightly probable that the foregoing lines were composed about Lachlan, son of Hector, son of Charles of Ardnacross. Lachlan's grandmother was a daughter of Maclean of Ardgour.

Hector Mor of Duart married Mary,

daughter of Alasdair mac Iain Chathanaich, father of Sorley Buy, whose son Randal was created Earl of Antrim in 1620. Hector Mor had Hector Og; John Dubh of Morvern, Mary, and other children. Hector Og was the father of Sir Lachlan Mor, father of Hector Og, father of Lachlan, whose daughter Mary was married to Lachlan Mor MacKinnon. John Dubh was the father of Hector of Kinlochaline, Charles of Ardnacross, and Janet, wife of Macneil of Barra. Mary, Hector Mor's daughter, was married to Donald Macdonald of Sleat, father of Archibald, father of Sir Donald, father of Sir James, who died in 1678. By "Clann Eoghainn le 'cheile" are meant the Macleans of Ardgour and Boreray. "Lachainn bho Ros riabhach nam badan" is Lachainn Odhar, a distinguished warrior who lived in Sir Lachlan Mor's time.

Gur h-e 'Mheudaich mo Chradh.

Gur h-e 'mheudaich mo chràdh,
Is a lughdaich mo chail,
'Liuthad latha 's a bha
Mis 's tus' air an tràigh—
Gur a diombach mi 'n bhàs
'Thug an fheoil dhiom o 'n chnaimh;
Gur h-ann againn a bha na treun-laoich
Gur h-ann againn a bha, &c.

Luchd a dh' iomairt an òir;
'S iad a dhioladh an t-ol,
'Leanadh fad air an tòir
Ann an cumasg nan srol;
'S co a chuireadh orr' gleo
Ann am mùiseadh an t-sloigh;—
Ach de 'm fàth dhomh bhith bron mu 'r
deibhinn?

Mo cheist an Leathanach ur,
Bu ghlan sealladh do shul,
Fo amhare gun smur;
Càit am faicteadh an cùirt
Fear t' fhasain gun tulg?
Bha thu seasmhach 's gach cuis,
'S ann ri t' fhacal a b 'fhiu dhulnn eisd-
eachd.

'S anns an eaglais so shuas,
'N ciste ghiubhais nach gluais,
'Tha ùr cheannard an t-sluaigh,
Agus marcaich nan stuadh
Ri la frionasach, fuar;
'S tu gu'n iarradh i 'suas
Ged a bhiodh i 'n sàs cruaidh 'na h-eiginn.

Och a Mhoire, mo chall!
Thu 'bhith 'n ciste nan crann,

Air a sparradh gu teann,
'Fhir bu shiobhalta cainnt;
Ach nuair 'dhuisgeadh iad t'fhearg
Cha bu shugradh sud daibh;
'S mor gar dith fear do rann bhon dh' éug
thu.

Marcaich deas nan each seang',
'Bheireadh roid asd' is srann;
Beart nach b' iongantach leam
Thu thu 'bhith uasal, is t' ainm;
Làmh thu 'dh' iomairt nan arm
Gu treun, cruadalach, garg;
'S ogha 'dh-Aileen nan lann 's nan steud
thu.

'S car thu 'dh'-Aileen nan ruag
'Chreach a Chòrca da uair;
Thug e Rùt' air le buaidh,
'S co a b' urraibh 'thoirt uaith',
An àm cruinneachadh sluaigh;
Cha robh athadh 'na ghruaidh
Nuair a chaidh e air chuairt do dh-Eirinn

Is gur car thu 'Mhac-Leoid,
'Mhic mhic Ailein mhic Eoin;
'Dh-Eachann Ruadh nach h-fheil beò
'Dha 'm biodh tàileasg air bord.
'S fion is braundaidh gan ol.
Aig na fir 'bu chruaidh gleo,
Agus bualadh nam bròg gan teumadh.

Ach nam bidhinn 'sa bhùth,
Is na h-airm ann a b' fhiu,
Nàile thaghainn do m' run
Sgiath bhreac nam ball dluth,
Claidheabh sgaiteach geur cuil,
Is da dhaga nach diult;
'S cha bu chladhaire thu 'thoirt feum' asd'.

Iar-ogh' dileas mo ghradh
Do dh-Iain Dubh' a bha 'n laimh;
Sliochd nan iarlachan ard,
'S fad on thriall sibh o 'n Spain;
'S ann bho Lachainn a bha
An ionndraichinn chraidh;—
Fear do cholltais gu bràth cha léir dhomh.

Gar a cairdeach mo luaidh
Do Chlann-Domhnaill nam buadh.—
'Mhic mhic Ailein nan ruag,
Thu bhith 'd laighe 'san uaigh
Ann an eaglais nan stuadh,
Och, a Mhoire, mo chruas;
Ghabh na fir dhiot cead buan nach b'
eibhinn.

'Fhir 'bu tighearnail gnaths;
Beart 'bu dligheach sud da;
Mo chreach do nighean gun aird,
'S e na leith-sgeul aig cach
Nach do ghabh iad a pairt,
A liuthad oinnseach a tha
'Faotuinn ionaid is àite féisdeil

'Fhir a cheannaicheadh am fion,
Is a b' urrainn a dhìol,
'S tu a b' airidh air pìc,
'S bogha glaic nan ceann liobht';
Och, a Mhoire, mo dhìth,
Bha mi romhad air tir
'Nuair a thug iad thu 'dh-I na cleire.

Dhomhsa dh' eirch an call
Nuair a thug iad thu 'nall
Gu réilig nam marbh
Mu 'n robh chaiseamachd shearbh,
Bualadh bhasan gu teann,
'S gun do chluasag fo d' cheann;
A ruin, cha fhreagair thu 'n t-àm gu eirigh.

Tha do cheile fo leon,
'S tric i 'snigheadh nan deoir,
Is do dhilleachdain og'
Gun aird, no gun doigh,
Mu na lochanan mòr;
Dh' fhag thu sinne fo bhron,
'S chaill sinn tuilleadh 's a choir mu t' éirig.

'S ann tha sinne air ar claoidh,
Gar sàrach' a caoidh
Bhon a dh' fhalbh bhuainn gach saoidh
'Dheanadh feum is stath dhuinn;
An nis shracadh ar siuil,
Dh' fhalbh ar cairt, bhrisd ar stiuir;—
Dia 'thoirt rathaid g'a ionnsuidh fein dhuinn.

Gleo, a fight. Tulg, a lurch, tossing, rocking. Rann, portion, a pedigree.

"Ailein nan ruag a chreach a Chorca da uair" must be Aileen nan Sop, and "Iain Dubh a bha 'n laimh" must be his nephew, John Dubh of Morvern, who was imprisoned and executed by Angus Macdonald, of Islay, about the year 1586.

John Dubh had four sons, Donald Glas, Allan of Ardtornish, John Garbh and Charles. Allan of Ardtornish was a very prominent man and an active warrior from his youth. He is probably the Allan referred to in the words, "A mhic mhic Ailein nan ruag." He had three sons, Hector, first Maclean of Kinlocha-

line, Charles of Ardnacross, commonly called Tearlach mac Ailein, and Donald, who died unmarried. Hector, first of Kinlochaline, had two sons, John, second of Kinlochaline, and Lachlan, who died without issue. Charles of Ardnacross, had six sons, Allan, first Maclean of Drimnin, Lachlan of Calgary, Allan of Grulin, Donald of Aros, Hector and Ewen.

We have no means of determining who the subject of the lament was. It seems, however, to have been composed about a grandson of Allan of Ardtornish, possibly about Hector, son of Charles of Ardnacross.

Oran

Do Shir Iain Mac-Gilleain.

Gun d'fhuair mi sgeul 's cha'n aicheam e;
Gu bheil e dhomh toirt gairdeachais,
Gur binne leam na clarsaichean
'Bhith 'g innse mar a thàinig sibh,
Gu bheil Sir Iain sabhailte,
S gun dug a Bhànruinn cuirt dha.

Nam b' fhiosrach Bànruinn Anna
Mar a dh' fhogradh ann ad leanabh thu,
Is mar a thugadh t' fhearann bhuait,
Gum biodh i aoidheil, geanail riut,
Is nach robh cron ri aithris ort
Ach leantail do righ duthchais.

Gur truagh gun mi cho beachdail
Is gum faighinn éisdeachd facail dh' i;
Nan labhrainn beurla Shasunnach,
No Fraingis mhìn gu fasanta,
Gun innsinn gun dol seachad dh' i
Mar rinneadh ort do dhiùchradh.

Na Leathanaich bu phriseil iad,
Bu mhoralach nan inntinn iad;
'N diugh crom-cheannach 's ann 'chìtear iad,
'S e teann lagh a thug striochdadh asd';
Is maith a bha cho dìleas riutha
Riamh do righ no 'phrionnsa.

Gum b' fhearr bhith cealgach, innleachdach,
Mar bha 'ur naimhdean miorunach;
'S e 'dh' fhagadh laidir, lionmhor sibh,
'S e 'dheanadh gnothach cinnteach dhuibh,
A bhith cho faicleach, crionnta
Is gum b' fhiach leibh a bhith tionndadh.

Chuala mi, 's mi 'm phàisdeachan.
Mun d' ghlacadh tuigse nadair leam,
Na bha fo thuath, ge laidir iad,
Gur sibh a ghnath 'bu bhàghan daibh;
'S beag ionghnadh leam mar tha iad
Anns a Ghaidhealtachd gur n-ionndrainn.

An fhine mhor 'bha ardanach!
Bha urram is buaidh-larach leibh.
Bu deas a dh' iomairt chlàidhean sibh,
Cha mheirgeadh iad nan sgàbartan;
Is cha bu gheilt no sgàthachas
A leughadh iad an cùnnart.

'N am togail dhuibh le gairdeachas
A chaiseamachd bu ghnathach leibh
Bhiodh sluagh gu leoir a màrsal leibh,
Fir sgairteil throm' neo-fhailinneach,
'S bhiodh brataichean gan sàthadh
Aig sliochd Mhànuis Oig gan rùsgadh.

Is iomadh luireach mhàilleach
'Bhiodh air ealachainnean 'nur fardaichean;
Cha togadh sibh na ràpairean,
Gum b' fhearr a chratht' an spàinteach leibh,
A dh' fheuchadh spionnadh ghairdeanan,
'S am bogh a b' fhearr a lùbadh.

Cuid eile de bhur n-àbhaistean
Mun do chuireadh sgànnradh annaibh,
Puirt is stuic is stàndachan,
Is bualadh bhrog air dhearnachan,
'S gach neach dhibh mar a dh'fhasadh e
Bhith foglum dha gach lùth-chleas.

A righ! gur dubhach, cianail mi
A caoidh nan laoch a b' fhiachaile;
Gun d' eirich cleas Mhaol-Ciarain daibh,
Cha'n fheil ri 'inns' ach sgial orra;
Mo thruaighe! gun do thriall iad bhuainn,
Fir threun nan sgiath 's nan luireach.

Mànus Og, Magnus Morison. The Morisons we e bannermen to the Macleans of Duart.

Oran

DO SHIR IAIN MAC-GILLEAIN, TRIATH DHUBHAIRT.

Dh'fhalbh mo chadal a smaointinn
'S mi ri tigh'nn air na daoine
Nach h-fheil againn air faotuinn;
Chuir sin mise air faontrath 's air fògradh.
Chur sin mise, &c.

Sir Iain cha d' fhuirich;
Cha do dh-fhaodadh a chumail

Air bhord ann an Lunnainn,
No a feitheamh air furan righ Deorsa.

'S beag an t-ioghnadh e 'thachairt,
Thu 'bhith ardanacd, beachdail,
Nuair a lionteadh le reachd thu,
Is a liuthad fuil bhras a bha 'd phòraibh.

Bu tu ogha Shir Lachainn,
Iar-ogh' Ruairidh nam bratach
'Th' anns a chiste chaoil ghlaiste,
'S fionn-ogh' Chailein nan lasgairean cròdha.

'S ann a tha do luchd-muinntir'
Mar ghaoir sheillean ga t' ionndrainn;
Tha iad iargaineach, tùrsach;
Cuin a thig thu gan ionnsuidh le còmhnadh?

Luchd nan leadanan cul bhuidhe,
Nan clogad 's nan luireach,
'S nan sgiath bhreac air dheagh chuineadh,
Aig am b' iomadach ionntas is stòras.

'S iomadh bean agus nighean
A thogadh e 'n cridhe,
Nan deanadh tu tighinn
Mar a b' ait leinn a rithisd le sòlas.

Mur a deachaidh mi 'm mearachd,
Bu tu dalta mo sheanar
'S nighean Ruairidh 's na h-Earadh;
Cha b'e anaghlas a bhainne a dhol thu.

Och, a Dhe, dean ruinn tionndadh;
Thoir dhuinn fabhar gun diultadh,
'S sinn ri feitheamh do chuirte,
Ged nach h-fheil sinn cho mùinte 's bu choir dhuinn.

Ged is Stochd mi 'n deigh Crionadh;

ORAN DO SHIR IAIN MAC-GILLEAIN.

Ged is stochd mi 'n deidh crionadh,
Cha 'n fheil miorun air m' aire
Do na fir a bha 'n ruaig orr',
Dh'an robh 'n cruadal aig baile.
An ceann-cinnidh 'bu phriseile,
De 'n fhior fhuil 'bu ghlaine
As a choill a b'fhearr cnuasach,
Rinneadh fhuadach thar mara.

Tha do chinneadh an cruaidh chàs,
Tha iad truagh dheth gad ghearan;
Bha iad roimhe so sar mhath,
Nuair a dh'fhagadh thu 'd leanabh.
'Nuair a thug thu dhaibh sòlas,
Ghabh thu fogradh a t' fhearann;
Tha do dhuthchannan bochd dheth,
Lan de ghort is de dh'-ainnis.

Gur h-e m' aighear is m' eudail,
Marcaich ur nan steud meara.
Gur mac-samhailt do 'n reul thu,
Do na ghrein no do 'n ghealaich.
Laigh dubh-smal air na criochan
O 'n la 'striochd thu o'n bhaile.
Bu tu iuchair nan Gaidheal
Ann an gàradh 's an dainginn.

Gur h-e aona mhac Shir Ailein,
Am flath ceanalta daicheil;
Cha bu chularaibh coimheach
'Bhiodh mu d' chomhair an sgàthan;
Ach gruag chléiteagach, chleachdach,
Mu ghruaidh mhaisich 's math dearrsadh;
Fiamh an óir air a h-uachdar,
'S i na cuachagaibh fàinneach.

'S e do thalla 'bha rioghail,
Gheibhteadh fion ann air bhordaibh,
Agus feadagan fiadhaich,
Is gach ianlaith ga choir sin.
Bhiodh ann sar uisge-beatha
Ga chur seachad gu h-ordail;
Is le eagal an iota,
Bhiodh leann brioghmhor is beoir ann.

Bhiodh fir ghasda ri freasdal,
Moch is feasgar 's tràth-nòine;
Bhiodh an comunn lan eibhnis,
Rachadh eislean air fógradh.
'H-uile dram mar a thigeadh
Chuirteadh sud ann an ordagh,
Ann am broinn nam fear fialaidh
Nach do liath an déidh posadh.

Gaoir Nam Ban Muileach

Cumha do Shir Iain Mac-Gilleain Triath Dhubhairt, a chaochail sa bhliadhna 1716.

'S goirt leam gaoir nam ban Muileach,
Iad ri caoineadh 's ri tuireadh,
'S gun Sir Iain an Lunnainn,
No 'san Fhraing air cheann turais;
'S trom an sac 'thug ort fuireach
Gun thu dh' fhalbh air an luingeas;
'S e sin aobhar ar dunaich;
B'og a choisinn thu 'n t-urram 'sna blaraibh.

Air an righ sin dha 'n d' rinneadh
Togail suas ann am barrachd,
'S daor a thug sinne ceannach,
Bho 'n la 'thionnsgainn a charraid;
Chuireadh aon mhac Shir Aileen

'S a chòirichean fearainn,
Le fior fhoirneart 's le aindeoin;
Ach 's e lom sgriob an earraich so 'chraidh mi

Ged a b' fhad thu air siudan,
Cha robh lochd ort r'a chunntas;
Do luchd-toisich cha b' fhiu leat
Dhol a dheanamh dhaibh umhlachd;
Curaidh ard thu 'bu mhùinte;
'S e mo chreach gun do dhruidh ort
Meud an eallaich a bhruchd ort,
'S nach robh leigh ann a dhiuchradh am bàs bhuait.

Fàth mo ghearain 's mo thursa,
Mac-Gilleain nan luireach
'Bhith 'na laighe 'sa chruisle
An suain cadail gun dusgadh;
Is ruaig bhàis air do mhuinntir,
'Sig nach d' fhagadh de dh-ùine
Ceud an armachd a ghiulan;
Thug an naimhdean d'an ionnsuidh nan deann-ruith.

B' fhiach do chairdean an sloinneadh,
Morair Shléite 's Mac-Coinnich,
Is Mac-Leoid as na Hearradh,
'S am fear tì eun sin nach maireann,
Ailein Muideartach allail.
Fàth mo chaoidh gach fear fearainn,
Tha 'n deagh run dhuinn 's nach mealladh,
'Bhith gun chomas tigh'nn mar-ruinn an dràsda.

Cha chainnt bhosdail 's cha'n earra-ghloir
'Tha a shannt orm am sheanachas,
'S mi gur faicinn-se caillte
'N deidh gach mor ghniomh a rinn sibh,
Ann an Eirinn 's an Albainn,

'Shliochd Ghilleain nam feara-ghleus;
Chuidich Eachann Cath Gharbhfhaich,
'S e air deas laimh na h-armailt' le 'sbàr fhir.

Cha'n e'n curaidh neo-thais ud,
No Sir Eachann le 'ghaisgich,
A tha mis' an diu 'g acain,
Ach Sir Iain nam bratach,
Nam pios óir 's nan corn dathte,
'Dheanadh stòras a sgapadh:
Is mairg rioghachd dhe 'n deachaidh
An triath calm' ud is Caiptin Chlann-Ranaill.

Och is mis' th' air mo chlisgeadh,
Saoir bhith 'sabhadh do chiste,
'S gun do chàireadh fo lic thu
'N aite falaich, gun fhios duinn.
'N airde 'n iar air a brisdeadh,
'S gun an t-oighre 'na ghliocas;
So a bhliadhn' a thug sgrios oirnn;
'S goirt ar call ris a bhriosgadh 'thug Màr as.

Gur neo-eibhinn ar gabhail
Bho 'n la 'dh' eug Mac-Gilleain
'S a chaidh 'sios sliochd an taighe
A bha cliuiteach ri 'n latha.
'S mor mo chall-sa bho shamhuinn,
Tha mi 'm thruaghan bochd mnatha,
Tha mi faondrach, gun fharraid,
Gun cheann cinnidh 'thaobh athar no màthar.

Mo chreach! ceannard nan gaisgeach
Anns a bhlàr nach d' fhuair masladh
Bhith gar dith ri am airce;
Ged a thogar na mairt bhuainn,
Cha bhith srann aig do bhrataich,
Is cha chluinnear do chaismeachd;
Mhothaich suil nach robh ceart duibh,
'N latha chunnacas o Pheairt sibh a marsadh.

Cha neart dhaoin' a thug bhuainn thu;
Nam b e' chiteadh air ghluasad
Iomad gaisgeach mór, uasal,
'Thogail t' eirig 'san tuasaid;
Luchd nan clogaidean cruaidhach,
'S nan lann soilleir gun ruadh mheirg;
Fir mar gharbh fhrasan fuara,
Leis an deanteadh lom sguabadh 'san àraich.

'S ann 'nar caistealan grinne
A bha tàmh na cinn-chinnidh
A bha aoibhneil ri 'n sireadh;
Gar h-ann timchioll an tine
'Chluinnteadh bardachd nam filidh
'S guth nan clarsaichean binne,
'S gheibht' ann ceàrraich ri iomairt;
Mo run luchd nan cul fionna, cas, fainneach!

'Threunaibh calm' nan long siubhlach,
Nan ceann-bheart 's nan each cruidheach.
Ged bu dileas do'n chrun sibh
Fhuaradh seol air bhur diuchradh;
'S mairg nach gabhadh dhibh curam,
Ann an eirig bhur siudain,
Nuair nach d' aidich sibh tionndadh;
'S ann a rinneadh air aon luing bhur fagail!

Co an neach dha bheil suilean
Do nach soilleir am muthadh
'Tha air teachd air ar duthaich
Bho 'n la chaill sinn an t-aon fhear
Fo laimh Dhe 'ghabh dhinn curam;
Fhrois gach abhall a h-ubhlan,
Dh' fhalbh gach blath agus ùr-ròs,
'S tha ar coill' air a rusgadh de 'h-ailleachd.

Oirnne thàinig an diobhail!
Tha Sir Iain a dhith oirnn,

'S Clann-Ghilleoin air an diobradh,
Iad gun iteach, gun linnidh,
Ach mar gheoidh air an spionadh,
Iad am measg an luchd mioruin
Is a fulang gach mi-mhodh,
Ged nack ann ri feall-innleachd a bha iad.

Gur a cruaidh mar a thachair
Bhon cheud la 'chaidh thu 'mach uainn
Le loinn ghèir nan tri chlaisean
Ad laimh threubhaich gu sgapadh.
Ged nach d'fhuair thu fo t' fhacal
An tir fharsuinn 'bh' aig t' athair,
B' fhearr gum faigheadh do mhac i;
Dia g' ur coimhead o mhiosguinn bhur namhad.

Gum b' e turas na truaighe,
'Bha gun bhuidhinn, gun bhuannachd,
'Thug thu 'n uiridh nuair 'ghluais thu
Le do dhaoine ri d' ghualainn;
Dh' fhag e sinne ann an cruaidh-chàs
Os-cionn tuigs' agus smuaintinn;
Tha sinn falamh, lag, suarach;
Dh' fhalbh ar sonas mar bhruadar gun stàth bhuainn.

'S e mo chreach gun do striochd thu,
'Fhiubhaidh, eireachdail, fuiachail;
Tha do chlann air an diobradh;
Co ni 'n deoch dhaibh a lionadh,
A chur casg air an iotadh?
Co nan laigse 'bheir dion dhaibh?
Och, gur fad thu bho d' dhislean;
'S ann a dh' fhag iad thu mhios gus am màireach

'S e 'chuir m' astar am maillead
Is mo shuilean an doillead,
A bhith faicinn do chloinne
'S an luchd-foghluim is oilein

Air am fògradh gun ghoireas,
Ach mar cheatharnaich-coille
Iad gun fhios ac' cia 'n doire 'san tamh iad.

Gur a goirt leam ri 'chluinntinn,
'S gur a h-oil leam ri 'iomradh;
Nach deach aobhar ar n-ionndrainn,
Olc air mhath le 'luchd-diumba,
A thoirt dachaidh d'a dhuthaich;
Gum bu shòlas le d' mhuinntir
Do chorp geal a bhith dluth dhaibh
Ann an I nam feur cliuiteach le d' chairdean.

Och is mis' th' air mo sgaradh,
Bho nach dug iad thu thairis
'Dhol air tìr air an Ealaidh,
'Dhol fo dhion aans a charraig
Ann an reidhlig nam Manach,
Mar-ri t' athair 's ri d' sheanair,
'S iomad treun laoch a bharrachd,
Far am faodamaid teannadh mu d'charnaibh.

'S mairg a gheibheadh gach buille
A fhuair sinne bho 'n uiridh;
Thàinig tonn air muin tuinne
A dh'fhag lom sinn 's an cunnart,
Chaidh ar creuchdadh gu guineach,
Dh' fhalbh ar n-eibhneas gu buileach;
Bhrisd ar claidheabh 'na dhuille
Nuair a shaoil sinn gun cumamaid slàn e.

Siudan, a swinging. Slat shiudain, a pendulum. Mùinte, instructed, well-bred. Earraghloir, bold or taunting language. Tine, or teine, fire.

Sir John Maclean of Duart was born in 1670. His father, Sir Allan, died in 1674. Lachlan Maclean of Brolas and

Lachlan Maclean of Torlisk were appointed his guardians or tutors. When about seven years of age he was sent to Brahan Castle, where he lived until he was old enough to be sent to college. Lachlan, eldest son of Allan Maclean of Grulin, was with him as a companion. He took the management of the affairs of his estates into his own hands in 1687. He fought at Killiecrankie in 1689. He had five hundred of his followers with him. Lachlan Maclean of Lochbuie was Lieutenant-Colonel under him. He retired to the garrison of Cairnburgh in 1690, where he remained until March 31st, 1692. He lived in France from 1692 until 1703. Queen Anne bestowed a pension of £500 a year on him. During her reign he lived chiefly in London. He lost his estates, the Earl of Argyll having obtained possession of them. He joined the Earl of Mar with eight hundred followers, in 1715. He took a distinguished part in the battle of Sheriffmuir, November 13th, 1715. He became ill at Perth. He was unable to follow the Chevalier to France, although he was offered accommodation on board his ship. He parted with his men at Keith, and went to Gordon Castle, where he

died March 12th, 1716. He was buried in the Church of Raffin in Banffshire, in the family vault of the Gordons of Buckie. He was well educated, and spoke Gaelic, English, and French fluently. He waa a brave, honest, and generous man ; but blindly attached to the unwise Stewarts.

ORAN

DO DH-AILEIN MAC-GILLEAIN, MAC FEAR BHROLAIS.

Chunnaic mise thu Ailein,
Is tu amaideach, gorach,
Mun do ghlac thu 'n gniomh fearail,
Is mun d'rinneadh dhiot coirneal;
Marcach ur nan steud brasa,
Tha 'n diu 'n tasgaidh 'sna bordaibh;
Och is mis' 'th'air mo sgaradh
'Caoineadh Ailein 's nach beo e!

Fear t' aogais cha 'n fhaic mi
Ann am faicheachd no 'm foghlum;
Bu mhath cumadh do shleisde,
Is do bheil is do shroine.
Gum bu cheannard air feachd thu
'Thoirt daibh smachd agus ordaigh;
'Fhir nach leughadh a ghealtachd,
'S tu nach seachnadh an comhrag.

'Ogha brathair Shir Lachainn,
'S e mo chreach nach do phos thu;
Sin a dh' fhag sinn cho galach,
'Dheagh mhic Lachainn mhic Dhomhnaill;

'Mhic an fhir a fhuair urram,
'S nach cuireadh duin' air an fhogradh.
B' e sin Lachainn na ceille,
Mar bha 'n treun-fhear bha comhl' ris.

Air an dol do Dhuneideann
Thug iad reite leo dhachaidh;
Ghlac Diuc Seumas air laimh iad,
'S dh'iarr a bhan-diuc a steach iad.
Cha robh Gall 's cha robh Gaidheal
'N seombar clàraidh no 'n caisteal,
Nach do sheas air a chabhsair,
Aig meud an geall air am faicinn.

Nuair a chunnacas na h-armuinn,
Na fior Ghaidheil gun fhòtus,
Is nach d'iarr iad de dheise orra
Ach breacan is còta,
Is sgiath bhreac nam ball iomad
Air an slinnein gu comhrag,
'S ann a thubhairt gach duine,
Sud a chulaidh tha boidheach!

Càit an robh iad 'san t-saoghal,
No an taobh so de fhlaitheas,
Mac-samhail nan daoin' ud?
Cha 'n fhaodar am faighinn,
Mach o ghathaibh na greine
'nn an speuraibh an adhair;
'S cha 'n iarramaid' airson' sgàthain
Ach bhith 'n aite gan amharc.

Thuirt gach morair a b'airde
Gun robh 'n àit 's an taigh-lagha;
Co a dhiobradh gu bràth iad
Is gun ghrain air an aghaidh?
Gur h-e 'n teachdaire dan,
'Bha 'gabhail taimh 'sa cheann-adhairt,
A dh'fhag sinne mar tha sinn,
'S nach robh dh'àgh oirnn an gleidheadh.

Gur a cairdeach thu 'Lachainn
'Thug an t-each a Strath-Lochaidh,
A thug umhlachd bho 'n mharcach,
A thug 'ad is a chleoc dheth;
Ach cha b' fhiach leis an gleidheadh,
Ged bhiodh deiltreadh de'n òr orr'.
Ach am mathadh d'a ghillean
'Dheanamh iomairt is oil leo.

Sin nuair chruinnich na h-armuinn
Is na Gaidheil gu h-uile,
Luchd nan clogaidean stailinn
'S nan lann Spainteach geur, guineach.—
An àm tilleadh o'n bhlar dhuibh
Bu leibh failt' agus furan,
Is piob roimhibh a màrsadh,
Is nach b' aill leibh an druma.

An am tilleadh o 'n bhlar dhuibh
Gu 'ur n-aiteachan comhnuidh,
Chluinnteadh fuaim air an dannsa,
'S fion is branndaidh gan ol leibh,
'S uisge-beatha nam feadan,
Leis an leagteadh na geocaich;
'S air an urlar 'nan seasamh
Bhiodh luchd-freasdail gu leoir dhuibh.

'S car a dh-Iarla nam pios thu
A bha 'n Ile ri stròiceadh,
Lachainn Mòr a bha priseil,
Sin 'chuir mi gad shior fheoraich,
Càit a bheil iad an Albainn,
No thall anns an Olaind,
Leithid cinneadh mo mhàthar
'Mach o ardan Chlann-Domhnaill?

Ach 's e aobhar mo ghearain
An drasd eallach Fear Bhròlais;
Co a sheasas r'a ghualainn,
'S e 'san uair so 'na onrachd,

Bho na dh'fhalbh uainn a bhrathair,
An tus àilleachd is òige,
Gun am mac 'theid na àite;—
Leam is craiteach an dòbheart.

'S fhir dha'n robh a ghnuis alainn
Fo chul tlàth nan ciabh or-bhuidh',
Com 'bu ghile na'n canach,
Is na meall-shuilean modhar,
A dh'fhas deas, foinnidh, fearail,
'S b' fhad a leanadh an tòrachd,
'S e do bhàs eadar Ghallaibh
A dh'fhag galach le bron sinn.

'S e do bhas eadar Ghallaibh
'Chuir sinn tamull ga t' ionndrainn,
'S nach robh 'n sin agad caraid
A theannadh gu t' ionnsuidh,
No gu d' chàradh 's an anart
Nuair a dhalladh do shuilean,
Ach t' fhagail 'san t-seombar
Is a chomhl' air a dunadh.

Ach nam biodh tu 'n sin aca.
Far an racht' air do thòrradh,
Ann an talla na h-Innse
No an I far 'm bu choir dhuit,
Ann an reilig nam Manach,
'Sa bheil na barantan mora,
'Dhol air tir air an Ealaidh,
Cha bhiodh tu fad ann ad ònrachd.

Ach nam biodh tu san tir so
Far am biodht' air do thòrradh.
Ghluaiseadh Murchadh na Maighe,
'S Clan Gilleain nan rò-seol,
Mac Mhic Eoghain, 's mac Eachainn
Bho shiol Arcaig 's bho Lòchaidh.—
Och, mo thruaighe do bhrathair!
Is do mhathair 's i 'bhrònag.

Ach a Thi 'thug an sgrios oirnn,
'S ann 'tha sin air a sgriobhadh;
Na crainn mhor' air am brisdeadh
Mun do dh-fhìosraicheadh dhinn iad.
Na crainn mhora bhith brisd'
Thug dhinn ar n-iteach s ar linnidh;
Thuit a phairc 'san robh 'n t-abhall
'S fhrois an snodhach 'bu phriseil.

Mi mar Oisein 'nur deaghaidh,
Bho 'n rinneadh taghadh nan caor' cirbh;
Chaidh gach aon mar a b'fhearr dhibh
'Thoirt a fasach an t-saoghail s'.
Ach a Thi a ghabh toirt diu,
'S a dh'fhag goirt-cheannach daor sinn,
Seall a nuas oirnn an trocair,
'S maith ar bron dhuinn 's ar caoineadh,

Clann-Ghilleain nan cruaidh-chath,
Dh'fhalbh iad bhuainn mar an raineach;
Fhroiseadh ubhlan a ghàraidh
Gus an d'fhagadh e falamh.
'S ann 'tha 'n t-oighre air fògradh
'S e gun seol aig air fanailt;
Och, a Mhoire, mo leon
Gu bheil a chòir aig Mac-Cailein

'S tric a faighneachd gach aon neach,
Ciod e t' aois, a nigh'n Lachainn?
Ciod am fàth dhomh sin innseadh,
'S nach creid sibhs' e 'n lorg m' fhaicinn?
Cha 'n fheil fiacail am dheudaich
Nach do leum as mo chlaigeann,
A sior iargainn nan daoine
Ris an glaoidhteadh na gaisgich.

Donald, first Maclean of Brolas, was a brother of Sir Lachlan Maclean of Duart.

He had two sons, Lachlan, second Maclean of Brolas, and Hector Og, who was drowned whilst going to Barra in a small open boat. Lachlan married Isabel, daughter of Hector, second Maclean of Torloisk, and had two sons, Donald, third Maclean of Brolas, and Allan, an officer in the British army. This is the Allan whose death is lamented in the poem. He died at Stirling in 1722.

Lachlan, second Maclean of Brolas, and Lachlan, third Maclean of Torloisk, visited Edinburgh on business connected with Sir John Maclean's estate in 1769. They were received very kindly by James Duke of York, afterwards King James II. They were both men of high character and good ability. The former died in 1686 and the latter in 1687.

Oran

Do Shir Eachann Mac-Gilleain, a chaochail anns an Roimh 'sa bhliadhna 1751.

'Fhir 'tha 'n cathair an Fhreasdail,
Cùm-sa ceart agus còir ruinn,
'S cuir deagh sgeul ugainn dhachaidh
Air Sir Eachann nan ro-seol.
Tha thu fad' uainn a 'fhearann,
Agus tamull air fogradh;
Gur h-e sgeula mo sgaraidh,
Cach 'bhith 'g aithris nach beo e.

A Shir Eachainn nan luireach,
Nan long siubhlach 's nam bratach,
Is nan cuirt-fhearaibh riomhach,
'S gum bu lionmhor a' t' fheachd iad.
'S iomad gaisgeach mor, priseil,
'Rachadh 'sios fo do bhrataich,
'S tu air thoiseach fir Alba,
'S bu mhor t' armailt ri 'faicinn.

Bha thu 'd dhalt' aig a bhànruinn,
'S mor an t-ait 'thug i-fein dhuit;
Ad léine-chneis aig a bràthair,
Mar aisne chnamha nach treigeadh
Chaill thu t' oighreachd is t' fhearann,
'S thug thu thairis gu leir iad,
Airson seasamh gu rioghail,
'S rinn do shinnsireachd fein sud.

Tha mo chion air an fhior-fhuil,
Seabhag rioghail na h-ealtainn,
Agus cuilein an leoghainn,
'S og a dh' fhoghluim a ghaisge;
Ursann-chath' thu roimh mhìltean
'N am dol 'sios ann am baiteal;
'S urr' a shuidheachadh blair thu,
Ged 'bhiodh cach ann an gealtachd.

'Chraobh a 's airde 'san doir' thu,
No an coille nan Gaidheal,
Sgiath ro laidir gun ghiorag
Thu aig slinnein Phrionns' Tearlach.
Bu tu iuchair an fhuasglaich,
Nuair 'bu chruaidh, no bu chàs e;
Meud do ghliocais 's do chéille
Bheireadh reidh as gach àit thu.

Dh' fhairich latha Chuil-fhodair
Gum bu dosgach na Gaidheil,
'S gun robh thus' ann an Sasunn,
Air do ghlacadh le d' namhaid.
Nan do thachair gun d' fhaod thu
'Bhith le d' dhaoine 'sa bhlar ud,
Cha bhiodh Deargannaich Shasuinn
'Dol slàn dhachaidh gu 'n aite

Tha do chaistealan geala
Is do thallachan priseil,
Far 'm biodh ol agus aighear
Aig luchd-caithimh an fhi·na,
Fo luchd adaichean dubha,
Mo sgeul dubhach gur fior e;—
'Righ, nach robh iad 'sa Chaillich
Fo ard chaithrim an lionaidh

Gu bheil sean duine corrach
'N cois na h-oirthir mu thuath oirnn;
'S gur ro choimheach a ghàbhadh
Nuair 'bhios àrdan mu 'n cuairt air.
'S truagh nach facas Diuc Uilleam
'S na bha 'chruinneachadh sluaigh aig',
Air an tilgeadh mu 'chasan
Ann am braisead a bhuaireis.

Gu bheil baintighearn' mhor, stràiceil
'Gabhail taimh mu na criochan s';
Tha i dionach 'na fearann,
Is cha chairich an righ i.

'S truagh nach facas fir Shasuinn
Air an glacadh le innleachd,
'S iad a faodainn an duaise
Bho 'laimh chruaidh-se gu cinnteach.

Seal mun dàinig Righ Raibeart
Bha i socrach 'na h-àithe,
Cha do thogadh riamh cìsean
No diol airson màil d' i.
Nuair a dh' eireadh a corruich
Gum bu choimheach a gàirich.
Bu chuis eagail is uamh-chrith
Tigh 'nn an uair sin na lathair.

Tha mo chridhe air a shracadh
Mar shean phaipeir a fhliuchteadh;
No mar fhiadh air an fhasach
Ann san tràighteadh gach cuisle,
Leis an naidheachd so 'fhuair mi,
'S i cho luath ri each trupa,
A Shir Eachainn na bàighe,
Fàth mo chraidh, nach dig thusa.

'S bochd gach duine dhe t' uaislean,
'S mor an smuairean 's an eislean,
'S iad mar mhial-choin gun fhuasgladh,
Is snaim chruaidh air an eill ac';
Iad a fulang gach mùisig
Fo shlait-sgiursaidh nam beisdean,
Is a feitheamh na h-uaire
Anns am fuasgail thu fein iad.

Cha'n e cumha na caorach
Tha mi caoineadh fo smalan!
Gur h-e m' iargainn na daoine
Ris am faodainn mo ghearan.
Orms' thàinig an t-ànradh
An tus samhradh na gaillinn
Na h-eich dhonn' agus dhubha
'Bhith gur bruthadh 's gur prannadh.

'Mhic mhic Ailein mhic Thearlaich,
B' e mo chradh do chall fala,
'S i 'na ruith as gach taobh dhiot
'Na dearg chaochanaibh meara.
'S truagh nach dug iad do dh-I thu
Mar-ri sinnsreachd do sheanar;
Far 'bheil cuirp nan seachd righrean
'Bha d'e 'n fhion-fhuil 'bu ghlaine.

Ged a theireadh Clann-Lachainn
Nach fanadh iad uaitse,
Cha do dhearbh iad an aidmheil
An am t' fhaicinn 'sa chruadal.
'S ann a leagadh an caiptin
A bha agad ri d' ghualainn;
'S gun do dh-fhuirich thu aige
Ged a threachail sin uaigh dhuit.

'S mithich dhomhs' a bhith samhach,
'S sgur de dh-aireamh nan uislean;
Tha mo dhochas an Criosda
Nach fior mar a chualas,
Ach gun dig Mac-Gilleain
A nall fhathast thar chuantan;
Is theid sinne na chomhail
Gle dheonach 'san uair sin.

The Queen referred to in the third stanza is Queen Anne. The Cailleach of the seventh stanza is the headland of that name at the north-western extremity of Mull. The Sean duine of the eighth stanza is the Point of Ardnamurchan. The baintighearna of the ninth stanza is the

whirlpool of Coirriebhreacain between Guna and Scarba. Mac mhic Ailein mhic Thearlaich is Charles Maclean of Drimnin, who commanded the Macleans at the battle of Culloden.

Sir Hector Maclean was born at Calais in France, November 6th, 1703. He was brought to London by his parents a few weeks afterwards. He was placed under the care of Donald Maclean of Coll at a very early age. He lived at Coll until his eighteenth year, when he was sent to Edinburgh for his education. He went to France in 1721. He returned in 1725, but went back in 1728. He left France in June, 1745, to take part in the rising under Prince Charles. He was arrested in Edinburgh, through the treachery of the man with whom he lodged, on the 5th of June. He was sent to London, where he was retained a prisoner until May, 1747. He returned to France, immediately after being set at liberty. He went to Rome in 1750. In the month of July he had an attack of appoplexy, in that city. From this attack he partly recovered. He had a second attack in October. The second attack resulted in his death. The poem seems to have been composed after the news of the first at-

tack had reached the Highlands, or about August, 1750. Sir Hector was a good Latin scholar, and spoke Gaelic, English, French, and Italian fluently.

Oran.

Do dh-Aileen Mac-Gilleain, Fear Bhrolais.

LUINNEAG.

Hi ri ri ri èile,
Horin o or ho i o ho éile,
Hiurabh i hu o ho na o éile.

Mo cheist an Leathanach modhar!
Guala dheas dha'n dig an cota,
'S fearr a chuireas Gaill o 'm meoiribh,
Siod' is pasmunn air do dhornaibh,
Mar a chàireadh taillear doigh orr;
Glan airgiod ad bhroilleach orbhuidh,
'S gur a math 'thig scarf de 'n t-srol dhuit,
Mu do mhuineal geal an ordagh.

Bu tu dealbh a ghaisgich mhorail
Air each cruidheach 's e fo 'chomhdach,
Spuir gheur, ghuineach, air do bhotuinn,
Paidhir dhagachan ad phòca,
Do shluagh mu d' thimchioll an ordagh,
'S iad ag eisdeachd ri do chomhradh.—
B'iad fhein na lasgairean còdha
'Thogadh creach 's a thilleadh torachd.

Gur a h-e mo chion s' an curaidh
'Tha 'na ghluasad mar a bhuineadh.
'S car thu 'n laoch a choisinn urra n,
Eachann Ruadh nan cruaidh chath fuileach;
'S fad a chluinnteadh fuaim a bhuille,
Stoirm a thuaigh' air clar a luiuge,

'S e 'cur a chaisteil gu 'fhulang
Gus 'n do striochd iad dha gu h-uile.

Gum b' e sud an comhlan calma
'Chaidh do dh-Eirinn 's a fhuair ainm ann;
Bha sibh misneachail fo 'r n-armaibh
Mar leoghannaibh guineach garga;
Bha sibh cruadalach ri 'r n-aimsir,
Ged is faoin e 'n diugh ri 'sheanachas;
Ghlac sibh ian air ealtainn ainmeil,
'S thàinig sibh le cliu do dh-Albainn.

'S car thu do na gaisgich uaibhreach
'Chuir au aghaidh ris a chruadal,
Lachainn Catanach na gruaige,
Eachann Mór am fìrean uasal,
Lachann Mór a chleachd 'bhith buadhach,
Deagh Shir Lachainn 'bu mhath gluasad,
Is Sir Eachann calma, cuanta,
A thuit ann am blar an fhuathais.

Gur a mis' a tha fo mhulad
Mu 'n turas 'thug Iarla Mhuile,
Ghabh Hobrun foill air do bhuidhinn,
'S le Mac-Cailein cha bu dubhach.
Nan d' fhuaradh le m' ghradh cead siubhal,
Nan d' fhuaradh bhitheamaid subhach,
Bheireadh am prionnsa dhuit cumha,
'S phòsadh an righ riut a phiuthar.

Cha 'n-ionghnadh ged bhiodh tu meanmnach',
Misneachail, morchuiseach, calma.
'S car thu 'n Iarl' a b' fhearr 'bha'n Albainn,
A bha measail, cliuiteach, ainmeil,
'S a rinn sin 's gach cùis a dhearbhadh.
Chuir a bhànruinn ann làn earbsa
Mar thriath dileas, fiachail, calma,
'S ghabh i trom cheist air fear ainme.

M' eudal Sir Iain nan caisteal!
Nuair a dh' eireadh tu 'sa mhaduinn,
Bhiodh do shluagh gu greadhnach agad,
'S cha b' fhiach leo 'bhith 'togail bhaltag,
No 'giulan chleocannan glasa,
'B eibhinn a dh' fhalbhadh iad leatsa,
Duthchannan roimhibh gan creachadh,
'Tearnadh bho ghleanntaibh gu machair.

Dh' aithnichinn do cheum a dol seachad,
Bhiodh fear a giulan do bhrataich,
'S gur a fad a chit' a h-aiteal.—
Cearrach thu, poitear, is marcaich',
Fear chuil dualaich, chuachaich, chleach
diach,
Gruaidh mar chaorann, taobh mar chailce,
Guth do chinn bu bhinn ri 'chlaistinn,
'S cha b' e tuireadh mna nach faicteadh.

'Dhaoine na cuiribh dhomh 'n duileachd,
Bhith 'tigh'nn air an Iarla Mhuileach,
Am fear caoimhneil, baigheil, duineil,
'Dh' òladh deoch 's cha b' ann a cuman,
Ach a searrag a bheoil chuimir,
'S do thosgaidean air an uilinn;
'S iomadh stocach laidir, urrant',
'Gheibheadh deoch an am an tunnaidh.

Ailein, eudail 's ann 'tha thusa
Mar a bha Naoise mac Uisue,
'Dh' fhalbh le Deirdri, nigh'n a chruiteir;
Gach aon te tha 'tabhairt thugad.—
Càit a bh-fheil i 'n lùib a trusgain,
De shioda, no shrol, no mhuslan,
Aon bhean og, air meud a cuirteis,
Nach faodadh laighe mar-riut-sa?

B' fhearr leam gun cluinninn do phòsadh,
Ri te uasail, mhaisich, bhoidhich,
Nigh'n Mhic-Cailein, no Mhic-Dhomhnaill,

Ogha no 'ar-ogha do 'n Mhorair,
No bhean a's fearr de Shiol Tormaid,
Te bhiodh freagarrach 's gach doigh dhuit,
A bheireadh cisteachan de 'n òr dhuit,
'S a rachadh eich gheala 'na còmhail.

Eudail de dh-fhearaibh an achaidh,
Thuirt iad riut gun robh thu prabach,
Gun do shil na suilean asad —
Cha b' e bhith 'g iasgach a ghlas eisg,
No bhith ri togail nam partan,
Ach a bhith 'sna blair a chleachd thu;
'S bidh sin ad chuimhne cho fada
'S a bha Fionn do dh-fhear a bhradain.

Gur b-e miš' a tha fo mhighean,
Mu gach aon 'tha dhuit am miorun,
Eadar Gleann-Urchaidh 's Cinntire
Agus Maol na b-Oigh' an Ile.
Thuirt iad nach b' airidh air mnaoi thu;
'S ann aca nach robh an fhirinn.
'S math 'thig dhuit an claidheabh liomhte,
'S bu mhor t' fheum an am na strì leis.

Nam bu mhis' a bhiodh cur binne
Air gach aon 'tha ort ri dìmeas,
'Nan culaidh-fharmaid cha bhiodh iad,
'S nach h-ann de chaolach an t-sìl thu,
No de mhosgan, no de chrionaich.
Is slat ard thu 'n abhall phriseil.
B' ùr a choill 'san d' rinn thu cinntinn,
'S bu ghlan uchd do mhuime-chiche.

Gur h-e mis' a th' asad cinnteach,
Nan tachradh tu 'n àite diomhair
Air chomas do làmh a shineadh,
Gum biodh do luchd-diumb' gun fhiaclan,
Gun charbad uachdair no iochdair,
Gun neart a ghluasad an ciobhlan,
Cairdean a tagairt an dìlib,
'S an éirig fada gun dioladh.

Gur h-e mis' a th' air mo leonadh,
'S beag mo shunnd ri gabhail orain,
Mi mar chomhachaig gun solas,
Mar ian am brughach 'na onrachd.
Gun duin' a sheasamh mo chòrach,
Bhon a dhealaich rium na connspuinn,
Sir Eachann tha thall air fogradh,
Is Ailein nach h-fheil air m orthir.

'S mis' a chòrr an deidh a dathadh,
'S mi 'm onrachd air cheann an rathaid;
Mi gun cheol, gun ol, gun aighear,
Ach fo bh on gun sòlas beatha,
'S nach robh mi 'choir cinneadh m' athar
Bhon a dh' fhogradh Clann-Ghilleain
As an duthich 's as an cathair;—
Fàth mo leoin bhur foirneart bratha.

Duileachd, doubt, suspicion. Còrr, a crane.

Allan Maclean succeeded his father as 4th of Brolas in 1725. He entered the army when young. He was a captain under the Earl of Drumlanrig in Holland. He came home after the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle in 1748, and married Una, daughter of Hector Maclean of Coll. He became chief of the Clan in 1751. He served as a captain in the Montgomerie Highlanders in America from 1757 to 1760. His wife died during his absence. He served as a major in a regiment raised by Lord Southampton,

from 1761 to the close of the Seven Years' War in 1763. He then retired from the army. He attained afterwards the rank of lieutenant-colonel. He was visited by Dr. Johnson at Inch-Kenneth in Mull in 1773. He died December 10th, 1783. He was buried at Inch-Kenneth. The poem was evidently composed before 1748.

The person referred to in the third and fourth stanzas is Eachann Ruadh nan Cath. The seventh, eighth, ninth and tenth stanzas refer to Sir John Maclean, the last of the Lords of Duart. Naoise mac Uisne was a fabulous hero of extraordinary beauty.

Oran

DO DH-AILEIN MAC-GILLEAIN, FEAR BHRÒLAIS.

Mo run Aileen, nan lann tana
Marcaich' allail nan steud meara;
'S fad air t' aineol 'tha thu 'fanachd,
Gun tigh'nn thairis 'dh-ionnsuidh t' fhearainn
dhuthchasaich.

Fear ard coltach, calma, toirteil,
'N lathair cogaidh, an tus troide:
'S mairg a bhrosnaichcadh gu olc thu
An am nochdadh, 's boineid sgrogt' air t'
ùrla-sa.

Fear mor garbh de 'n fhine bhorb thu
Bu mhor ainm an Innse-Gall,
'S a b'fhearr 's an àm 'san robh iad ann;—
Nuair thogt' am fearg, a righ, bu shearbh gach
sugradh bhuap'.

Bha thu cairdeach do 'n t-sliochd laidir
A fhuair àit' am measg nan Gaidheal,
'Bu mhath geard a dhol 's na blaraibh ;
Measail aghmhor fhad 's a bha iad curamach.

Ann an Dubhairt bhiodh luchd-siubhail,
'S chosgteadh riutha mar bu chubhaidh;
An diugh 's dubhach mi gan cumha;—
Laoich na cumhachd, fàth mo phudhair spùinn-
eadh iad.

Nach cluinn thu 'n spreidh le 'n osnaich ghoir
A cur an geill am mulaid fein;
Is eoin nan speur tha 'g radh ri 'cheil'
Nach bochd an sgeul mar dh'fhalbh na trein
'bu chliuitiche.

Bu fhras ghàbhaidh ghreas gu traigh sinn;
Dh'fhag i craiteach sinn gun slainte;
Thuit na h ard-chroinn mhaiseach alainn
'Bha nar gàradh 's fhrois gu lar na h-ubhlan
diu.

Tha mise fann 's gu bheil mi dall;
Cha leir dhomh falbh gun duine am laimh.
A threuna 'b' annsa, dh' fhàs mi mall,
Bhon chaidh ur call, 's gun ghloir am cheann a
dhùisgeas sibh.

Allan, fourth Maclean of Brolas, was the only son of Donald, third of Brolas. He was a long time in the army.

Domhnall Ban Mac-Gilleain

Donald Ban Maclean lived in Mull He was a good poet.

Oran

Do Dhomhnall Mac-Gilleain, Fear Bhrolais

'N tùs an t-samhridh so, 'bha
Dhuinn mar gheamhradh gun bhlàths,
Chaidh ar ceannard fo chlaraibh dùinte:
Ann an ciste nam bord,
Air a sparradh le ord.
'S sinn ga seuladh le bron dùbailt'.

Sliabh-au-t-sioraim gun stàth
Chomhdaich sinne 'measg chaich,
Le lan togar, gun sgàth gun churam,
Mar bu chubhaidh 's bu dual;
Bha thu 'n teiseach an t-sluaigh,
'N deidh an t-ordagh 'thoirt bhuait do d' mhuinntir;

'S tu mar leoghann garg, mor,
A threin churanta, oig,
Le d'lainn sholuis ad dhorn gu dioghailt.
'S math a thigeadh dhuit cleoc',
Agus at a bhil' òir;
Fear do choltais cha bheo mu 'r timchioll.

Do cheann-cinnidh 's tu fein,
Bha 'san iomairt gu treun,
'Deanamh millidh air treud an Diuca.
Cha robh gaisgich oirnn gann
Anns an t-slachdarich a bh' ann,
'S cha bu bhochd leinn mar cheannard dùinn thu.

A ghnuis sheirceil an aigh,
Dha 'n robh freasdal do chach,
Cha bu bheagan 'bu lan ad shuileau.
Ge b' e 'thogadh ort strì,
Cha b' i 'n obair gun bhrigh,
'Fhir 'bu togarrach sith 's nach diultadh.

'S ann au toiteal nan each
'Bha do chosmhalas bras,
'Fhir d' am buineadh a mhaise ùrla.
Ann an caithream nan arm,
Bha thu farumach, calm',
Cha bu shuarrachas t' fhearg ri 'dusgadh.

Nuair a thige ı lh tu 'm mach,
Air do chois no air each,
'Dhol an coinnimh ri luchd do dhiomba,
Is a chaochladh tu snuadh,
Gum b' fhàth curaim d' an cluais
An lamh a b' iomadach buaidh 's bu chliuiteach.

Och nan och a ta buan,
Gu bheil sinne dheth truagh
Θ 'n la 'chunnaic sinn t' uaigh ga bùrach;
'N darna h-oighre 'bha beo
De shliochd ceart Eachainn Oig;
Creach nan creach thainig oirnn ri aon uair.

'S e bàs Caiptin nam buadh
A dh' fhag sinne bochd truagh;
'S cairdeach Padruig 'san uair so dhùinne;
Bàs an duine so 'dh' fhalbh,
A dh' fhag cuimir ar steirm,
'S fàth ar duilichinn soirbh ri 'dhùsgadh

Fàth 'ar caoinidh 's ar sprochd
Nach caoin shuarach a lot,
Ach cneidh shic a ta goirt ri 'giulan.
Chaidh a chuibhle mu 'n cuairt,

A dh' fhag dubhach ar gruaidh:
Cha'n fheil eibhneas 'san uair so dhùinne.

Thuit am fùran le beum,
Oirnn' is soilleir an leus,
Ceann ar cinnidh cha'n fheud e dusgadh.
'Thi 'bha labharach, ard,
Bha thu mìn 's bha thu thu garbh;
'Righ, bu smachdail do ghnaths ri d' dhuthaich!

Oirnne 'thainig an fhras,
A mhill snodhach ar slat
'Chunnacas roimhe so pailte, ùrail.
Ge bochd mise air aon,
Cha lot dris' a ta 'm thaobh,
Ach sàthadh biodaig le faobhar dubailt!

'S ann a ghearradh an cnaimh,
Thuit an smear as gu lar,
'S leigh 'sa chruinne cha slanuich dhuinn e;
Ach an leigh a ta shuas,
D' an leir laigsinn an t-sluaigh,
Is da'n deanar 'san uaigh leinn lùbadh.

Esan 'dh' amharc 'na iochd
Air a ghnothach 'ta brisd',
'S a bha roimhe fo mheas le curam,
Ann an sàtalachd beachd,
Gun aon fhailinn, gun airc;—
Cha d' fhuair namhaid le neart riamh pùic dhinn.

Oirnn' a thainig i cas;
Fhroiseadh snodhoch ar slat
Nuair a shaoll sinn 'bhith pailt is ùrail.
'Chraobh de 'n abhall a b' aird'
Thuit a snodhach gu lar,
Gus 'n do theirinn a blath 's a h-ubhlan.

'S ann 'san innis fo lic
A ta 'm fear a bha glic,

D' an robh misneach is meas o 'n Diuca
Bha thu macanta, blath,
Bha thu pailt ri luchd-daimh,
'S bu mhor smachdalachd gnaths do ghiulain.

Thuit am fiuran 'bha treun,
Is d' a chinneadh mar sgéith;—
Tha 'm fear gaisgeanta, ceillidh, cliuiteach,
Ann an ciste nam bord,
Air a dubhadh fo 'n t-srol,
'S tha sinne uile fo bhron ga t' ionndrainn.

Donald, first Maclean of Brolas, was a son of Hector Og of Duart, and was known as Domhnall Mac Eachainn Oig. He fought in several battles under Montrose. He was lieutenant-colonel of the Macleans at the battle of Inverkeithing. He had three sons, Lachlan, his successor, Hector Mor, and Hector Og Lachlan, second of Brolas, died in 1687, in the thirty-seventh year of his age, leaving two sons, Donald and Allan. Donald, third of Brolas, was lieutenant-colonel under Sir John, chief of the Clan, at the battle of Sheriffmuir, in 1715. He received two severe wounds on the head. He died in 1725, in the fifty-fourth year of his age. He was buried at Inch-Kenneth. He was a prudent man, and was very popular.

Mr. Iain Mac-Gilleain.

The Rev. John Maclean was the eldest son of Ewen Maclean of Treshnish. He was licensed to preach the gospel February 25th, 1702, and inducted in to the pastoral charge of Kilninian at Kilmorl, in Mull on the 13th of the following September. He married Isabella, daughter of Charles Maclean in Tiree, Tearlach Mac Neill Bhain, by whom he had four children, Alexander, Ann, Mary and Catherine. He died March 12th, 1756, in the fifty-fourth year of his ministry. He was a man of great zeal in the interest of religion and the dignity of the ministerial character. He was a very good poet.

Alexander, only son of the Rev. John Maclean, succeeded his father as minister of the parish of Kilninian and Kilmore. Ann was married to John Maclean, son of Allan of Grishipool, in Coll; Mary, to Alexander Maclean of Calgary, in Mull; and Catherine, to John Maclean, son of Archibald Og of Hysker, in North Uist. Chief Justice Maclean, of Upper Canada, was a grandson of Catherine.

Oran

Air dol sios Chloinn-Ghilleain.

Ged is grianach an latha
'S beag mo shunnd-sa ri aighear,
O'n la chuala mi naidheachd mo leoin.

'S beag air cadal mo luaidh-sa
'Bhrigh na naidheachd s' a fhuair mi;
'S tric ga fliuchadh mo chluasag le bron.

S beag mo shunnd ris an taileasg,
Cha'n fheil m' fhiodhull ach tàrcach,
'S cha d id teud ann am chlarsaich ri m' bheo

'S tearc mo ghruaidhean-sa tioram,
Ach, mar alltan ga mhìrid,
Tha mo shuilean ri sileadh nan deoir.

Och, mo thruaigh-s' an fhine
Tha gun chòir, gun cheann-cinnidh,
Gun àite, gun ionad, gun treoir.

Iad mar luing a bha gleusda
'N deidh a h-acuinn a reubadh
Is gach aona mhuir a leumraich r'a bord;

'Chaill a cabull 's a h-acair,
'S 'tha gun stiuir, gun bhuill-beirte,
Gun chairt-iuil, gun chul-tacs' anns a cheo.

Tha bhur n-abhall air crionadh
Eadar ard agus iseal;
Gach aon latha dol sios mar an smeoir.

'Shliochd Ghilleain na Tuaighe,
Bu mhor ainm ann an cruadal,
Cha bhi cuimhn' air bhur dualchas na 's mo.

Cha bu laigse bu dual duibh
Ach a ghnath a bhith 'n uachdar;
'S ann a dh' imich gach buaidh a bha oirbh

Bu mhor riamh 'bha 'ur n-eagal
Air gach dream air 'm bu bheag sibh,
Gus an d' fhuair sibh bhur leagail fadheoidh.

'S mor bhur truaighe 's bhur leatrom,
'S olc a bhuaidh, is cha bheag i,
Nach h-fheil duin' a ghabh ceist oirbh nach d' fhalbh.

An nis faodaidh Mac-Cailein,
Ni 'bha cruaidh air ré tamuill,
A dhubhan a sparradh 'nar sroin.

Ach biodh cuimhn' air Sir Eachann,
'Thuit le cruadal 's le tapadh
'N Ionarcheitein 'sna chasgradh na sloigh;

Agus fós air Sir Lachainn,
A bha rioghail, ro bheachdail,
'Bu mhath gniomh 's bu mhor feachd aig Montròs;

Is air Eachann nah dian chath,
'Rinn a chorp mar sgeith dhidinn
'Choimhead pearsa a righe bho leoin.

Anns an tung tha Righ Tearlach,
Agus Seumas a bhrathair,
'S cha'n e 'n sliochd no 'n luchd-pairt 'tha nan lorg.

'S olc a choir a th' aig Uilleam,
Bho Olaint nan currachd,
Air comhnadh bho dhuine d' ur seors'.

B' fhad o 'cheil' an da làraich
'S an robh esan is iadsan;
'S mo bhur caoimh ris a phàp 'tha 'san Ròimh.

Cha b' ann idir d' a shinnsribh
'Bha sinn 'dearbhadh ar gniomha

Ach do theaghlach nan righrean a dh'
fhalbh.

Gur h-e bhuineadh do dh-Alba
'Chathair rioghail aic earbsa
Ri fear de shliochd Fhearghuis nan còrn.

De shliochd Shìmein an Eirinn,
Bho Ghaidheal Glas gleusda
'Choisinn cliu ann an Eipheit an òir

B' fhada cuimhn' air bhur seanachas,
'Shliochd nan curaidhnean calma,
Ged a rinneadh le ainneart bhur leon

A Shir Iain, mo thruaighe,
'S tu 'tha ormsa mar chruaidh chàs;
'S goirt a bhuille so 'fhuair thu gu h-og.

Chaill thu seilbh air do dhuthaich,
'Chionn bhith seasamh le durachd;
'S be bhith rioghail a chiurr thu gu borb

Is beag solais do chairdibh,
Ge b' e rioghachd 'san tamh thu,
Ann san Fhraing no 'san Spàin no 'n tir
Phòil.

'S mairg a chailleadh a dhaoine,
Le a righ no na aobhar,
Is gun fhios gu de 'n taobh thig an stoirm.

Cha b'e e spionnadh na pairtidh,
Cha b'e 'n lann no lamh laidir,
Thug am ball dhaibh fo shàilibh am bróg.

Gur h-e 'n Righ 'tha 'sna neamhan,
A ni seal no ard ineach,
'Thug a chuibhle so 'n drasd mu 'n cuairt
oirnn.

Nuair a bha i a tionndadh,
'S i 'cur char gu ro iomluath,
Thilg i sinne fo 'h-iomlaibh 'san lòn.

Leis an roth sin a thllg sinn,
Co 'tha fiorsach no cinnteach,
Nach faodamaid direadh gu fòil?

Dh' fhaodadh bàs nan triuir Lachainn,
'S an aon bhliadhna 'rinn tachairt,
'Chur an geill gun robh 'n car so 'nar còir.

Car de charaibh an t-saoghail
Gu de a bhrigh 'bhith caoineadh,
'S gearr an uair gus an caochail sinn fòd.

Ged tha 'n staid so ro dhuilich
Gidheadh 's feudar a fulang;
'S trie an sìlean a cruinnеachadh pòir.

'S iomadh craobh 'chaidh a gearradh
Cheart cho iseal 's an talamh
As an siolaicheadh faillean is meoir

'Fhir tha dhuinn ann a' t' athair,
Tha ar dùil ann ad mhathas,
'Nis on fhuaradh leinn crathadh na 's leoir;

'Fhir a chlaoidh sinn le annradh
A mhuir-làin is an traghaidh,
Seid deagh shoirbheas do grais an ar seol

'Fhir a leag sinn gu h-iseal.
Tha sinn uil' ort a grìosadh,
Tog a suas sinn mar chìtear gu d' ghloir.

Tha ar cridheachan craiteach,
Tha sinn muladach saraicht',
Chuireadh bior ann am àirnibh 's mi og.

'S e dol sios Chloinn-Ghillealn,
'Bu mhath gniomh air a chlaidhibh,
A dh' fhàg mise gun aighear, gun treoir.

Eachann nan dian chath; Hector Odhar, who was killed at Flodden in

1513, defending the person of his king from the arrows of the English. Fearghus nan Corn; Fergus Mor Mac Earc, a petty king in Argyleshire about the year 503. Simean; Simon Breac, an imaginary Irish king who is said to have reigned at Tara. He was descended from Milesius, who was descended from Gaidheal Glas, the fictitious progenitor of the Gaidels of Scotland and Ireland. Na tri Lachainnean; Lachlan, second of Brolas, who died in 1686; Lachlan, third o Torloisk, who died in 1687; and Lachlan, ninth of Coll, who also died in 1687. There were not twelve months between the death of the first and the last of these.

Dan Molaidh

Do 'n Ghaidhlig 's do 'n Fhaclair Ghaidhlig a chuireadh am mach le Eideard Lüid 'sa bhliadhna 1704.

Air teachd o 'n Spàin do shliochd a Ghaidhil ghlais,
Do shliochd nam Milidh, 'n fhine nach bu tais,
Bu mhor an sgleo 's gach fòd air cruas an lann,
'S air filidheachd le foghlum nach bu ghann.
Nuair 'dh' fhas am pòr ud mor a bhos is thall
Bha meas is prìs fo 'n Ghaidhlig anns gach ball.

An teanga lionmhor, bhrioghmhor, bhlasda bhinn,
'S a chànain thartrach, liobhte, ghasda ghrinn!
An cuirt nan righ tri mile bliadhn' is treall
Do bha i 'n tus mun d' thog cainnt Dhubh-Ghall ceann.
Gach filidh 's bard, gach leigh, aosdana 's diaoidh,
Drùibhnich is seanachaidh, fòs gach ealain shaor
Do thug Gatélus leis o 'n Eiph't a nall,
'Sa Ghaidhlig sgriobh iad sud le gniomh am peann.

Na diadhairean mor' 'bu chliu 's bu gloir do 'n chleir
'S ann leath' gu tarbhach 'labhair iad briathran Dhe.
'S i labhair Pàdruig 'n Innisfàil nan righ,
'S am fàidhe caomh sin Calum naomh an I.
B' i 'b' oide-muint' do luchd gach duthch' is teang';
Chuir Gaill is Dubh-Ghaill uic' an iul 's an clann.
Na Frangaich liobht' a lean gach tir am beus,
O I nan deoraidh ghabh am foghlum freumh.

'Nis dh' fhalbh i bhuainn gu tur, mo nuar 's mo chreach!
'S tearc luchd a gaoil;—b' e sud an saogh'l fa seach
Reic iad 's a chulrt i air cainnt uir o 'n dé,
'S do threig le tàir, 's bu nàr leo 'n cànain fein:
Thuit i 'san uir araon le h-ughdaraibh geur',
'S na fiaith da 'n dù i ghabh d' a cùmhdach speis.

Air Eideard Lùid biodh àgh 'is cuimhn' is buaidh,
A rinn gu h-ur a dusgadh as a h-uaigh.

Gach neach 'ta 'fhreumh o 'n Ghaidheal ghasda gharg,
'S gach dream dha 'n dù a chànain ud mar chainnt,
S gach aon do chinn air treubh 's air linn an Sguit
An duais a's fiach thu 's coir gun ioc iad dhuit,
On bhanruinn air an tràth-s' a bheil an an crun.
Gu ruig am bochd do 'n àit an nochd an dùn.
Bha 'n ainm 's an euchd o linn nan ceudan àl
Tre mheath na Gaidhlig 'dol a cuimhne chàich.
'Nis 'n uile ghniomh chluinn criochan fada thall;
'S deir iad le cheil', "Bho Gaidhil aon uair ann."
'S na 's fearr, a shaoidh, bidh briathran liobht' 'nar beul.
Lan seagh is brigh le 'n nochdar firinn Dhe.
Cia fios an Ti 'chuir 'n Aholiab tùr,
'S am Besailil, a thogail arois ùir,
Nach e so fein do ghluais 's do ghleus dhuinn Lùid
Le tuigse threin le 'n dugt' an ceum so thrid;
'Bhrigh 'bhith na run 'ainm 'dheanamh cliuiteach, mor,
Air feadh nan crioch 'san d 'fhuair na Gaidhil coir.
Gu m' h-amhlaidh 'bhios; 's gach neach do chi an lo,
Biodh t' ainm-sa sgriobht' 'na chrìdh' an litreach oir,
Agus 'na chuimhne, 's gheibh thu 'chaidh uam fein
Beannachd is failt' le m' chrìdh', le m' laimh, 's le m' bheul.

Edward Lhuyd was a native of Wales. He was a distinguished Keltic scholar. His Archaeologia Britannica, a work of great value, appeared in 1704. It contained a Gaelic-English vocabulary.

Oran Gaoil.

Tha tamull on sguir mi de 'n dan
Ge h-e so àm 'sam b' fhearr 'fheum;
'S diomhain a a leig mi mo chù
Seal mun d' chuir mi ùigh 'san t-seilg

An tus m' aimsir' bha mi baoth,
Mar a ghaoth air feadh nan speur,
'Cosg mo laithean air bheag stà,
'S gur soilleir a bhlàth orm fein.

'Nis on thuig mi m' eucoir mhor,
Cliu is gloir do dh-aon Mhac De;
Mo run fheadh 's a bhios mi beo
Gun seachainn mi gloir gun fheum.

Rì diomhanas thug mi mo bhòid,
'Chaoidh de m' dheoin cha dean mi breug;
Labhram gun bharrachd, gun bhosd,
Air ribhinn oig an òr-fhuilt reidh.

'S iomadh laigs' a tha 'san fheoil,
Fheadh 's a bhios sinn beo 'sa chre;
'S ma 's ann de 'n ghnè sin an gradh
Gur lionte, lan dheth 'thà mi-fein.

'S e mo bharail, fà bhreith chaich,
Gur a laghail gradh gun bheud;
Mur a soailinn sud 's gach uair
Dheanainn strì gu 'bhuain a 'fhreumh.

Seal mun d' fhas thu ach gu h-og,
'S tu 't fhaillein beag, boidheach, reidh,
B' e barail gach aoin dha 'm b' eol
Nach bu chno thu bharr bun géig.

'S iomadh buaidh ri mealladh graidh
Eadar do bhràghad 's do chul;
Suil mhògach, mhòchuiseach, bheo,
Mheallach, choir, mar dhearc fo dhruchd

Gle gheal do bhràghad 's do bhas,
Gle gheal do chas is do dheud,
Gle ghéai do chneas 'tha sliom, ur,
Mar am flur no 'n canach sléibh.

Beul mìn-dearg, meachair, mar ròs,
O 'n dig gloir gu socair, reidh,
Is mò mo mhiann air do phoig,
Na air na tha 'dh-or fo 'n ghrein.

A t' àilleachd ge dearbha mi,
Is mo mo mhiann air do bheus;
'S tu ceanalta, ceillidh. suairc',
Socair, uasal, modhail, seimh.

Ged tha àilleachd ort mar bhuaidh,
'S dreach snuaidh do nach coimeas cach,
Na dean uaill a sgèimh na h-oig'
Mar bharr feoir a 's diombuain blath.

Bheir mìos' de dh-euslaint' a nuas
An snuadh a's dreachmhoire fas;
Dreach àlainn is dealbh gach dùil
Iompar gu uir leis a bhàs.

Cuimhnich do Chruithear 'tha shuas,
'S cuir ùigh gu h-iomlan na 'ghras;
'S gum b' e do ghliocas 's do chiall
A riar a dheanamh do ghnath.

'S lionmhor laoch tha ort an tòir,
Sud na sgeoil nach binn leam fein;
Cuid diu 'tha camadh nan beoil,
'S cuid 'tha 'n sron fo 'n aon ghleus.

Cha'n fhas ubhlan air an dris,
No deagh mheas air coille chrìn,
'S ni 'n creideam gur cridhe cruaidh
'Tha fo 'n ghruaidh a 's maisich' sgèimh.

'T ainm ni a'threach leam a luaidh,
'S gur ionnan d' a fhuaim 's d' a ghnè,
Nigh 'n Dhomhnaill o Chuil nan sonn;—
Sud am fonn 'san robh ar freumh.

So dhuit-s', a chailin nam buadh,
Tiodhlac de shuairceas mo bheoil,
Is thoir na 'chomain an duais
A 's cubhaldh dha t' uaisle mhoir.

Phos nighean Dhomhnaill fear eile, a reir coltais Caimbeulach no Camaranach. Miochuiseach, bewitching.

Oran Gaoil.

Le Iain Mac-Gilleain, do dh'-Anna Nic-Gilleain, a leannan agus i air pòsadh fir eile.

'N aisling chunnaic mi 'm chadal
B' fheàrr gum faicinn am dhùsgadh,
Thu 'bhith eadar mo ghlacaibh
Ga do thatadh gu dlùth rium.
Nuair a dhùisg mi 'sà mhaduinn
Is nach d' fhuaras tu agam
Thàinig deòir air mo rasgaibh,
Shil orr' frasach 's bu dlùth i.

Shil orr' frasach 's bu dlùth i,
Mu 'n ghéig ùir a dh' fhas alainn;
Gura guirme do shùilean
Na an drùchd air bhàrr fàsaich.
Gu bheil maise ann a' t' ùrla
Dh' fhàg mo chridhe-sa brùite
Gus an d' rinn i a mhùchadh,
'S trom a dhrùidh i air m' àirnean.

'S trom a dhrùidh i air m' àirnean,
'S cha 'n fheil stà ann an léigh dhomh,
Ged a chluinn mi guth mànrain
Cha dig gàire le éibhneas.
On is duine gun stà mi
'Chaidh a mhilleadh le d' ghràdh-sa,
'S e thu féin a bhith làmh-rium
Dheanadh slàn mi o m' chreuchdan.

Gur h-e 'dh' fhàgadh gun chreuchd mi
Pòg no dhà o d' bheul cùbhraidh;
Gu bheil maise na feucaig'
Ann ad eudan ga 'giulan,
'S mi nach iarradh do spréidh leat;
Bhithinn aighearach, éibhinn
Ga do ghabhail ad léine
Le toil cléir agus dùthcha.

Cuid de bhuadhan na h-ing ghinn'
A bhith binn-fhaclach beul-dhearg:
Tha do ghruaidh mar bhermillion
Is cha tillear bho 'n fhéill thu.
Gun do sharaich thu sinne
Le do bhàcharan tioram;
'S e do ghradh 'th' air mo mhilleadh
'S mi ri sireadh beachd-sgéil ort.

Ochain, Anna 'nighn 'n Dómhnaill,
'S i do dhòigh 'tha cur eud orm;
Gur a binne do chòmhradh leam
Na 'n smeòrach air gheugan.
'S mor gum b' fhearr bhith riut pòsda
Na bhith thall anns an Olaint,
Ged bu leamsa de dh-òr
Na bha an seombar Righ Seumas.

Nuair a bha mi 'san Olaint,
Is s mi thall ann am shaighdear,
Gur a h-iomadh te àlainn
Le 'cuid fhàinneachan daoimein

'Thigeadh ealamh am chômhdhail,
Le lan-fhuran a pòige :—
'S mor gum b' anns a nigh'n Domhnaill
Ged nach bu bheo mi ach oidhche.

Marbhrann

D' A MHNAOI, ISEABAL NIC-GILLEAIN.

'N am dusgadh dhomh as mo chadal
Tha smaointeachadh m' aignidh goirt,
'S mi a' ionndrainn nach h-fheil agam
Bean chaomh a chaidrimh nach b' olc.

Fhuair mis' an coingheall o Dhia thu
Da fhichead bliadhna 's a h-ochd;
'S chaith sinn an uine gun chànran,
'S cha chuala cach sinn a trod

Ach chionn nach h-ann agam-s' sa fhuaradh,
'S nach robh m' aont' dh' i buan gun chrich,
Nuair 'thagair an Ti a thug bhuaith' i,
Leig mise bhuam i gun strì.

'S uaigneach leam-sa 'bhith leam fein,
Ach 's eiginn dhomh fuireach am thosd;
Ordagh Righ nan sluagh gu léir
Gu de 'm feum 'bhith ris a trod?

Tha do leaba leam cumhann, fuar,
Ach bhlaitich Criosd an uaigh le blàths;
Is as a bhàs gun dug e 'n gath,
Sgeula math 's cùis aigh ir e.

Gu de 'm feum dhomh 'bhith gad chaoidh.
'S nach faigh mi a chaoidh thu air ais!

Theid mise ri uine nad dheidh,
'S cinnteach mi gun deid an cais.

Tha do chadal sàmhach, buan,
Gu aiseirigh an t-sluaigh o 'n bhàs;
'S aghmhor a chobhair a rug ort
O anshocair ghoirt 's o chradh.

Tha mo dhòchas ann an Criosd,
'N Ti 'dhiol airson peacadh chaich,
'Thé 's tric a riaraich am bochd
Gu bheil t' anam an nochd 'na bhlàths.

Cuid eile 'chuis m' aoibhnis mhoir,
'S nach d' fhaod gum b'e bhith beo do chàs,
Thu bhith foirfe an naomhachd gun spot,
Gun pheacadh, gun locnd, gu bràth.

Comhdhail sholasach le 'cheile,
Tna mi 'guidhe Dhe de 'ghràs',
'Bhith agamsa 's agad 'feìn
An talla 'n eibhris 's an àigh.

An creideamh na puinge so féin,
An dùil eisdeachd anns a chàs,
Tha mo run-sa fuireach ri m' ré,
Gun mhonmhor, gun eis, gun chradh.

Cha robh do theanga-sa uath;
Co de 'n t-sluagh d' an dug i beum?
B' fhurasd dhomh cliu a thoirt ort
Nach coisneadh a h-uile té.

Ach o nach h-fheil m' ùidh-s ann an sgleo,
'S nach mo 'tha agad-s' air feum,
Fanaidh mi tuilleadh am thàmh;
Ach mo bheannachd gu bràth ad dheidh.

Calum a Ghlinne.

Malcolm Maclean, Calum a Ghlinne, was a native of Kinlochewe, in Rossshire. He enlisted in the army when quite a young man. He retired with a pension. It is likely that after his return he lived for some time in his native district. He spent the latter part of his days in Glensgaith, at the foot of Benwyvis, Beinn-fhuathais, where he had a small piece of land, and grazing for two or three cows. He was married, and had a daughter. He was a good-natured, cheerful man, but was too fond of a dram. He had an excellent wife, a woman who never said a cross word to him, whether he was drunk or sober. He died about the year 1764. His daughter was married. Her husband and herself were living in the parish of Contin in 1769.

Mo Chailin Donn Og.

LUINNEG.

Mo chailin donn og, 's mo nighean dubh thogarrach,
Thogainn ort fonn 's neo-throm gun togainn,
Mo nigh 'n dubh gun iarraidh, mo bhriathar gun togainn,
'S gun innsinn an t-aobhar nach h-'fheilea s gad thogradh,
Mo chailin donn og.

Gu bheil thu gu boidheach, baindidh, banail,
Gun chron ort fo 'n ghrein, gun bheum, gun sgainnir;
Gur gil' thu fo d' lein' na éiteag na mara,
'S tha choír' agam fein gun cheile 'bhith marriut.

Gur muladach mi 's mi dhith na 's math leam;
Na dheanadh dhomh stàth th' aig cach ga mhalairt.
Bidh t' athair an comhnuidh 'gol le caithream;
'S e eolas nan corn a dh' fhag mi cho falamh.

Nam bithinn-sa 'gol mu bhord na dibhe,
'S gum faicinn mo mhiann 's mo chiall a tighinn,
'S e 'n copan beag donn 'thogadh fonn air mo chridhe,
'S cha dugainn mo bhriathar nach iarrainn e rithisd.

Bidh bodaich na duthch' rl bùrt 's ri fanaid,
A cantuinn rium fein nach geill mi 'dh ainnis.
Ged tha mi gun spreidh tha teud ri 'tharruinn,
'S cha sguir mi de 'n ol ri m' bheo air thalamh.

'S iomadh bodachan gnù nach duraig m' aithris,
Le 'thional air spreidh 's iad ga 'threigsinn 's t-earrach,
Nach cosg anns a bhliadhn' blaigh trian a ghallain,
'S cha doir e fo 'n uir na 's mù na bheir Calum.

Nam bithinn air feill 's na ceudan mar-rium
De chuideachda choir a dh' òladh drama,
Gun suidhinn mu 'n bhord 's gun traighinn mo shearrag;
'S cha duirt mo bhean riamh rium ach Dia leat a Chaluim.

Ged tha mi gun stor le ol 's le iomairt,
Air bheagan de ni le pris na mine,
Tha m' fhortan aig Dia 's Efialaidh uime,

'S ma gheibh mi mo shlaint gum pàigh mi na
shireas.

Ge mor e le cach na tha mi 'milleadh,
Cha dugainn mo bhoic nach òlainn tuilleadh;
Gur h-e a bhith mor tha 'n fheoil a sireadh;
Tha 'n sgeul ud ri aithris air Calum a Ghlinne.

An T-Each Odhar.

LUINNEAG.

Sud mar 'dh' iomair mi 'n t-each odhar,
'Thug mi thun na feille fotham;
'Nuair a shaoil mi 'chur air theadhair,
'S ann a gheibhinn dram dheth.

Thug mi 'n sgriob ud bho Cheann-Locha
Leis an each 'bu mhath gu obair;
'S gu de 'thachair rium gu h-obann
Ach stòp sgobaig 's dram ann.

Ghabh mi cairtealan an toiseach,
'S thuirt bean-an-taighe gun doicheall,
B' fhèairrd thu rud an deidh na coiseachd,
'S thug i deoch is dram dhomh.

Dh' fhosgail mi dorus an t-seombair;
Bha cairdean ann is luchd-eolais,
'S thuirt iad rium le briathran mora,
Gun olainn gun taing dhomh.

Bhon a fhuair mi iad cho cridheil
Ghlaodh mi-fhin air stòp a rithisd;
Saoil sibh fein nach b' fhèairrd sinn dithsid,
'S mi 'thighinn cho anmoch!

Shuidh mi gu somalt am chathair,
'S ghlaodh mi 'suas ri bean-an-taighe,
Bhon theirig solus an latha
I dh' fhaiginn duinn choinnlean.

Thug mis' an oidhche gu latha
Ri sior ol an uisge-bheatha
'S airgiod mo ghearrain ga 'chrathadh
Ri aighear 's ri dannsa.

Nuair a shaoil mi gum b' e 'n lath' e,
Dh' fhosgail mi dorus a chadha,
'S chunnaic mi 'n talamh, 's an t-adhar,
'S ball' an taighe 'dannsa.

Chuir mac-na-bracha air mhisg mi,
Chaidh e ann am cheann a chlisgeadh,
'S thug e bhuam mo chainnt a thiotadh
Le liotaich' mo theanga.

Nuair a dh' éirinn ann am sheasamh,
'S ann a dh' fhalbhainn air mo leth-taobh;
Gun do bhagair e mo leagadh,—
Cuid de 'n chleas a rinn e.

Cha dug mise bharr na féille,
Air son m' eich a b' airde 'leumadh,
Ach da fhacal de dhroch Bheurla;
'S bha mi-fein an call deth.

'S e bu chiall daibh thig, a nighean,
'S lion a suas an stòp a rithisd.—
Cha robh guth air màl an tighearn',
No air dlighe maighstir,

Bho Cheann-Locha is in the MS. do Cheann-Locha, and may be correct. It is said, however, that it was at Dingwall that Malcolm sold the horse. Sud mar 'dh iomair mi 'n t-each odhar is what is in the MS., and is more expressive than the words generally sung, Sud mar 'bhuilich mi 'n t-each odhar.

Iain Mac Thearlaich Oig.

John Maclean, Iain mac Thearlaich Oig, was the second son of Charles Maclean of Inverscadell. He was born about the year 1700. He removed from Ardgour, and went to reside in Mull at a place called Sorn. He married Mary, daughter of Allan Maclean of Ardgour, and granddaughter of Sir Ewen Cameron of Lochiel, by whom he had two children, John and Florence. He was the author of several songs.

Is an Leam nach h-fheil Tlachdmhor.

Is ann leam nach h-fheil tlachdmhor
An t-achd a rinn Deorsa,
'Thug ar n-airm bhuainn 's ar n-aodach
A bha daonnan gar còmhdach;
'N aite breacain an fhéile
As 'm bu ghleusta fir oga,
Gun ach brigis is casag,
Agus bata 'nar dornaibh.

Cha b' e cadal 'san smùr
'S an d' chuir mi ùidh an tus m' oige,
Ach eirigh gu sunndach
Air an drùchd 's breith air mor-ghath.
Bhiodh a choill air gach laimh dhomh,
'Cur deagh fhàilidh am phoraibh,
'S mi 'direadh nan creachann;—
'S tric a leag mi 'n damh cròic' ann.

'S nuair a thigeadh an dàmhair
Cha b' i 'chlarsach 'bu cheol domh,
Ach buirich nan làn damh
Ann an àirid' nam beann mora.
Bhiodh ar mialchoin 's ar gadhair
A cur faghaid an Conaghleann;
Bu tric agh is damh cabrach
Mu na h-aisridhean gorma.

Chluinnteadh cuach ann ad choille,
'S bu bhinn a ghoireadh an smùdan;
A toirt teisteinis laidir
Mar bha nadar gan stiuradh.
Gheibhteadh liath-chearc 'san doire,
Is bu toil leam a ciùchran,
Is a coileach mu 'coinnimh
Air toman a durdail.

Gheibhteadh broc ann is taghan,
Capull-coille 's boc earba;
'S bhiodh am bradan gle lionmnor
Air na linntichean garbha,
'Snamh air buinne sruth fior uisg',
'S e gu h-inntinneach, tarragheal,
Is gu crom-ghobach, ullamh,
'Leum ri cuileig 'san anmoch.

Och, 's e 'dh' fhag mi mar Oisein,
Is mar choltas maol-ciarain,
'Dh' fhag mo chridh' air a dhochnadh
Is mo dhosan air liathadh,
'Bhith gun ghiubhsaich ri 'choiseachd,
Is am fochair an fhiadaich,
'S gun de dh-airm chum mo chosnaidh
Ach corcag bheag iaruinn,

Ann an àite na daga
A chlaidheabh 's na sgéithe,
Is a chuilbheir chaoll ghlaice
'Chuireadh stad air mac éilde;

Is nach cluinn mi guth aca
De dh-eachdraidh, no sgenlachd,
Ach cuibhlichean 's factori,
Beirtean Is Beurla.

Cha'n fheil iomradh air dualchas,
No air cruadal no tapadh;
Chuir a chuibheall mu 'n cuairt d' i
Car tuathal is tarsuinn;
Sliochd nam bodachan giùgach,
'Bha 'sna dùnaibh gan cartadh,
'Seoladh ard os ar cionn-ne
Bhon a thionndaidh a chairt oirnn.

O marbhphaisg ort, a shaoghail,
Tha thu caochlaideach, cealgach;
Bha mi uair nach do shaoil leam
Teachd as aogais a gharbhlaick.
Mis' a chleachd 'bhith 'n Airdghobar,
'M bu tric gleadhar bhoc earba,
Tha an diugh an Sorn odhar
Air todhar a mheanbh-chruidh.

Oran

Do Dhonnachadh Mac-Aonghuis, d'am bu chogainm Donnachadh na Beurla.

Cha 'n e goirteas mo shroine,
Ged tha doruinn na 'mullach,
A chuir m' aigneadh cho bronach,
Is mo chomhradh fo mhulad:
Ach sar oigear na Beurla,
Air gach féill a fhuair urram,
'N déidh a bhristeadh le beisdean
'S tric 'bha 'geumnaich am Muile.

Ruigidh bristeadh a chaiptin
Cluasan claisteachd a Phrionnsa,
'M fear a fhreasdail na 'airc e,
'S cha bu tais e mar dhiùlnach.
Nuair a theich na bha aige
Is a sgap iad gach aon taobh,
Sin nuair mhearsail an gaisgeach
Le 'fhìr ghasda g' a ionnsuidh.

Tha thu 'shliochd nam fear gasda
A bha 'n slachdraich Cath Gharbhfhaich;
A rinn tiomnadh gun taise,
Agus gaisge le 'n armaibh,
Nuair a thog iad corp Eachainn
Bho chasan an naimhdean,
Air an tuaghannaibh sgaiteach
Gu 'thoirt dachaidh troimh 'n Ghalldachd.

Nuair a spreigteadh piob mhor leat,
'S tu 'cur 'n òrdaigh do bhrataich,
Bhiodh tu togradh gu còmhrag,
'Dhol an còmhail nam marcach.
Nuair a ruisgeadh tu 'n spòlta,
Nach robh lòdail r'a faicinn
Cha bu shlachdan aig oinnsich
Claidheabh mòr aig a ghaisgeach.

'S math thig boineid le fàbhar
Mu d' chul fainneach donn socair,
'Dol an coinnimh do namhaaid,
Air each ard na sar choiseachd,
Cha b' e fuath Mhic-a-Mhàillidh
Fear do ghnath is do choltais;
An am suidhe 's taigh thairne
'S tu gum pàigheadh na botuill.

Nam biodh Uilleam, an Diuca,
'S tus an tus a chruaidh thoiteil,
'Deanamh casgairt le 'r luth-chleas
'S tus' a bhuidhneadh an trod ud.

Nan d' fhuair thu g' a ionnsuidh
Le d' chlaidheabh cuil an ceann sociar,
Gun robh Uilleam le d' shugradh
'Call a lùth an Cuil-fhodair.

Sud na h-airm dhuit a thaghainn,
'Dhol air t' aghaidh gu meanmnach,
Gunna, sgiath, agus clogad
'S claidheabh socrach an ceanna-bheirt.
Ged chuirt' ceud de luchd-brochain
'S nan droch chasagan dearga,
Ann a' t' aghaidh a chogadh
Cha bhiodh gog dhiu nach marbht' leat.

Hector Roy Maclean of Duart, Eachann Ruadh nan Cath, was killed at the Battle of Harlaw in 1411. His body was carried home to Mull by the Macinnesses and Morisons.

Eoghan Mac-Gilleain.

Ewen Maclean lived in Barra. He was evidently a man of good poetic gifts.

ORAN DO MHAC-NEILL BHARRA.

Fhuair mi naidheachd thar fasaich
Mu chuis gràn da gun tuigse;
Tha mo smaointinnean gàbhaidh,
'S bualadh gairich am chuislean.
Leam is cruaidh a bhith diteadh
An fhir phriseil gun tuisleadh;
Slat de 'n abhall gun chrine
'Dh'fhas cho direach ri cuidseal.

Sar cheann-uidhe nan déirceach.
Gnuis na feile 's an tlachda.
Nam bu bhàs dhuit 'sa cheum sin
Bhiomaid fein dheth gun taice.
'S iomad dilleachdan bronach
'Bhiodh gun chomhnadh gun tacsa,
Ga 'shior ghreadadh 's ga 'leonadh,
'S ar tighearn' og ga 'thoirt seachad.

Càit 'n do sheas e air urlar
No'n do lub e na' phearsa
Aon 'thug barr ort an cùirteas,
'Fhir bu luth-chleasaich' fasan?
Tha mi cinnteach gu leoir dheth,
Cha 'n e 'm bosd 'tha mi cantuinn,
Nach lùbadh tu 'm feoirnein
Fo do bhroig air an fhaiche.

Càit am faicteadh fo armaibh
Aon bu dealbhaiche pearsa?
Bhiodh ort claidheabh chinn airgid

'S daga mheanbh-bhreac na leapa,
Sgiath charraigneach bhreac, philleach,
'S biodag bhiorach gheur sgaiteach.
Bu tu 'm fiuran deas moralach,
'S an connspunn treun smachdail.

Bu tu sealgair na sithne
Anns na frithibh 'gan caisead,
Le gunna 'bheoil chinntich,
'Bheireadh dith air an ealtainn.
Nuair a chaogadh tu 'mhiog-shuil
Is a chiteadh do lasair,
Bhiodh do pheileir a' gluasad
Troimh dhamh uallach an astair.

Bu tu'n sgiobair neo-chearbach
Air muir ghailbheich nan cas-shruth:
Bha thu mion-shuileach, cinnteach,
Foinnidh, innsgineach, tapaidh;
Bha thu fearail ri t' innse,
S bha thu fior ghasd' ri t' fhaicinn;
'S air naile bhuidhneadh tu cis
Air iomairt dhisnean nam breac-bhall.

Cuim' an ceilinn an fhirinn?
Dh'fhaoduinn innse gun sgrubadh
Nach robh idir 'sna criochan s'
Aon nach b'fhiach leis bhith 'd chu deachd,
Nuair a thairngteadh do shith,
'S an am do mhi-run tigh'nn ugad,
'S tu nach sòradh am fion oirnn
No aon ni bhiodh am buideal.

Cuidseal, a cudgel. Tacsa, support, substance solidity. Innsgineach, sprightly, lively.

Failte Thearlaich na Sgurra ;

Oran do Thearlach Mor Mac-Gilleain, Fear na Sgurra.

Fonn: "Nuair thig an samhradh geugach oirnn."

A Thearlaich òig, ciad fàilte dhuit,
'S do bheath' air tràigh na duthcha so;
Gur tamull sgrion do phòige orm,
Tha dearg mo bheoil air rusgadh leath'.
Nan cuirinn diom an éislein so,
'S gun éirinn as a chruban so
Gum faicinn fhin am maireach thu,
'S gu deanainn gaire sunndach riut.

Is fad o 'n la a dhealaich sinn
'N am carraid ris na Tuathaichibh;
Gun d' ghabh mi dhiot cead carthannach,
'S gu deimhin gum bu luath leam e.
Thug mi ceum ad dheaghainn,
Agus t' aghaidh ris na fuar bheannaibh,
'S gun d' fhag sud m' inntinn cànranach,
Is treis de m' nadar bruailleineach.

Gur math am measg na cuideachd thu,
'S neo-thuiteamach an comhradh thu ;
Cha d' chuir thu suil an sgrubaireachd,
'S cha b' fhasan duit 'bhith mòralach.
Cha d' chuir thu suil am miodhoireachd,
S a bhrìbearachd cha d' fhoghluim thu,
'N am sgur de dh-òl an fhiona
Cha bhiodh cunntas crion mu 'n bhord againn.

C'àit am faigh mi leannan dhuit,
No mairist 'theid ad chòmhail-sa.
Cha 'n fheil i anns an fhearann so
Na 's airidh air an oighear ud,
Nam bu mhise thaghadh i,
'S mo raghainn a bhith deonach ort,
Gur te gun ghiamh, gun fhailinn innt',
A bhiodh am màireach pòsda riut.

Ach on is ni nach faodar sin,
Gur faoin duinn a bhith comhradh air.
Bi fiosrach far an iarr thu te,
Bi sgialach air a seoltaichean,
'S nach liutha te gun ghiamh innte
Na eala chiar air lointeanaibh,
Bidh cuid diu 's faicinn bhreagh' orra,
Ach 's fearr dhuit ciall na boidhchead aic'.

Gur math a thig an armachd ort,
'S neo-leanabail an tus còmhraig thu;
Bidh daga nam ball airgid ort,
Gu boidheach, dealbhach, or-ghleusach.
Bhiodh gunn' ad làimh gu cùramach,
Is t' fhudar ann am pòcaidean;
'S gun deant' an t-ord a rùsgadh leat,
Nach diultadh an am còmhalach.

Gur math a thig an claidheabh
Air crios laghach nam ball boidheach ort;
'S cha chlaidheabh air leas gàrlaich e
Nuair chàirear ann an ordagh e;
Ach slachdan leathan dias fhada
Gun mheirig, gun ghiamh, gun fhòtus ann;
An laimh a churaidh chruadalaich
Gum buidh'nnteadh buaidh air moran leis.

'S an nis on rinn thu tilleadh
As gach ionad anns na thàrlaidh thu,
Gun bheud, gun phudhar pearsa ort,
Ach mar a b' ait le d' chaideann thu,
Ge b' e neach a tha 'm mìorun dhuit,
Gu bheil mi-fhin mar dh' fhag thu mi,
'S air son thu thigh'nn do 'n tir ugainn,
Gun lion 's gun ol mi 'n t-slàinte so.

This song must have been composed about 1750.

An T-Aireach Muileach.

The Aireach Muileach was a Maclean. He was, as his name imports, a herdsman, and lived in Mull. It is said that he was in the employ of Maclaine of Lochbui. He had a clear head and a sharp tongue, and was a bitter satirist. A man named Colin Campbell, An Caimbeulach Dubh, stole some cows from Lochbui. The Aireach took vengeance upon the thief by composing a song about him. When Mac Mhaighstir Alasdair heard the song he composed a reply in praise of Campbell and abused the Aireach in it. This led to a war of words between them. Whilst the Aireach was by no means the equal of Mac Mhaighstir Alasdair in poetic ability, he was more than a match for him as a cutting, stinging satirist. It is said that the Aireach's baptismal name was John, and that he was known as Iain Mac Dhomhnaill. His productions have perished, except a few stanzas.

An Caimbeaulach Dubh.

An Caimbeulach Dubh a Cinntailc,
Iar-ogh' 'mhortair 's ogh' a mheirlich
Am Braid-Albainn fhuair e rach,—
Siol na ceilge 's meirleach a chruidh.

'S odhar ciar an Caimbeulach Dubh,
'S oillteil, fiadhaich 'amharc 's a chruth,
'S lachdunn, liath-ghlas, dubh; cha'n fhiach e;
'S fear gun mhiadh an Caimbeulach Dubh.

Cuiream tuath e, cuiream deas e,
Cuiream siar e, cuiream sear e,
Cuiream fios gu baird gach fearainn,
Gus an caill e 'n craiceann na 'shruth.
'S odhar ciar an Caimbeulach Dubh,
'S oilltcil, fiadhaich 'amharc 's a chruth,
'S lachdunn, liath-ghlas, dubh; cha'n fhiach e;
'S fear gun mhiadh an Caimbeulach Dubh.

Aoir

AIR ALASDAIR MAC MHAIGHSTIR ALASDAIR.

Cha deic fhad 's a tha mi 'g éisdeachd
Ris an isg a tha gam chaineadh.
Cuim' nach innsinn pàirt de 'n fhirinn,
Ged nach d' rugadh am fhior bhard mi?
Tha suilean agam gu faicinn,
'S cluasan gu claisdeachd mu d' ghnàthan;
'S fhuair mi mar theisteanas riamh ort
Gum b' fhearr thu nach b'fhiach ad nadar.

'S tu màgan cealgach na dìge,
'S tu an losgan lìtheach, tàrr-ghlas,
'S tu an t-seilcheig shleamhuinn, stigcach,
'S tu snag mhillteach, dhòn' a chànrain,
'S tu famh gionach an dian bhùraich,
'S tu bratag lùbach an fhàsaich;
'S tu 'm partan o'n duilich a spionadh
Aon ni a' t' ìngnean a thàrras.

Thar gach éisg 's tu 'n dallag mhùgach,
'S tu bhiast-shiubhlach, 's tu mac-làmhaich;

'S tu am broc, air loin a bhreuntais,
'Bhiodh a shron na 'chéir tri ràidhean ;
'S gur tu mhail do 'n ainm a gheur-lann ;
'S olc an treud a tha dhuit cairdeach.
'S mur bhith gràin do chàirdean fhéin ort,
Cha deanainn-sa, 'bhéist, do chaineadh,

Cha'n ionghnadh ged bhoidh ort gorta.
'S nach ann gad chosnadh a tha thu.
'S tric thu gun bhiadh, gun aodach,
A donnalaich air aodann chairdean.
'S iomadh la on bha iad sgìth dhiot ;
Gur a tric thu sgriobadh pairt diu ;
'S iad a guidhe bàis gun lochd dhuit,
Mun déid do chrochadh mu'n mhèirle.

Rinn thu 'd chridh' air t' athair dìmeas,
'S dh' amhairc thu sios air do mhathair ;
Bhrisd thu 'n seanachas a tha sgriobhte,
'N dèidh a dhionachadh 'sna h-àithntean.
Thug thu mionnan air a Bhiobull,
Nach b' fhearr do shìnnsir na Sàtan ;
'S bhrath thu iad air bheagan cùinnidh,
Mar rinn Iùdas air ar Slànuighear.

'Bhliadhna sin thainig am Prionnsa,
Bu shiubhlacb thu anns gach àite ;
Ad chlach-bhalg air feadh na dùthcha ;
'G iarraidh orr' tionndadh le Tearlach.
Ach cho luath 's a thug e chùl riut ;
Thionndaidh an cu ri shcann nàdar.
Cha b' e 'n creideamh ach am brosgul
'Chuir a ghiulan crois a phàp thu.

So far as known to us there is no ground for the insinuation that Mac

Mhaighstir Alasdair turned against Prince Charles. He was a born Jacobite and could never become anything else.

Diomoladh na Morthir.

'S mairg a mhol a Mhòrthir robach
Airson stobaich challtuinn
Heitirinn àirinn, uirinn, ohoro,
Heitirinn, àirinn hò rò.

Fearann mosach 's olc r'a choiseachd,
Cha chinn molt nomeann air.

Mnathan binneach air bheag grinneas,
'S iad ri inisg chainnteach.

We have not seen any more of this song. It is a reply to Mac Mhaighstir Alasdair beautiful descriptive poem, Failte na Morthir.

Fear an Lagain.

Archibald Maclean resided in Laggan in the Isle of Mull. He was the fourth son of Donald Maclean of Torloisk and his wife, Mary, daughter of Campbell of Sunderland. He was a kind-hearted and pleasant man. He died in 1800, and was buried in Kilninian churchyard. There were eight pipers at his funeral.

Nighean Donn nan Gobhar.

LIUNNEAG.

O, a nighean donn nan gobhar,
E. a nighean donn nan gobhar;
Dh' òlainn bhuait bainne fo chobhar,
'S gheibheadh tu gleadhar o 'n truimh.

Lion am botul, lion a dha dhiu,
Lion a tri dhiu mar a b' àbhaist;
Gun dean ginichean am pàigheadh;
Seasaidh a bhó bhàn a prìs.

Gur a h-i mo rùn is m' annsachd,
An nigh'n donn 'tha ris na gamhna;
Nuair a théid thu do 'n bhàl dannsaidh
Cha bhi do shamhladh 'san tir.

Nuair a theid thu ad làn chomhdach,
'S bhios do ribinnean an ordagh,
Cha'n fheil fleasgach 'san Roinn Eorpa
Nach bi 'g òl ort ann am fion,

Nuair a theid thu mu na bruachan,
'S bhios do ribinnean mu'n cuairt dhuit,

'M fear a bhios da mhile shuas bhuait,
Cuiridh tu bruaillean na 'chrìdh'.

Ise a Freagairt.

Cha phòs mise 'chaoidh fear suarach,
Is cha ni leam bhith ga' luaidh rium;
'S ann bhios agam sàr dhuin' uasal
Nach cuir gruaman orm a chaoidh.

Am Bard.

'S a nigh'n donn 'tha 'd shuidhe làmh-rium
Gur a mór a thug mi 'ghràdh dhuit;
Is ma gheibh mi toil do chàirdean,
'S mi nach dean ort tàir a chaoidh.

'S beag mo dhéidh air té le storas,
No air té 'bhiodh uaibhreach, pròiseil;
Té mo rùin, a chaileag bhoideach
A tha 'n coinhnuidh laghach, grinn.

Biomaid cridheil, biomaid ceòlmhor,
Deanamaid gach ni mar 's còir dhuinn;
Gheibh sinn pailteas fhad 's is beo sinn,
'S gu de 'n còrr a bhiodh gar dìth?

Oran

Le Fear an Lagain, an déidh Lagh na Glaise.

Luinneag.

O 's mis' 'th' air mo lagadh,
'S mi 'n so am measg Ghallaibh,
'S nach faigh mi lochd cadail le dòruinn.

Nuair chaidh thu gam dhiteadh,
Thug thu leat Cairstine,
'S chaidh coitse gle riomhach na 'comhdail

'S e turus na breislich
'Thug mi dh' fhaicinn Miss Katie,

'S gun d' fhuair mi mu dheireadh gu leoir
dh' i.

'S e turus gun bhuannachd
'Thug mi dh' fhaicinn na gruagaich ;
Gun d' thuit mi le bruaich 'san robh
stòiridh.

Ged tha mise for eislein,
Tha 'n gobhainn gle eibhinn
Bhon thachair e-fhéin is Fear Chòrnaig.

Ged thigeadh Mac-Cuaire
'S na bh' aige de dh-uaislean,
Cha'n fhuiliginn 'san uair s' ann am chóir e

'M fear ruadh ud de m' chinneadh,
Gur suarach mi uime,
Ged thigeadh e Mhingeiridh 'chomhnuidh.

Nan digeàdh Sir Ailein
Le chòmhlanaibh glana,
Gum fanadh e tamull am chòir-sa.

Thoir mo shoraidh 'n tir ìseal
Gu uaislean 's gu ìslean,
'S thoir uìread ri tri dhiu gu Domhnall.

Cha'n éirich mi 'm sheasamh,
Cha'n éirich am feasda,
Bhon fhuair mi mo ghreadadh 's mo
leonadh.

Nam bithinn-s' am Muile,
An dùthaich na tuinne,
Gun tdigeadh gach duin' ann am chomh-
dhail.

An gobhainn, the man who made the locks which occasioned the Lawsuit of the Locks. Mac Cuaire, Macquarrie of Ulva. Am fear ruadh, Hector Maclean of Ensay. Sir Ailein, Sir Allan Maclean of Bròlas. Domhnall, Donald, son and heir of Hugh Maclean of Coll. He was drowned in 1774.

Duanag.

Le Fear an Lagain, an uair a bha e air leabaidh a bhàis.

LUINNEAG.

Cha 'n fheil feum anns a mhulad,
Cha 'n fheil treun ris nach cuir e,
Cha 'n fheil feum anns a mhulad.

Ailis dhonn gur mor mo ghradh ort;
Gruaidh na nàire 's beul an fhuarain.

Tha mi 'n dòchas dhiot nach taobh thu
Giullan faoin nach dean do chumail.

'Iain, bi gu math do dh-Ailis,
Thoir do ghràdh dh' i mar a bhuineas.

Tha mi 'n so an seòmbar clàraidh,
'S ge fad an dàil thig an cuireadh.

Tha mo dhotair ann am Bròlas,
'S cha dig e gam chòir-sa tuilleadh.

Nam biodh fios aige mar tha mi,
Mharcaicheadh e 'm màm gu h-ullamh.

'S mithich dhomhsa sgur de m' oran,
Bhon tha 'n crònan s' ann am mhuineai.

'S mor mo pheacaidhean r' an leughadh,
'S lionmhor iad seach feur is duilleach.

'S lionmhoire na ghaineamh ghlas iad;
Och, mo chreach, cha 'n fhaodar fuireach.

Tha mo dhòchas uil' an trocair
An Ti ghloirmhoir sin a dh' fhuiling.

Ailis, a nighean Iain, a mhac. Cha robh e pòsda; ach bha e math d'a chuid cloinne. Cha bu trudar gun diu e a bhòidicheadh nàch bu leis ad, agus nach deanadh ni air an son.

Ailis Nic-Gilleain.

Alice Maclean was a daughter of Donald Maclean of Torloisk and a sister of Archibald of Laggan. She was married to Lachlan Macquarrie of Ulva, by whom she had several children. She died at a comparatively early age. She was a woman of ability, and evidently a real poetess.

We give a tradition with regard to Alice Maclean and her husband, which may be correct. We trust, however, for the sake of her husband that it is not correct. It is this. Alice was engaged to be married to Campbell of Ballinaby in Islay. Lachlan Macquarrie forged a letter in Campbell's name and sent it to her. In the letter the writer stated that he was on the way to Edinburgh to get married. A few days afterwards Macquarrie went to see Alice, proposed to her, and was accepted. She was married only a short time when she found out that she had been cruelly deceived. It is scarcely necessary to say that she was never happy with her husband. The deception practised upon her was the cause of the following song:

A Bhean Mhuladach.

LUINNEAG.

Seinn o horo seinn,
Seinn o horo 'leannain,
Seinn o horo seinn.

Gur a muladach 'tha mi,
'S mi air àirìdh 'chruidh bhainne.

Gur a a muladach sgìth mi,
'S mi leam fhin an tìr m' aineol.

Ged nach bi mi ga 'innseadh,
'S ann an Il' tha mo leannan.

Ged nach bi mi ga 'ràitinn,
Thuig mi gradh dha 's mi 'm leanabh.

'Thighearn' òig Bhail-an-aba,
'S tu mo ghradh de na fearaibh.

Ach ma chaidh thu 'Dhuneideann,
Guidheam fein thu thigh'nn fallain.

Lamh a stiuradh a bhàta,
'S muir a gàirich ri 'darach.

'S tu gun stiuradh i direach
Troimh Chaol Ile na 'deannaibh.

'S tu gun stiuradh i tioram,
'S muir a mire ri 'darach.

Ged 's e 'm Muileach a 's ni dhomh,
'S e an t-Ileach mo leannan.

Mairi Nign'ıı Eoghain.

Mary Maclean, Mairi Nighean Eoghain, was a daughter of Hugh Maclean, 14th laird of Coll. She was married, July

31st, 1761, to the Rev. Malcolm Macaskill, minister of Eigg, Muck, Rum, and Canna, and had seven children. Of her songs we have only a few bits.

Duanag d'a Brathair.

Is a thighearn' oig chola,
Guidheam sonas is àgh ort.

Hao ill o roho ho,
'Ghaoil gum faiceam slàn thu;
Hao ill o roho ho.

Riut a thogadh mo chridhe,
'S tu a tighinn fo d' mhàileid.

Saoghal fad dhuit 'n deagh bheatha,
'N deidh do mhnatha 's do mhàthar.

Bi math ad cheann tuatha;
'S dòcha buaidh thigh'nn air àl sud.

Donald, her brother, went to see Mrs. Macaskill. She met him as he came up from the boat to the manse, and welcomed him in the poetic lines just given. Donald was drowned in the Sound of Ulva in 1774.

Rannan.

Chuir mi suas mo ghùn bainnse,
'Dhol a shealltuinn mo sheann leannain,
Hug o rin o 's mi air m' aineol.

'S truagh nach robh te eile 'm sheombar,
Is mi-fhin 's Mac-Leoid am Manain.

Iain Mac Eoghain.

John Maclean, known as Iain mac Eoghain, lived in Langamull in the Isle of Mull. He was a firm Jacobite, and an excellent swordsman. He was at one time insulted by the Campbells, for whom he had certainly no great love. He challenged any man of the name to meet him in a duel with swords, but his challenge was not accepted. He was born probably about the year 1745. He married Mary Maclean, by whom he had four sons and five daughters. He was the author of several songs, but they have all perished except a few stanzas.

Nan Digeadh Tus', a Thearlaich.

Nan digeadh tus' a Thearlaich,
Le d' mhath 's le d' mhisnich laidir,
Gu 'r togail as na càsan s',
Gum b' àrd 'bhiodh ar ceann.
'S iomadh fear 'thug gradh dhuit,
Nach leasaich thu gu bràth e,
Ged a bhiodh tu 'm màireach
'S na b' àill leat fo d' laimh.
'S e 'n leasachadh a b' fhearr leinn,
Air son na chaidh gu bàs leat,
Gum faiceamaid na Gàidheil
Le 'n clàidhean an camp';
Ar Tearlach 'bhith ga 'chrùnadh,
Is Breatànn 'bhith fo 'umhlachd,
Is Seoras 'dol gu 'dhùthaich,
Le rùsgadh nan lann.

Gur mor a chulaidh mhùisig,
Sibh fein 's ar trudar Diuca,

'Bhith 'nis ag iarraidh ùmhlachd
An cùirt Innse-Gall.
Cha b'e meud bhur diùlnais
A dh' fhàg bhur fearann dùmhail,
Ach ìnnleachdan is lùban,
'S gach cùis a dhol cam.
Tha agam air a chùl sin
De'r droch bheartan ri chùnntas,
Gun d' chroch sibh Seumas Stiubhart,
'S cha chliu dhuibh a bh'ann.
Ach dh' fhaoidt' a bhith ri ùine
Gum pàighear sin leibh dubailt';
'S ged chitbinn e le m' shuilean,
'S ann leam nach bu chall.

B' fhearr leam fhin na 'n dùthaich,
Is tuilleadh mor na b' fhiu i,
Gun digeadh Tearlach Stiubhart
Fo shiuil gu Whitehall.
Nan digeadh tu gu 'r n-ionnsuidh
Le fichead mile diùlnach,
Gun càramaid gu surdail
An crùn air do cheann.
Sin nuair bhiomaid sunndach,
Cha chaidleamaid 'san lùirich,
Cha bhiodh ar ceann 'san smùraich,
'S bhiodh sùghadh nar cainnt;
Claidheabh air chul dùirn againn,
'Bag'radh dol ga 'rùsgadh,
'S gur teann nach rachadh sgiursadh
Air criu nam beul cam.

The duke referred to is the Duke of Argyll. Colin Campbell of Glenure was shot dead by Allan Breac Stewart on the 14th of May, 1752. James Stewart, a man who had nothing to do with the murder, was arrested, condemned and hanged for it.

Orain le Baird Neo Ainmichte.

ORAN DO SHIR IAIN MAC-GILLEAIN,
Triath Dhubhairt

'Dheagh Mhic-Coinnich a Brathainn,
'S cian 's gur fad' 'tha thu 'd laighe,
'S nach do dh-eirich thu fhathast,
'Chur le deagh Mhac-Gillean,
'S cha mho 'chaidh tu roimh latha 'thoirt àir orr'.

'S a Mhic-Neill o'n tir thuathaich,
Is beirt neonach a bhuail thu.
Càit an robh thu nach cual thu
Mac-Gilleain ga 'fhuadach
Far nach faight' ach siol fuar airson bàidse;

So an tir a tha bochd dheth
Le luchd reubainn is cosgraidh;
Mnathan sgìth, 's iad ri osnaich,
Fir nan sìneadh fo lotaibh
Agus fithich a rocail nam bràghad.

Mnathan fionna gan rùsgadh,
'S fir gan losgadh le fudar,
Is gam marbhadh le fiùbhaidh,
An cuid dorsan gan dùnadh,
'S an cuirp gheala na'n smùraich 'n taigh dàite.

Bha an clann, ged bu bheag iad,
Fo gheur shàthadh nam biodag,
Iad a ràsaich 's a clisgeadh,
Am fuil bhlàth gu dlu shilteach,
'S iad gun sùil ri beul iochda bho 'n naimhdean.

'Chlann ud Ailein ri Una,
'S fad bhur cadal gun dùsgadh

Leis an ridire chiuiteach.—
'S car e 'dh-iarla na cùile,
Do Mhac Aonghuis an Dùin 's do dhà
bhrathair.

Ach nan tilleadh e fallain,
'S fhad a staigh 'rachadh 'alladh
Ann an dùthaich Mhic-Cailein;
Bhiodh bà bogha gan gearradh,
'S iad a fagail na fol' air na blàraibh.

Tha Innse-Gall 'nis air strìochdadh,
Air a ceangal am priosan.
Cuim an ceilinn an ni sin?
Cuim nach gabhteadh casg righ leinn,
'S gràin ne mullaich nan crioch air ar fàgail?

Bu tu 'n treun-fhear air thoiseach,
'Dhol a ghabhail a bhrosnaidh.
'N àm do namhaid bhith nochdadh
Bhiodh do rò-seoil am portaibh,
'S bhiodh do bhrataichean rompa an sàthadh.

Gur a lionmhor fo mhulad
Fiuran og is seann churaidh,
'S nach h-fheil ceanntart fir Mhuile
Mar a b' àbhaist, 's bu chubhaidh:
Gur a h-e mo chreach uil' a chruaidh
chàradh.

Brosnadh, the same as brosnachadh. Rò-seol, top-gallants.

In 1691 — the year before the massacre of Glencoe took place — the Earl of Argyll succeeded in obtaining from King William a commission to bring the Macleans to obedience. He invaded Mull at

the head of 2,500 men, and proceeded to carry out the King's orders with fire and sword. Sir John and some of his followers had retired to Cairnburgh. Thus the invaders met with no opposition. According to the poem they set fire to houses, shot down men, stripped women naked, and slew little children with their daggers. Of course it is possible that the author had the second-sight and that he was really describing the butcheries of the Turks in Armenia at the present day.

Iorram

DO DH-IAIN GARBH, Triath Chola.

'Righ nach èireadh i tuath,
'S i bhith siobhalta, buan,
Is gun togadh na h-uaislean breid rith'.

A Righ fheartaich nan dùl,
Cum an soirbheas sin ciùin,
Nuair a ghabhas mo rùn na dheidh e.

Ceist mo chridhe-sa 'n t-ainm
Leis 'n do bhaisteadh Iain Garbh;
'S òg a rinn mi leat leanabas deideig.

Mac na lànaine ceart,
'Dheonaich Dia 'san aon ghlaic;
Fhuair sibh dioladh gu pàilt d'a reir sin.

Gur h-e ogha sin Eoin
Ri nighinn Mhic-Leoid,
'S mac na deagh mhna o'n Mòrthir m'
eudail.

Gun robh freagradh ad cheann,
Agus deasbad na 'lorg
'N Gaidhlig, Laidinn, is Fraingis 's Beurla.

Gun robh susbain ad chorp,
Agus uaisle gun spot,
'Fhir a b' urrainn 's gach cnoc an reiteach,

Craobh de'n abhall a b' fhearr,
Bu mhath luthadh ri sàs,
As a choille a b' airde geugan.

'S ann duit a b' fhasan o thùs
A bhith dileas do 'n chrùn,
Gun bhith' foilleil an cùis to 'n ghrein da.

Tha mi tamull gun suain,
Agus m' aigneadh fo ghruaim,
'S mor 'tha 'dh-ionndraichinn uam a's leir
dhomh.

'N caisteal tubaisteach 'bh' ann,
Mu'n robh chaiseamachd shearbh,
A Righ, bu shoilleir ar call mu 'deibhinn.

Ceist mo chridhe-sa 'n geard
'Bha mu d' thimchioll 'san àit;
B' ann de dh abhall do ghàraidh fein e,

Mo chreach an tanaistear og,
Leis an rachadh tu 'd dheoin,
'Bhith ga t' fhaicinn gun deo bhith 'd
chreabhaig.

Ceann mo thaighe gu ceart,
Fear a's urranta smachd;

'N Righ, ga 'choimhead 's gach feachd 'an
déid e.

'S mairg do 'n uachdaran og
'Bhith ga t' fhaicinn fo leon;
Ged a thuit thu bu chonnspull cheud thu.

'Bhith ga t' fhaicinn gun deo
Ann an ciste nam bòrd,
'Fhir a leanadh an tòir 's nach geilleadh.

Tha do chinneadh fo sproc
O 'n la 'rinneadh do lot;
'S ann bha'n diubhaltas a oirt fo d' leine.

Gu bheil susbain ad chorp,
Agus uaisle gun spot,
'Fhir a b' urrainn 's gach cnoc an reiteach.

Lachlan, 9th of Coll, married Marion, daughter of John Dubh of Moydart and his wife Marion Macleod, who was a daughter or Sir Rory Mor of Dunvegan. John, his only son, was accidentally killed in Edinburgh, whilst pursuing his studies. He was standing near the castle looking at a riotous mob, when a splinter from a grenade struck him. He was succeeded by Donald, his uncle and tutor. He was only about eighteen years of age at the time of his death.

Oran

DO DH-EACHANN MAC-GILLEAIN, triath Dhubhairt, a mharbhadh an Inbhircheitein.

Ach ge grianach an latha,
Gur a cianail an rathad
So, 'tha mise ga 'ghabhail,
'Dh-fhios an tùir an robh m' aighear,
Is mac mor Mhic-Gilleain,
'S e gun sùgradh na 'laighe,
'S nach fheil e ri fhaighinn na 'shlàinte.

Cha bu chruaidh leam mo chairdean
An la ud ga m' fhàgail;
Cha n, iad 'tha mi 'g aireamh,
Ach mo bharanta laidir
Agus t' fhea ann gun àiteach,
'Fhir 'thug fortan le cairdeas gun sgraing dhomh.

Dhomh bu deacair toirt thairis
I ùb ùr nan sul meallach
Is nan calbannar geala,
Is na deudaich chubhr' anail,
Tha thu 'shinnsribh nam fear nach robh sgàthach.

Mac thu b' uaisl' o Shir Lachainn
O nighinn Ruairidh nam bratach.
Chuir thu buaireadh air m' aigneadh,
Agus deoir air mo rasgaibh;
Chuir mi m' uaislean an capaichean tàmha.

Ceann mo lóin ri uair m' ainnis!
Bha diol gruaig air mo leanabh,
Cùl grinn cuachach nan camag,
'S e mar fheoirnein na 'charaibh;
'S tu 'bu mhor-chuiseach sealladh.—
Gum bu righ thu 'measg barrach fir Alba.

'S iomad tlachd bh' ort rì 'àireamh :
Aghaidh shiobhalta, bhan ghèal,
'S gnuis fhlathail, ghlan, mhàlda;
Gun robh gruaidhean an armuinn,
Cheart cho dearg ris an sgàrlaid,
D'an robh gliocas is cairdeas gunanamoich'

'Mhic an àrmuinn a Muile,
On a rinneadh leat fuireach
Anns a bhlar 'san robh 'n cumasg,
Do thaobh mìn-gheal làn bhuillean,
'S do luchd-leanmhuinn a fulang,
'S lag is sgith mi ri tuireadh mo chairdean.

Thuit mo cho-dhalta tapaidh
Thall fo bhaile na faiche,
Làn de chruadal 's de ghaisge;
'S ged bu chraiteach mar thachair,
Cha 'n e sin tha mi 'g acain
Ach an sgiurs a fhuair Eachann roimh
'naimhdean.

Càit an d' rugadh no d' araicheadh,
No 'n do ghineadh mac armuinn,
Pearsa duin' a thug bàrr ort
Nuair a ghlacadh tu 'n spainteach
Liobhte churanta, laidir,
Is a chuireadh tu fàilt' air do champa?

Ged a thigeadh fir Shùineirt,
Is Clann-Iain o 'n Rùta,
Is Clann-Chamarain nach diultadh
Le 'm boghaichibh cùl-bhuidh',
Is le 'n saighdibh 'bu shiubhlaeh,
Bhiodh gach boineid a lùbadh do m'
luaidh-sa.

Ged bu dumhail am feachd ud,
Is iad cruinn a'r aon fhaiche,
Is mo gràdh a theachd seachad

Bu leis urram gach maise.—
Is mairg mathair do 'm mac thu,
Is mairg muime 'rinn t' altrum,
No a chunaic cur seachad na h-uir' ort.

Gur h-e mis' 'th' air mo sgaradh
Mu na chùirt 'th' aig na Gallaibh,
'S ogha Ruairidh na, leanabh,
Dalta dileas mo sheanar.—
Bha thu 'n cairdeas Mhic-Cailein,
Is an righ a bh' air Manain
'Bha gu ciàlladeach, carraideach, ainmeil.

An righ a bh' air Manain; Olave the Red. Clann-Iain; sliochd Iain Mhoir, an tanaistear.

It is probable that the lament for Sir Hector was composed by a woman. It expresses the genuine feelings of the heart. It was published by Ranald Macdonald in his collection in 1776, and appeared in the first Inverness collection in 1806.

An Cronan Muileach.

LUINNEAG.

E ho i o hu o éileadh,
E ho i o hù orin o;
E ho i o hu o éileadh,
Hi ri hù na hùrabh o ho,

Gur h-e mise 'tha gam lathadh,
Tha mo shuil na 'bùrn 's na 'ceathach,
'S mi gun cheol, gun ol, gun aighear,
Mu'n dol sios 'th' air siol an taighe.

Mu'n dol sios 'th' air siol an taighe;
Lachainn a dh' fhalbh bhuainn mu Fheill-Eathain,

Mo sheachd rùin chaidh dhiu mu shamhainn,
'S ceann mo mhùirn an cunnart fhathast.

Ceann mo mhùirn an cunnart fhathast;
Mac na deagh mhna 'chinneadh m' athar;
Mathair nam mac mìn-gheal, flathail,
Nach d' fhuair beum air ghleus g' am faighear.

Nach d' fhuair beum air ghleus g' am faighear,
Am fairg', an doire, no 'n abhainn.
Tha 'n dóbhran fo lorg bhur n-abhag,
'S bheir sibh leum a céil' an aighe.

Gur h-e mis' a fhuair an clisgeadh
Iad a dh' fhalbh an tùs am pìsich;
Comunn nan gruag 's nan com slios-gheal,
O 'n taigh mhór 'sam biodh am briotal.

O 'n taigh mhór 'sam biodh am briotal,
Toirm air thàileasg, clàir gam piocadh,
'S iad ag òl gu pòiteil, misgeil,
Le beul an t-sùgraidh 's a ghliocais.

Gur h-e mise 'th' air mo chuaradh
Mu shliochd nam fear o 'n Leth Uachdraich;
Siol Ailein duinn, chòrnaich, chuachaich,
Rho rugha ciar na h-àirde fuaraidh;

Bho rugha ciar na h-àirde fuaraidh,
'S bho Chaol Muile 'n luingis luainich
'Sheoladh gu Dubhairt na stuaidhe,
Tur ard 'sam biodh bàird air bhuannachd.

Gheibhteadh an Dubhairt na stuaidhe
Leathanaich, Camaranaich, Tuathaich,
Stiubhartaich o 'n ghleannan uachdrach,
'S Mac-Dhughaill a thùr nan clach uaine.

Ach co 'n neach air nach dig mùthadh,
Mar na neoil 'sna speuraibh dubh-ghorm!
Cinneadh laidir nan lann rùisgte,
'S truagh mar tha iad roimh na Dùibhnich.

Nuair 'thanig sibh siar an toiseach,
Bha sibh buadhail anns gach cogadh,
Lannan cruaidh' dhuibh 's bhuailteadh goirt
iad;
Chuirteadh féum air leigh dh' an lotaibh

An am dol 'sios do 'n dream Dhuibhneach.
Dol suas le buaidh 'bu dual dhuibhse;
'S fada chluinnteadh gàbh bhur muinntir
'Togail fhaobh air taobh gach tulachain.

Bu taitneach leam fhin co dhiu sin,
Aon mhac Shir Ailein nan lùireach,
Cuilein leoghainn nan long siubhlach
'Bhith 'cur lasrach ri aitreabh Dhùibhneach.

Ach 'Fhir ris an deanam m' uirnigh,
'S mi mar Oisein 'n déidh an rusgaidh,
Tionndaidh an roth mar bu dù dha,
'S cuir an tir so 'n ordugh dhuinne.

Gu bheil m inntinn-sa fo smalan,
Is mo shuilean gum bi galach
Gus am faic mi rìsd an latha
'Am bi dol suas air siol an taighe.

Speculations in Orthography.

We should spell words, so far as practicable, just as they are pronounced. According to this rule we should write, not tig, tug, toir, téid, tàinig, but d' thig, d' thug, d' thoir, d' théid, d' thàinig, or simply dig dug, doir, déid, dàinig We should preserve the oldest form of words, so far as that can be done without violation to the present mode of pronouncing them. This rule gives us claidheabh, caidreabh, seagh, traigh or troigh, laigh, pàigh, fheil, iarann. Domhnall and an déidh in place of claidheamh, caidreamh, seadh, traidh or troidh, laidh, pàidh, 'eil, iarunn, Domhnall, and an déigh. When two words are welded together so as to be pronounced as one word they should, as a general rule, be written as such. We see no reason for writing 'g am or ga m' instead of 'gam or gam'. Why should we write 't was, can 't, do n't, and not 'twas, can't, don't?

The apostrophe indicates the omission of a letter which is generally sounded, as in maid' for maide. It is also used to denote the omission in a sentence of a word which is commonly used, as in am fear 'bha in place of am fear a bha. The way in which a originated is a matter of no consequence, except to the philologist. If it is not generally used in speaking between fear and bha, the apostrophe is not needed. But if it is generally used, the apostrophe should be inserted.

In a', the, o'n, since, mu'n, ere, gu'n, that, c'àite, where, and c'arson, why, the omitted letters are never sounded. It is unnecessary, then, to write these words with an apostrophe. It would be absurd to say that we should place an apostrophe after a, the, to show that it is a shortened form of an. A in English is a shortened form

of an, but we never think of writing it a'. It may be said that we should write the article a in Gaelic a' to distinguish it from the relative pronoun a, his or her. This would be sound reasoning if we used any sign in speaking, such as a Chinese tone or a Hottentot click, to distinguish the one of these words from the other; but we use no such sign. Why, then, should we use a sign in writing? It will of course be said that the apostrophe should be retained in gu'n, that, to distinguish it from gun, without. If both these words belonged to the same part of speech there would be force in this argument; but as they do not it is an utterly groundless argument. As we hear 'nuair, when, and c'uime, why, more frequently than an uair and cia uime, we think the apostrophe might be omitted without any loss either to the eyes or the understanding of the reader.

Whether we derive ga from g-a in 'g-a-m', or conveniently regard it as ag inverted, there can be no linguistic necessity for placing an apostrophe before it. 'Ga is a preposition and nothing more. The mere fact that there is an apostrophe before it does not convert it into ga a. If we consider it desirable to indicate the omission of a, his or her, in ga bhualadh or ga bualadh, we must write ga 'bhualadh, ga 'bualadh. Na should be written in the same way as ga. As there are several na's, however, and only one ga, the apostrophe would be missed much more before na than it would be before ga. A' m' and a' d', which stand for an mo and an do, should be written am and ad. Ann am and ann ad stand for ann a' m' and ann a' d'. When a, in, is used by itself, it should be written a' to distinguish it from a, out of; as in a' t' uchd, in your breast, a t' uchd, out of your breast.

Cha'n and anns are not monosyllables except to the eye. In cha'n the n stands for no, and is invariably pronounced along with the word which follows it, as in cha n'òl. Anns an taigh is pronounced in ordinary conversation an san taigh. Should we not, then, write an san taigh, especially when we know that the preposition anns exists only in books, and that san is an old form of the article and still exists in the spoken language?

Corrections and Notes.

Page 25, line 7, Fraingo, Frainge; 28, 9, Aaosdana, Aosdàna; 37, 2, Gil-leain, 'Gill-eain; 37, 7, put an interrogation point after Fhearghuis; 37, 22, lùthaidh, luthaidh; 39, 12, lùthadh, luthadh; 41, 12, cearàrich, cèarraich; 33, an nall, a nall; 48, 21, geur iann, geur lann, 51, 23, 'na eidedh, na 'éideadh; 55, 30, Mhic Eachainn, mhic Eachainn; 60, 12, a's glan, 's glan; 31, blàraidh, blàraibh; 63, 14, dhealaicheadh, dealaicheadh; 64, 10, iònaid, ionaid; 67, 35, Malar-tach, Malart-ach; 70, 18, 'n a t', a' t'; 74, 11, abhaaist, abhaist; 77, 5, chaochaial, chaochail; 82, 2, McLean Maclean, 84, 20, caiin, cailin; 86, 19, an, am; 91, 15, unking, unkind; 92, 27, Cainburgh, Cairnburgh; 109, 11, iorghnadh, ionghnadh, 110, 21, mi am, mi 'm; 116, 1, Gum, gun; 117, 31, Eber, Eibhear; 32, Eremon, Eiremhan or Eireamhan; 120, 12, nache, nach e; 124, 29, Muideratach, Mùideart-ach; 127, 25, luchde, luchd; 128, 23, a t', a' t'; 129, 7, chomradh, còmhradh; 131, 3, b , beag, 9, thng, thug; 132, 1, dh' fhaithrich, dh' fhairich; 133, 1, de, De; 138, 21, ann riochd, an riochd; 146, 23, tuite arann, tuitear ann; 146, 26, dh' fhaithrich, dh' fhairich; 158, 12, ceumanan na ceumannan a; 161, 20, 'na fhcar, na 'fhear; 163,

23, leanail, leanailt; 166, 3, clachaibh, clochaibh; 168, 18, ain, an; 27, bonnach, bannach; 35, bhonnaich, bhannaich; 173, 1, Laoid, Laoidh; 175, 31, chriedeamh, chreideamh; 183. 24, dhuln, dhuinn; 184, 13, Aileen, Ailein; 185, 30, eirch, éirich; 186, 19, Aileen, Ailein; 189, 20, we e, were; 190, 17, chuineadh, chùinneadh; 192, 32, Aileen, Ailein; 196, 8, Bhon, Bho 'n; 199, 6 waa, was, 206, 25, bhell, bheil; 207, 3, faodainn, faotuinn; 210, 6, Aileen, Ailein, 212, 13, chleachdiach, chleachdaich. 27, Uisne, Uisnich. But Uisne and Uisneachan are also used; 213, 1, arogha, iar-ogha; 214, 12, bh on, bhron; 215, 20, Aileen, Ailein; 217 8 bhl ths, bhlàths; 221, 6, at Kilmorl, and Kilmore; 223, 19, nah, nan; 224, 17, be b' e; 224, 32. seal, iseal; 225, 19, anuradh, ànradh; 226, 12, o, of; 227, 33, fiaith, flaith; 228, 13, Bho, Bha; 231, 1, a' threach, aithreach, 232, 17, h-ing ghinn, h-ighinn, 233, 15, sa, a; 16, un, gun, 234, 23, uath, luath; 236, 5, choir, choir'; 238, 17, éille, féille; 240, 4, àirid', àird; 34, chlaidheabh, chlaidhibh; 35, chaoll, chaoil; 241, 2, sgenlachd, sgeulachd; 243, 2, sociar, socair; 245, 25, chu deachd, chuideachd; 246, 7, sgrion, sgriob; 12, gu, gun; 247, 10, còmhraig, còmhraig; 22, mheirig, mheirg; 249, 16, isg, éisg; 22, fhearr, fhear; 250, 3, mhail, mhial; 7, bhoidh, bhiodh; 251, 10, nomeann, no meann; 253, 16, coinhnuidh, còmhnuidh; 28, Cairstine, Cairistine; 254, 7, for, fo; 255, 9, fhuarain, fhuiain; 258, 6, thlghearn', thighearn'; 261, 24, smùraich, smurach; 262, 1, chiiuiteach, cliuiteach; 263, 16, èireadh, éireadh; 266, 15, fhea ann, fhearann; 19, ùb, Lùb; 28, capaichean, leapaichean; 267, 6, guna namoich', gun anmoiche; 268, 7, na, leanabh, na 'leanabh.

P. 44, 28.—Ceanntard should be ceanntart. Dr. Maclean writes the word centort. The fact that ceann was originally cend may account for

the middle t. The last t has sprung up in the same way as the t in Dubhairt, which is from Dubh àird

P. 56 —Taken in connection with what follows the line, A fhuair urram 's tu 'd leanabh air sluagh, implies that Donald of Coll was a child when his father fought at Inverlochy in 1645. But the Ardgour MS., which is probably correct, states that Donald died in April, 1729, in the 72nd year of his age A fhuair urram 's tu 'd leanabh air sluagh must, then, be taken as a general assertion which has no reference to the battle of Inverlochy.

Page 68. The explanatory note on this page was written eight years ago In publishing it in this work, I overlooked the words "and a kind man." I should have deleted them. It would be perfectly correct to say that the Macleans of Coll were, as a general rule, kind men and good lairds; but I am, at the present time, somewhat afraid that Lachlan was an exception. It is said that he used a good deal of force in raising the company which he took with him to Holland.

Page 110.—Tha mi 'm chadal 's gur tim dhomh dusgadh. Delete the words, Fonn:—Fhir a bhata no ho ro eile. They are not in Dr. Maclean's MS.

Page 121.— Ach an dearbhadh mi-fhortain. These are the words in Dr. Maclean's MS. Perhaps, however, he should have written, Ach an dearbha mhi-fhortan

Page 128 — Air sgéith na maidne 's luaithe. It is probable that the air of this song was composed by one of the Mac-crimmons.

Page 132.—

'S mi ri cànran gun chaidreabh
Ri céile mo leapa,
'Cur an géill gur h-e staid-se
'Thug dhachaidh mi uatha.

It is evident from the second line that Iain Mac Ailein was married, and probable from the third line that he had children.

Page 226.—Lachlan, ninth of Coll.—The word ninth is correct. In the published histories of the Macleans the name of one of the chieftains of the Coll family has been omitted. Consequently Lachlan is erroneously described as the eighth laird of Coll.

There is no great pleasure in correcting proofs as they come fresh from the hands of a man who does not understand what he is printing. There is a good deal of quiet enjoyment, however, to be derived from correcting a book, as a man has an opportunity of showing how much he knows about little things.

As this work was printed in Antigonish, Nova Scotia, it took the proofs three days to come to me and three days to go back The printers are not book-publishers and had not as large a quantity of spare type as would be needed to print the book in three or four months if they would send me proofs twice. There are thus more typographical errors than one would wish to see. At the same time I would rather have all these errors than have the work dragging its way through the press during five or six months. As a general rule the errors are not of very much importance. They mar the beauty of the pages, it is true; but they do not render them unintelligible. It is some consolation, however, to know that all the good things in the world are not beautiful to the eye.

> " Bidh sinn beo an dòchas ra-math,
> Gum bi 'chùis na's fhearr an ath la."

The songs and bits of songs by Fear an Lagain, Alice Maclean, and Iain Mac Eoghain, and also Diomoladh na Morthir have been sent to me

by Counndullie Morison, Esq., Aintuim, Mull. Perhaps there may be some one who can send me a few additional verses. It is a pity that a part of "Nan digeadh tus', a Thèarlaich" should be lost.

The Maclean Bards from 1775 to 1898.

I have paid all the expenses connected with the publication of this volume. The free contributions sent me have helped to pay these expenses, but they are far from meeting them in full. The retail price of the book is fixed at two shillings and six pence,—so low a price that any one who takes the slightest interest in Gaelic poetry can afford to buy it. If 250 copies of it will be sold, I shall have no pecuniary loss by it. If the Macleans have any regard at all for the productions of their unsaxonised forefathers, or any real interest in themselves as a clan, that number should be sold in a very few weeks. The poems are readable and intelligible. They are also of historical value, if not to the world, at least to the Macleans.

The second volume is ready for publication. It contains all the valuable secular poems and songs that have been composed by Macleans during the last hundred years If 2 0 copies of this volume shall be sold, and if the small sum of seventy-five dollars will be sent to me to assist in paying the cost of publishing the second volume, that volume will be issued in a very short time.